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ART. I. — LÜCKE'S DISSERTATION ON THE LOGOS.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE EXAMINER :—

I send you a translation of a Dissertation on the Logos of John, taken from the German Commentary of Professor Lücke of Göttingen. The author is well known by his Commentaries on the Gospel and Epistles of John, and especially by his very learned Introduction to the Apocalypse. He has often been referred to, by Orthodox writers in this country, as an Orthodox theologian. Why he has been so considered, it is difficult to say. He regards a real doctrine of the Trinity as neither contained in the Scriptures, nor consistent with reason. He is, however, a supernaturalist, and receives the records of the miracles of Christ as genuine and essentially true. His Introduction to John's Gospel contains an able defence of its genuineness.

The following Dissertation upon the Logos of John contains some opinions inconsistent not only with Orthodoxy, but with views generally held by Unitarians. But in publishing such an article, no one would think of being responsible for all the opinions it contains. It is a sufficient reason for printing it, that it is a learned, thorough, and honest investigation of a very important subject, — one on which it is desirable to have the views of different writers, distinguished by their learning and love of truth. The author discusses the different points connected with the subject so minutely, that, where he does not engage our assent, he at least shows us in what direction we should renew our inquiries. The discussion may not be interesting except to scholars, or those who are accustomed to investigations in critical theology; but it is certainly desirable that a part of the Examiner should be devoted to articles of this kind. I doubt not that a considerable number of readers will peruse it with pleasure, whether they assent to the correctness of the author's views or not. I send you the translation with the greater satisfaction, as thereby performing an act of justice to Professor Lücke, who has been presented to the American public in a dress which does him little credit.

A translation of a part of the Dissertation, which appeared not long ago in one of our periodicals, was marked by essential imperfections and errors. I have omitted to translate most of the notes.

G. R. N.]

THE fundamental idea of the prologue of John, which is, as it were, the sum of his whole Gospel, is that of the original, antemundane, divine Logos incarnated, that is, become man, in Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. The enigmatical word in this prologue is the Logos.

The conception of the Logos is not a general religious idea, which may be understood by itself. It is rather of a technical, theological character, not to be understood except in connection with a philosophical or religious system, or mode of thought. John has neither explained nor established it by argument. He has only expressed it in isolated and independent, rather than in connected, propositions. Hence it is evident that he supposed the conception to be already known, in connection with a prevalent system of philosophy or religion. Such being the case, the interpretation of the prologue of John can neither begin nor end with the explanation of particular expressions, and with sole regard to their immediate connection with each other. A mere grammatical interpretation of the Logos of John has never proved satisfactory. It introduces us to the difficulty, without being able to solve it.*

It has appeared from the Introduction,† that the idea of the Logos in John's Gospel grew out of an established religious or philosophical system, or mode of thought, and that it is set forth in essential connection with the same. The great object, therefore, of one who undertakes to explain it must be to unfold this connection with exactness, and thus to throw light on the conception of the Logos which John held. But before entering upon the historical discussion, a preliminary inquiry is necessary. In order to discover the exact course of thought with which John's conception of the Logos is historically connected, it must be settled, by a preliminary grammatical inquiry, what general meaning John attached to the term Logos, according to general and Biblical Greek usage, in its particular connection with his prologue.

* An explanation of this kind may be found in the Examiner for September, 1836. — TR.

† That is, the author's Introduction to his Commentary, § 13. — TR.

According to general Greek usage, the term *ὁ λόγος* may be translated "word," or "reason." If the more definite phrase *ὁ λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ* had been used by John, it would have expressed a familiar idea of frequent occurrence in the Scriptures. But John uses simply the term *ὁ λόγος*, and expresses more definitely the relation of this *λόγος* to God by the affirmations, "In the beginning was the Word," "the Word was with God," and "the Word was God," (*Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος*, — *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, and *Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος*), John i. 1. There can be no doubt, however, that, if a genitive could have been used in this connection, the expression would have stood *ὁ λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, "the word of God." But there can be as little doubt, that the phrase *ὁ λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, as it is used in the writings of John, as well as in the rest of the New Testament,* denotes either "the word of God" as contained in the Old Testament, or "the preached doctrine of the Gospel," and thus expresses an idea different from John's idea of the Logos in his prologue, though perhaps related to it. Such a use of the word in the prologue is forbidden by the proposition, "the Word was made flesh" (*ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο*), i. 14.

It is also to be remarked, that, according to the Scripture use of language, the term *λόγος* is used neither by John, nor by any other writer in the Scriptures, as denoting "the reason," that is, "the intellect," of God, or man. This idea would be expressed, according as the connection might require, by the terms *πνεῦμα*, *καρδία*, or *νοῦς*, as in 1 Cor. ii. 16. As a Divine attribute, the intellect of God is called in the Scriptures *ἡ σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ*. In classical writers the term *λόγος* is used to denote the rationality of a thing, etc., — as it were, the objective reason in things and relations, but not the faculty of reason, or the subjective reason. The general signification of the term *λόγος*, both in the Old and New Testaments, in all connections similar to that in which it is used in John's prologue, is "speech," or "word." And in this signification the phrase *ὁ λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, "the word of God," is a symbolical expression, conveying the idea of the creating, revealing, commanding, and law-giving energy or activity of God. Now that John by the term *λόγος* intended to express the particular idea of "the creating, revealing word of God" is placed beyond doubt by the undeniable allusion, in the first three verses of the prologue, to the history of the creation in Gen. i. 1, etc.

* Perhaps Rev. xix. 13 may be an exception.

"The word of God" in the Scriptures never denotes an immanent attribute of God, but always the objective action of God in the world and in relation to the world. It follows, therefore, that, according to Scripture analogy, that interpretation of the Logos which proceeds on the idea that it denotes simply a Divine attribute is at once to be rejected.

John represents the Logos as something personal, — as a person who, although "with God," *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, yet acts and is manifested as in some respects a different person from God (*in einer gewissen Verschiedenheit von Gott*). In verse fourteenth, in particular, the thought is clearly presented, that this Logos became flesh, and thus appeared as a distinct historical person in Jesus Christ. Here the personification of the Logos has reached its height. But however this enigmatical word may be understood, thus much is clear from the tone and sense of the prologue, that it must here denote more than a rhetorical or poetical personification. Taken in connection with the expressions of the Baptist, and of Jesus himself, concerning the preëxistence, and even the antemundane existence, of the Son of God, to which the proposition, *Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος*, "In the beginning was the Word," evidently refers, John must have had the conception of a dogmatical personification, that is, of an hypostatizing, of the Logos.

But by what previously existing system of dogmatic views may John's conception of the Logos, to which we have been led by mere grammatical interpretation, be illustrated? There are three important circumstances which may safely be regarded as historical argumental data, by the aid of which we may arrive at the true exposition of this prologue. The first circumstance, and that which is most nearly connected with it in regard to time, is the doctrine of Philo concerning the Logos. But the doctrine of Philo may, in its connection with the Jewish theology, be regarded as the union of two courses of thought (*gedankenreihen*) already commenced in the Old Testament, namely, the doctrines of "the word of God," and "the wisdom of God." This was the Old Testament background of Philo, and, at the same time, it supplies the second and third of the argumental data by which the prologue of John may be illustrated, and to which we have just alluded.

I. The idea of the Logos is connected with essential elements in the development of the knowledge of God among

the Jews, as made known by history. Through the general revelation in Adam, and the revelations in Abraham and Moses by which the first general revelation was more distinctly defined, the idea of the only true God (the monotheistic, ethical idea of God) was implanted in the minds of the Hebrew people with such energy, that it must of necessity, as a powerful germ of life, irresistibly develop and perfect itself in its time. The character of this development was in respect to its form essentially influenced by two things: first, by the progressive, special revelation of God in the providential guidance of the Jewish people; secondly, by the natural progress of the Jewish mind in the direction which the impulse of the original revelation had given to it. Thus the knowledge of God in the Old Testament is throughout a religious and positive knowledge. The objective elements of it are accordingly nothing else than a Divine revelation, which is the subject of immediate religious experience. This was subsequently investigated and more accurately defined in respect to its foundation, its subject-matter, and its form. Such a process necessarily led to the knowledge of the attributes of God, as the essential ground and substance of the revelations of himself. This resulted from the nature of man and the idea of God. Man cannot know the essence of God in itself and immediately, but only in the revelation or manifestation of himself, and in his attributes. Now the Hebrews conceived of all revelation of God under the idea of *the word*, and of all the attributes of God under the idea of *the wisdom*, of God. Thus the doctrinal developments relating to *the word* and *the wisdom* of God are the most important circumstances in the history of the Old Testament theology.

1. A principal monument of the progressive Old Testament theology, and one of its principal epochs, is the Mosaic history of the creation. Here the revelation of God in the creation of the world is more closely defined as his "spirit" in respect to its essence, and, in respect to its form, as his "speech" or "word," in which the spirit makes itself known, and operates. The spirit, as well as the word, of God is, it is true, a merely symbolical expression, — a conception drawn from human analogies. But according to the principle of monotheism, the Hebrew could not but esteem the representation, under which the revelation, or manifestation, of God in the creation of the world is set forth, as his spirit in respect to its essence, and his word in respect to its form,

the most immediate, pure, and refined representation which could be made, in opposition to an involuntary, materialistic, or emanatistic form of creation.

This conception of the revelation, or manifestation, of God under the symbol of "the word" is, it is true, not peculiar to the Jewish theology. The religion of Zoroaster* represents the world-creating word, the *honover*, as the most immediate, and the original, revelation of the Infinite, — as that through which the good God himself exists and creates. In the Vedas, also, mention is made of the creative word of Brahma, the goddess Vâch.† But the Old Testament doctrine is only to be compared with the preceding, and not to be derived from it. Supposing the Mosaic account of the creation to be not more ancient than Moses (the stand-point of knowledge which it indicates rather presupposes the Mosaic epoch than the reverse), yet is it more ancient than the doctrine of "the word" in the religious system of the Vedas and in that of Zoroaster, and in its connection is entirely different from it. Until an historical connection between them can be better established than it has been, we can regard these kindred doctrines only as proving how natural it is to the human mind in general to conceive of the Divine agency in creation and providence under the symbol of his "word."

It is agreeable to the constant representations of the Old Testament, that the revelation of God generally takes place essentially in the form of "the word" by means of the Divine spirit and will. To the childlike minds of primitive antiquity God revealed himself in dreams and visions; he came near to them even in visible manifestations, and walked upon the earth. The poetry of the Hebrews preserved these representations of Divine revelation, or manifestation, to a later period. But in proportion as knowledge advanced, we find "the word," the expression of the power of the spirit, represented as the type, and, as it were, the model, of all Divine revelation, or manifestation, in the preservation and government, as well as in the creation, of the world. All Divine life and light in the world, in nature as well as in history, — the law, the promises, the prophecies, the guidance and direction of God, and the prophetic gifts, — all this is

* See Kleukers Zend-Avesta im Kleinen, Th. II. § 1 et seq.

† See Von Bohlen das Alten Indien, Th. I. §§ 159 and 212.

the action of the Divine spirit in the form of the Divine word, *דְּבַר יְהוָה*, *λόγος* or *ῥῆμα Θεοῦ*, or *Κυρίου*. See Numb. xiv. 41; Ps. xxxiii. 6, 9; xciii. 5; cvii. 20; cxlvii. 18; cxlviii. 8; Is. ii. 1, 3; Jer. i. 4, 11, 13; ii. 1, 4; Is. xlviii. 16; lxi. 1; and many other passages.

Poetic personifications of the Divine word are frequent. See Ps. cxlvii. 15; Is. lv. 10, 11. This arises from the nature of poetic language. But the Old Testament personifications of the Divine word contain a dogmatic germ, a dogmatic tendency, and are, as it were, preformations of the later hypostatizing of the Divine word. Two things in relation to this subject deserve particular attention. First, the greater distinctness and frequency with which, in the Old Testament, the Divine word becomes objective in the written law. The word of God especially manifested itself among the people in the law, and had in it, as it were, a self-supporting life and influence in the world. Secondly, the cases in which the Divine attributes are transferred to the Divine word, and in which the Divine word is represented as identical with God himself. The word of God is described as true, eternal, full of wisdom, almighty, etc. See Ps. xxxiii. 4; civ. ; cv. ; cxix. 89; Is. xl. 8; Jer. xxiii. 29; and other passages. As an immediate and real expression of the Divine spirit and will, the word partakes of a Divine character and essence, and becomes more and more identified with the same. In the same proportion, therefore, it must have been more and more regarded as a Divine person. Still, the Old Testament canon leads us no farther than to the above-mentioned *tendency* to pass from the poetical personification of the Divine word to the dogmatical personification, or the hypostatizing, of it.

Later than the doctrine of the Divine "word," we find in the Old Testament the doctrine of the Divine "wisdom," which was developed in the following manner. Only in proportion as the religious and moral life becomes elevated, and, at the same time, more various, and thus richer in the experience and intuition of Divine revelation, can men become acquainted with the attributes of God. So it is in the Old Testament. It is in accordance with the natural progress of knowledge that the Hebrews should know and adore the infinite power, sooner than the wisdom, of God. The knowledge of the latter, which includes the moral perfection and the designing (*zweckvolle*) government of God, requires a larger course of religious experience and believing contem-

plation. Only to the pious sage did the wisdom of God disclose itself as the collected sum of the Divine perfections, as the eternal light, and the eternal order, of the world. Accordingly, we find that it is only in the later books of the Old Testament that the doctrine of the Divine wisdom is specially unfolded. The most remarkable passages relating to it are to be found in the book of Job and the Proverbs of Solomon; the time of the composition of both which books we suppose to have been not far from the beginning of the exile at Babylon.

In the theodicy which forms the subject of the book of Job, the Divine wisdom (חֵכְמָה) is represented in ch. xxviii. 12, etc., in contrast with human wisdom, as unsearchable and unfathomable even to the wisest among men. God only, it is said, knows the way to it; only he knows its dwelling-place; for he looks to the end of the earth, and sees what is under the whole heaven. When he weighed the winds, and divided the waters by measure, when he gave laws to the rain and a path to the lightning, then he saw it, revealed it, established it, and searched it out. But to man he said, "Behold, the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Thus is the Divine wisdom personified as fully known and manifest to God alone, but at the same time as revealed, or, as it were, become objective, in the creation and order of the world, as an infinite problem, which man is with humility to solve, but which he will be able to solve only in proportion as he fears God and departs from evil.

More complete, and from another stand-point, is the representation in Proverbs, ch. viii., ix. As in ch. vii. 1, etc. (comp. ix. 13, etc.), sinful folly (פְּסִילִיּוֹת) is poetically described as a harlot, who seduces, ruins, and slays mankind, so in ch. viii. 1, etc., in an antithetic parallel passage, wisdom is poetically personified as a cardinal virtue, who seeks and invites men, and makes them happy with her blessings. Wisdom in its perfection, the wisdom of God, is the ground and archetype of human wisdom. In ch. viii. 22, she calls herself the first-born daughter of God. Jehovah created, or prepared, (קָנָה) her in the beginning, or as the beginning, of his ways, before his works. From the beginning, before the foundation of the earth, he anointed her as queen, as governess of the world. Thus, as the first-born daughter of God, she was with God (אֶצְלוֹ, at his side) as the artist by whom God arranges all things, the delight of God, his darling child, day

by day. And as she gladdens God and is his perpetual delight, so also upon earth this cheerful, bliss-imparting wisdom is the joy of men, blessing all, who seek and love her, with the knowledge of truth, with virtue and skill, with the favor of God and eternal salvation.

The connection and tone of the whole passage show beyond a doubt, that the wisdom of God in this passage is, in a vivid poetical way, rhetorically personified, and not dogmatically hypostatized. But at the base of this personification lies the thought, that the Divine wisdom is not quiescent and shut up in God, but active and manifest in the world. It is conceived of as a cosmical, objective principle, and thus also, as it were, as a creature of God, impressed upon, and operative in, his works, as well as in all that is regarded as wisdom among men.

It is, moreover, to be observed, that wisdom, being, according to Solomon, the principle which creates and governs the world and leads to eternal salvation, comprises in itself all the revelations of God, and, as a Divine attribute, includes counsel and action, understanding and power, justice, holiness, goodness, in fine, all the attributes of God, and consequently is the moral point of unity in the Divine nature.

Solomon's personification of the Divine wisdom exerted a very important influence upon the further development of the idea of God. It became, as it were, the stereotyped model for similar representations, the starting-point and theme of later doctrinal views. Hence it appears that it was not an accidental poetical effusion, but a mode of representation which was closely connected with the internal progress of reflection among the Hebrews concerning God and his revelations, or manifestations.

Two general remarks may be made here. First, when we compare Solomon's representation of the "wisdom" of God with the Old Testament view of the "spirit" and the "word" of God, we find that what is there predicated of the spirit and the word of God is by him included in the conception of the Divine wisdom. The allusion to the Mosaic description of the creation is not to be mistaken, although no mention is made by Solomon of the word and the spirit. In this connection, wisdom, as described by Solomon, appears as the closer attributive designation, and, at the same time, as the ethical conception and essence, of the creating and governing word of God. Hence is ex-

plained the subsequent more perfect amalgamation of both courses of thought.

Secondly, why did the Hebrews include the attributes and the revelations of God under this particular conception of wisdom, and remain stationary in this view? In answer to this question it may be remarked that wisdom is, with the exception of love, the chief of all the Divine attributes in a monotheistic moral point of view. The omnipotence and omniscience, the eternity and omnipresence, of God fill one with astonishment; his justice and holiness, with reverence and awe. The well-planned system of Divine manifestation is, in these attributes, not yet seen. The fact, that man is his moral image, is still dark. Both these circumstances came into full human consciousness only in the conception of wisdom. There still lies beyond it, however, one thing higher, yea, the highest. It is the New Testament idea, — "God is love"; that is, love is the complete epitome of his nature, the last ground and profoundest unity of all his attributes. But to this conception the Hebrew could not elevate himself; because the complete revelation of the redeeming mercy of God, which was first manifested in Christ, was only the subject of hope and prophecy in the Old Testament. Thus it was that the Hebrew, though acquainted with the Divine wisdom's goodness and friendliness to man, did not go beyond the idea of wisdom, and did not comprehend this perfectly, because unacquainted with its deepest foundation, love.

II. The germs and first shoots of the doctrine of the Logos are without doubt contained in the canonical books of the Old Testament. The next further development of them we find in the Greek Apocrypha, appended to the canon. Here is found the transition process to the Alexandrian conception of the Logos, as expressed in the writings of Philo. Two books here demand particular consideration, — "Jesus, the Son of Sirach," and "The Wisdom of Solomon."

1. "Jesus, the Son of Sirach," the older book, was originally thought out and written in Hebrew, being an apocryphal imitation of the Proverbs of Solomon. In its principal descriptions of the wisdom of God, in ch. i. and xxiv., it is immediately connected with Solomon's representation of wisdom, and makes known to us its progressive tradition among the Jews of Palestine. It is said, ch. i. 1–10, that

all wisdom is from God (*παρὰ Κυρίου*), and is with him for ever. This unsearchable wisdom is created before all things. God, the only wise, hath created her, known her, and sought her out, or poured her out, over all his works and all flesh (comp. Joel iii. 1), and bestowed her, according to his gift, upon those that love him. In verse sixth it is asked, "To whom hath the root of knowledge been revealed?" The answer is, according to the received text of verse fifth, "The fountain of wisdom is the word of God, and her ways are the everlasting commandments." But this whole verse is a spurious, later addition. In ch. xxiv., however, a connection between the word and the wisdom of God is intimated, though in a somewhat different manner. The nature of the representation in ch. xxiv. is particularly worthy of notice. Wisdom is here introduced as speaking. She says of herself, ch. xxiv. 3, etc., that in the beginning of things she "came out of the mouth of the Most High." Thus did she proceed from God with the world-creating, revealing word, "before time, from the beginning." She encompasses and rules heaven and earth, and has her possession among all peoples and nations, xxiv. 16. But she seeks rest and an abiding possession. Then God grants to her "to dwell in Jacob and to have her peculiar possession in Israel." Thus she serves before God in the holy tabernacle, and holds a permanent place upon Zion, and has her dominion in Jerusalem, verses 10, 11. Here, planted among the people of God, she grows up like a cedar in Lebanon, etc., like a lovely, flourishing vine, and her blossoms bear rich and honorable fruit, verses 12–17. And as the law of God among this people is the fulness of all wisdom, so, according to Sirach, it becomes in this law, that is, the book of the covenant, as it were visible as an unfathomable stream of Divine revelations, pouring forth doctrine and prophecy, knowledge and love, for all ages, verses 22–32. This description, however, contains nothing which points to any other source than the natural internal progress of the Hebrew mind in the contemplation of wisdom. We find in it no distinct traces of an hypostatizing of the Divine wisdom. The allegory, the imagery, of the representation gives only the appearance of real personality. It is manifest, however, that the son of Sirach, while he takes a combined view of Divine and human wisdom as type and reflex image, regards the former as *inworlded*; that is, as the revelation of God become objective in the creation, pres-

ervation, and government of the world. Since, now, he finds the concentration of this revelation of wisdom, as it were the culminating point of it, in the Jewish people, in the theocratic covenant (*διαθήκη*), in the glory of God (*δόξα Θεοῦ*) in the tabernacle and the temple, and finally in the theocratic laws and prophecies, it is evident that he comprehends under the wisdom of God (*σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ*) all that is elsewhere in the Old Testament said of the *πνεῦμα* and the *λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, the spirit and the word of God. In this way the wisdom of God was more and more regarded among the Jews as the objective sum, or epitome, of all the revelations of God, and, indeed, as the ethical ground and connection (*Zusammenhang*) of the same.

Parallel with ch. xxiv. of Sirach is the representation of wisdom in Baruch, a book written originally in Greek, and considerably late.* God, it is said in ch. iii. 37, iv. 4, hath given wisdom, which he alone knows, to Jacob his servant. Afterwards she appeared on the earth and was conversant with men, namely, in the law, which abideth for ever.

2. Different from this is the representation in the Alexandrine-Jewish writing, the "Wisdom of Solomon," which appears to have been written about a full century before Christ. It is possible, as the passage ch. xvi. 26–29 gives occasion to suspect, that the author belonged to the sect of the Egyptian Therapeutæ.† It is one whole, a connected eulogy of wisdom. The far-famed king of wisdom, Solomon, exhorts the rulers of the earth to true monotheistic wisdom, describes its value and reality in contrast with heathen folly, shows by his own example how it must be sought, represents it as having been proved in the history of the Jewish nation in particular to be the preserving, delivering, and blessing power of the world, that is, as Providence; while he shows that folly, particularly the folly of idolatry, leads to ruin and destruction. In its form this book has a partial resemblance to the Proverbs of Solomon, but in its spirit and substance it is essentially different.

For our purpose, the passage from ch. vi. 22 to ch. ix. requires particular attention. Solomon in the beginning of this passage declares, that he will tell what wisdom is, and how it originated. He then describes it as the highest good,

* See De Wette's *Einleit. in das A. T.*, § 323.

† See Eichhorn's *Einleit.*, pp. 134 et seq. and 150 et seq.

vii. 7-14, — as the epitome of all knowledge, skill, and virtue, vii. 16-21, viii. 2, etc. It is the merciful gift of God, which is imparted only to the pious in answer to their pure prayer; viii. 19, etc. In ch. vii. 22, etc., he describes the nature of it as follows. It is the sum of all skill and knowledge. "For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, first-born, or simple,* [and at the same time] manifold, subtile,† easily-moving, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving what is good, sharp, irresistible, beneficent, friendly to man, firm, sure, blessed (*ἀμέριμον*), almighty, all-seeing, and penetrating all understanding, pure, and very subtile spirits. For wisdom is more movable (or agile) than all motion. She passes and goes through all things by reason of her purity. For she is a breath of the power of God, and a pure efflux of the glory of the Almighty. Therefore can nothing defiled fall into her. For she is a reflection of the eternal light, and an unspotted mirror of the power of God, and an image of his goodness. She is only one, and yet can do all things. She remains in herself [that is, is unchangeable] and yet renews all things, and in all ages, entering into holy souls, she forms friends of God and prophets. For God loves nothing but him who dwells with wisdom [is familiar with her]. For she is more splendid than the sun, and is exalted above the seat of all the stars; compared with light, she is found before it. For after this follows night; but against wisdom vice cannot prevail. She reaches mightily from one end [of the world] to another, and orders all things well."

Wisdom is here represented as a holy spirit of light, which streams forth from God, and penetrates all things. Its essence is spirit, without matter. She partakes of all the attributes of the Divine nature, or all the attributes of God are in her. In all the works of God she is the governing principle; the Divine instrument in the creation, as well as in the preservation and government of the world. In this sense the author calls her the *παρεδρον*‡ of the throne of God, present with him when he made the world. Ch. ix. 4, 9. Though he does not expressly assert it, yet from the whole representation, and particularly from ch. ix. 4, 9, we must conclude,

* That is, in distinction from manifold. — TR.

† In distinction from gross. — TR.

‡ That is, "sitting near" the Divine throne, or, perhaps, "fellow-occupant" of it. — TR.

that, like the Son of Sirach, he conceived of wisdom as having proceeded forth from God before the creation of the world. He parallelizes it, in ch. ix. 1, 2, and xvi. 12 (comp. Ps. cvii. 20), with the Divine λόγος, but in such a manner that the Logos particularly indicates the revelation-form of the Divine power, while wisdom represents the ethical principle of the world. It is especially worthy of notice, that, in ch. xviii. 15, 16, the "almighty word" (πανταδύναμος λόγος), which slew the first-born of Egypt, is represented as an angel, which, touching heaven, walks upon the earth and spreads death and destruction. (Comp. 1 Chron. xxi. 15, 16.) But this Logos is the Divine punishment-power, represented, in poetical personification, as an angel. This author also represents wisdom not only in parallelism with the holy spirit, but as identical with it. See i. 4-7, vii. 22, compared with ix. 17, vii. 7, xii. 1. This leads to a discussion of the question, whether, and how far, the author conceived of wisdom (σοφία) as an independent personal being out of God, or whether he only intended to represent it as a poetical or fictitious person. The tone of the representation from ch. viii. 2-9 to ix. 18 is almost wholly in favor of a mere poetical personification of wisdom. Solomon seeks wisdom, chooses her as the bride of his youth, as his counsellor and comforter. In intercourse with her he finds immortality, cheerfulness and joy, riches and honor. Here evidently she is conceived of and personified as a human cardinal virtue. Also in ch. vi. 9, etc., to vii. 22, the more ancient representation found in the book of Proverbs predominates.

But when, in the tenth and following chapters, where providential wisdom is set forth in the history of the Jewish nation as comprising the Divine power, love, and righteousness, we find wisdom used interchangeably with "the Lord" (ὁ Κύριος), we are obliged to regard the representation as implying something more than mere poetical personification. The wisdom of God is a conception comprising the whole revelation, or manifestation, of God in the world. This is, indeed, the case in the Son of Sirach. But in vii. 22, etc., it is undeniable that the author goes farther; that he conceives of wisdom as a being of light, as emanated from God, as a holy spirit of light, as a living, active image of God in the world, in fine, as a sort of Platonic world-soul: I say a sort of Platonic world-soul; for wisdom here is something more than the mere Platonic soul-substance in the midst of

the world. It is evidently in this passage the real, inworlded (*inweltlich gewordene*), Divine principle of the world, the peculiar medium of action (*mittlerschaft*) between God and the world. In this view, however, the author is still remote from a decided hypostatizing of wisdom in the form of a self-living * personal being. He has not yet penetrated to the conception of the *lógos* as a second God (*δευτερος θεός*), as held by Philo. The attributive view of God (*Der göttliche eigenschaftsbegriff*), and the Old Testament mode of thinking, were still too strong with him. But, notwithstanding the ambiguity of the representation, a speedy transition to the doctrine of Philo is indicated in a manner too evident to be mistaken.

This writing belongs to a stage in the formation of the Jewish theology, in which the mixture of the Old Testament doctrine of revelation with the Oriental-Greek religious philosophy, or gnosis, which is found in Alexandrian Judaism, had already commenced.

III. The ground and beginning of this mixture, so far as it can be historically traced, may be referred to the exile at Babylon. It was natural that the Jews should compare the religion of a foreign land with their own. If now there was an obvious partial affinity between the Mosaic religion and Sabaism, which at that time had received new life through the reformation of Zoroaster, then the influence of the doctrines of Zoroaster upon the Jewish modes of thinking on the subject of religion was inevitable. We may, perhaps, best define this influence generally, by saying, that not only a mixed religious mode of thinking, which sought to combine the native and the foreign in religion, enlarging and illustrating the one by the other, was thereby excited and formed, but that there originated from it a religious-philosophic, or gnostic, tendency, which aspired beyond the positive and various in religion to general religious ideas, and consequently to religious speculation.†

From this period of the more advanced theological culture among the Jews, between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, it is sufficient for our purpose to adduce in particular the wider extension and increasing importance of the doctrine of angels in the Jewish faith. The higher spirit-

* The author probably means, "having a separate, independent life."—Tr.

† See J. F. Kleuker über die Natur und der Ursprung der Emanationslehre bey den Kabbalisten. 1786-8.

world, as a system of hypostatized Divine powers, became more and more regarded as a necessary medium between the holy nature of God and the sensible world. It was in accordance with this that, at this time, the doctrine of the Divine creative word became more and more conformed to the Zoroastrian idea of the "honover," and acquired a speculative religious character. The last is especially manifested in the Egyptian, particularly the Alexandrian, period of Hellenistic culture, which followed the Persian age.

It is known that in Egypt, especially in Alexandria under the Ptolemies, there was a large Jewish community, which took an active part in the new Græco-Egyptian culture and literature. This culture was a mixture of the Greek and Oriental morals, religion, and wisdom, and an essential element in it was the Oriental religious philosophy, or gnosis. In this last the Jews especially participated, and thus arose the Jewish-Alexandrian religious philosophy, or gnosis.

We pass by the earlier scattered traces of this gnosis in the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament. More obvious are the indications of it in the fragments of the Alexandrian Jew Aristobulus,* who flourished about the middle of the second century before Christ. This writer was the author of a gnostic-allegoric commentary on the Mosaic writings (*ἡ τῶν ἱερῶν νόμων ἐκμυστία*, or *ἐξηγήσεις τῆς Μωσέως γραφῆς*). Here, in a fragment relating to the history of the creation, it is said, among other things, — "Since our life is full of trouble, God, who made the whole world, has given us the seventh day for rest. This day may *πρωτοκῶς*, that is, in a metaphysical sense, be called the first generation of the light in which all is seen and comprehended together. The same thing, also, may be said of wisdom. For all light is from her, and some of the [Peripatetic] school have said of her, that she has the property (*τῆς*) of a torch; for they who followed her would be, their whole life through, in a state of uninterrupted rest. But more clearly and finely our ancestor Solomon has said the same thing, 'Before the heavens and the earth she was there.'"[†]

So far as the fragments of Aristobulus enable us to judge of the nature of his doctrine, he seems to have conceived of wisdom as the antemundane creative power, in the same way as the author of the book of Wisdom. The dis-

* See Valckenaer de Aristobulo Judæo, etc. Edit. J. Luzac, 1806.

† See Euseb. Præp. Ev., xiii. 12.

inction between the hidden and the revealed God comes here and there into view. But respecting his view of the Logos, his Fragments leave us in the dark.

A complete and clear representation of the Alexandrian-Jewish gnosis, as it had developed itself in the times of Christ and the Apostles, is afforded by Philo.* But we should be deceived, if, in consequence of the fulness in which the Jewish gnosis is developed in the writings of Philo, we should expect a complete and strictly connected system. Neither Philo, as it appears, nor the whole tendency, was likely to produce it. For a mixture of the Hebrew doctrines of revelation, the Oriental theosophy, and the Hellenic wisdom from the most widely different schools, the Platonic and Aristotelian, the Stoic and Pythagorean, could never, in the strongest and clearest minds, grow into a living theological or philosophical system.

The circumstance, that Philo, who flourished in the first forty or fifty years of the Christian era, was a partial contemporary of the Apostle John, leads us to expect, that, if John's doctrine of the Logos had any historical connection with the Jewish gnosis of the time, it would have been in fact most affected by the view of it given by Philo. But in order that the circumstance of contemporaneity, and the great resemblance of Philo's doctrine to that of John, may not blind us to the essential intrinsic difference between the former and the latter, it is necessary to give a brief view of the doctrine of Philo, in connection with his whole representation of the being of God, and his relations to the world.

God (*ὁ ὄντως Θεός, ὁ εἰς ὄντως ὢν Θεός, ὁ ἀληθεῖα Θεός*) is, according to Philo, the absolute perfection, universality, and simplicity of being, — mere being without attributes and without a name. He is, as to his essence, incomprehensible, hidden, the absolute light-essence (*τὸ ὄν*), shut up in itself, and existing without relation to any thing else. He stands out of

* Concerning Philo and his philosophy and theology generally, see, among the older views, Mangey, in his edition of Philo's Works, Proleg. — J. B. Carpzov. *Sacræ Exercit. in S. Pauli Epistolam ad Hebræos ex Philone.* — J. L. Mosheimius ad Cudworthi *Systema Intellectuale*, Tom. I. p. 828, etc. — E. H. Stahl, *Versuch eines systemat. Entwurfs des Lehrbegriffes Philos von Alexand.* in Eichhorn's allgem. Biblioth. der bibl. Litteratur, Bd. IV. St. 5, pp. 569 – 890. — Gfrörer, *Philo und die Alexand. Theosophie*, Bd. I. — Dähne, *gesch. Darstell. der Jüdisch-Alexandr. Religionsphilos.*, Bd. I. p. 114, etc. — Ritter's *Gesch. d. Philos.*, Bd. IV. p. 418, etc. — C. G. Grossmann *Questiones Philonæ*, Lips. 1829.

and above the world, in an exclusive opposition to the world, so far as this is the aggregate of what is material (the *ὑλη*). He is the absolute cause of all that is. But inasmuch as the sensible world has formless and spiritless matter for its substratum, God, being absolutely perfect and unchangeable, cannot be conceived of as having any immediate contact with it, either as creating or forming it, and giving life to it, or as preserving and governing it.

How, then, is God still the absolute cause of all things, the creator and lord of the world? He is revealed and known to the world mediately, through his powers (*δυνάμεις*). These, being different from the absolute Being, as well as from the hylic or material world, are the necessary media of the activity and presence of God in the world. Without this mediation there is no appropriate (*πρέπον*) conception of God.* Surrounded by these powers, as a king by his servants, God administers the concerns of the world as the Supreme Cause. Innumerable and various as the stars and angels, these powers (*δυνάμεις*), in Platonic phraseology called *ιδέαι* (*ὧν ἔτιμον ὄνομα αἱ ιδέαι*), comprise the archetypes, patterns, real principles of all things, and are thus the *κόσμος νοητός*, the bodiless archetypal world itself, of which the sensible world is a copy,† or image, impressed upon matter. These innumerable powers have, moreover, their ranks and classes. In general, Philo distinguishes the two highest and most excellent of these powers, namely, the beneficent (*χαριστική*) or creating, and the governing (*βασίλική*); under which is particularly comprehended the punishing, chastising (*κολαστική*) power. The first, he says, is in the Scriptures called *Θεός*, the other *Κύριος*.‡

As now God is in his essence one, so also, in the opinion of Philo, these powers, though scattered in the visible or sensible world (the Stoic *λόγος σπερματικός*) in infinite variety and gradation, are yet essentially one, and that, not only inasmuch as they are all powers of God, but also as they are in themselves and objectively one. This unity lies in the comprehension of the Divine Logos, as that in which all the Divine powers or ideas, in reference both to their immanence in God and their communication or dispersion in the world, are comprised and arranged.

* See Philo, De Posterit., I. p. 229, Mangey, and De Victimis, II. 261.

† See De Confus. Linguar., I. 431; De Sacrificiis Abelis et Caini, I. 173; Quis Rerum Div. Hæres, I. 496; and De Profugis, I. 560.

‡ De Sacrific. Abel. et Caini, at passages before mentioned.

These conceptions may have as their background, or obscure point of termination, the Mosaic history of the creation ; but their recognized starting-point, or source, was the gnosis, which was a compound of the Hellenistic philosophy and the Oriental theosophy. As Philo, in his view of the relations of God to the world, proceeded, according to the Hellenistic method, from the idea of the world, and apprehended this according to the Platonic doctrine of ideas, which was in general the natural philosophy of the Greeks, but sought through the doctrine of emanation to unite with it the Hebrew history of the creation, it naturally followed that the Hebrew idea of wisdom, as immediately expressing too little, was not employed by him. On the other hand, the Old Testament representation of the "word" and "words" of God presented itself as the most appropriate Biblical form for his gnosis. Not only did this expression serve, especially in Greek, to denote the unity and multiplicity of the Divine powers and ideas (*λόγος* and *λόγοι*), but, by reason of its double signification of "reason" and "word," it allowed the aggregate of the Divine powers in the world to be viewed as immanent in God, as well as emanated.

Whilst, therefore, Philo after his manner explained in his gnosis the Old Testament ground of faith, and at the same time sought to express his gnostic ideas in the Old Testament forms of representation and phraseology, there arose in his writings a mixed use of language, so that as a Platonist he called the Divine powers (*δυνάμεις*) ideas, while as a believing Jewish writer he called them angels (*ἄγγελοι*), and designedly used all three of these representations interchangeably with each other.*

We will now set forth his doctrine of the Logos with greater particularity.

According to the double meaning of the term *λόγος*, "thought" and "speech," "reason" and "word," and according to the analogy of the human *λόγος ἐνδιάθετος*, "inward speech," or "unuttered thought," and the human *λόγος προφορικός*, "uttered thought," as it were, "thought made external," Philo employs the conception of the *θεῖος λόγος*, or *λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ*, in a twofold relation, and accordingly distinguishes the relation of the Divine *λόγος*, in so far as he is immanent in God, the Divine reason, the Divine thought, and

* See De Poster. Caini, I. 242. Allegor., I. 122.

the relation of the same in so far as, being uttered or expressed as the word of God, he appears in the world and creates the world.*

The pure immanent λόγος τοῦ Θεοῦ, or the Divine νοῦς,† is, like God himself, incomprehensible and inconceivable by man, and consequently, although in abstraction different, is still one with the essence of God. But with this more abstract, attributive, and, as it were, facultative (*facultativen*) apprehension of the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος, Philo does not stop. The λόγος ἐνδιάθετος includes in itself, yea is itself, the ἰδέα ἰδεῶν, the ideal of things, the ἀρχέτυπος ἰδέα, the archetypal world, νοητὸς κόσμος, which existed‡ as a reality in God before any outward creation or formation of the hylic world. In this fulness of life, the λόγος, as an eternal (αἰδῖος) original act in God himself, is the ἐννόησις, the λογισμὸς Θεοῦ λογιζομένου.

But even as an original act of God, as living power, the λόγος is at the same time προφορικός; that is, as the creating, world-forming activity of God, it comes forth out of God, as the uttered word. Thus the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος becomes revealed in the world through the speech of God, and may be conceived of and comprehended by men as the λόγος λεγόμενος, the ῥῆμα τοῦ Θεοῦ, according to the Old Testament phraseology. But as this is only the defined relation of the Divine λόγος to the actual world, the λόγος προφορικός is, it is true, the production of the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος, and the latter the fountain of the former; and yet it is at the same time essentially one with the immanent λόγος (ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς λέγων ἅμα ἐποίη), as it were its habitation (οἶκος), just as a human word is the habitation of the spirit, the idea; that is, is the form which it assumes in its manifestation.§

Every living active relation of God to the world, every objective manifestation of God therein, is comprehended in the λόγος προφορικός. He is the τομεὺς πάντων, the *mensura universorum*, inasmuch as, being the place, or seat, of ideas, he gives to each one its measure and relation, or contains in himself this measure and relation. || Thus the λόγος προφορικός forms or creates the world, inasmuch as he either impresses

* See De Confus. Ling., I. 412. Vita Mosis, II. 154.

† See De Migrat. Abraham., I. 436.

‡ See De Opific. Mund., § 4-6, edit. Richter.

§ See De Migrat. Abraham., I. 437. De Prof., I. 561. De Somn., I. 595.

|| Quis Rerum Divin. Hæres, I. 491. Vita Mosis, II. 155. De Profugis, I. 562.

himself upon the existing matter as a Divine seal (*σφραγίς*), or gives to it its cosmical ideal form.* And as he created the world, or, in other words, as God created it by him (*δι' αὐτοῦ*), so also he preserves it ; he is the Divine power, dwelling in and preserving the world, its Divine foundation and bond, and, inasmuch as the connection and arrangement of the Divine ideas are contained in him, he is its everlasting law. But he is not only the mere formal outward law and measure dwelling in things, but, as he is full of light and life, so also he fills all with Divine light and life, and orders and administers all with Divine wisdom, love, justice, and holiness. Thus he penetrates and quickens, leads and conducts, the world, as the Divine providence, and is, in outward nature, the Divine ordering and necessity, and, in the world of mankind, partly the Divine power dwelling in every soul by nature, the pure reason, the conscience, and partly the bestower of wisdom and guardian of virtue. Moreover, as all wisdom, whether as the disposition of the order of the world, or as virtue, proceeds from him, he is called the wisdom of God (*ἡ σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ*). He is also one and the same with the Spirit, the Holy Spirit of God, in its objective manifestation in the world ; partly inasmuch as he holds together the world as a uniting spirit, and partly inasmuch as he gives spirit to men, and inspires them, especially as a prophetic spirit.

Thus, according to Philo, the Logos is the oldest creature of God, not unbegotten like God, and yet not created like a finite being ; he is the oldest son of the Eternal Father (*ὁ πρωτόγονος υἱὸς Θεοῦ, ὁ πρωτόγονος*), the image of God, the creator of the world, the revealed name of God, the mediator between God and the world, who separates (*ὁρῶς*) and connects both, the highest angel, the second God (*ὁ δεύτερος Θεός*), the high-priest, the reconciler, the intercessor of the world and men, whose historical life and manifestation are particularly conspicuous in the history of the Jewish people, so that all the Divine forms and manifestations in the Scriptures are to be referred to him.

In this far more figurative than logical mode of representation, and in the interchange and mingling of the positive Old Testament with the Jewish-gnostic elements, it may well be made a question, whether Philo conceived of the Divine Logos as a real person, as an hypostasis distinct from God, or not.

As long as we fix our attention on particular representa-

* De Profugis, I. 547, 548.

tions, we may be in doubt; but the more we penetrate into the religious philosophy of Philo in its interior connection, the more decidedly shall we answer the question in the affirmative.

A part of Philo's personifications were purely allegorical and typical, and presented only a figurative costume, and a Biblical representation of the idea. In these, therefore, we find no proof of an hypostatizing of the Logos. Among these I reckon his designations of the Logos as ἀρχιερεύς, παρὰκλητος, δέσμος, σφραγίς, and others of the same kind. Still, however, this poetical personification is often of such a nature, that, in connection with his general mode of thinking, it appears to indicate a metaphysical conception rather than a rhetorical image in the mind of Philo. On the other hand, the analogies of the Divine Logos, borrowed by Philo from the human soul, its relations, virtues, and attributes, are of as little weight against the hypostatizing of the Logos.* For, independently of other considerations, the human is not, according to Philo, an absolute and adequate image of the Divine.

As Philo regards the Logos under two points of view, that of the immanence and the emanation, his mode of representing the Logos in relation to God is accordingly different. The more the immanence and the attributive character of the Logos in God become permanent, the more the difference between the Logos and the Divine μονάς, and consequently the independent personality of the former, recede, without, however, being thereby destroyed. But where the emanated living activity of the Logos is brought forward, there also must the difference of the Logos from God, and, if this was in reality the view of Philo, the independent existence and personality of the Logos, be made prominent. But that Philo did in reality conceive of the λόγος προφορικός, and in this mediately the λόγος ἐνδιάθετος, as a real hypostasis different from God, yet dependent upon him, is in my opinion evident from the following considerations.

First, Philo repeatedly calls the Logos the ἀρχάγγελος.† If, then, the Jewish theology of the times regarded angels as personal beings, different from God, it follows that he must have conceived of the Logos, the highest angel, as a personal being.

* Among modern writers, Grossman, Gfrörer, Dahne, and Ritter decide for an hypostatizing of the Logos in Philo. [So also Mr. Norton, in his Statement of Reasons, § 10. — Tr.]

† Quis Rerum Divin. Hæres, §§ 26, 27, edit. Richter. De Opificio Mundi, §§ 1-4.

Secondly, in the well-known fragments in Eusebius,* Philo distinctly calls the Logos τὸν δεύτερον Θεόν, and distinguishes from the same the τὸν πρὸ τοῦ λόγου, or ὑπὲρ τὸν λόγον, Θεόν, or τὸν ἀνωτάτω καὶ πατέρα τῶν ὅλων. He proposes to explain in what sense God says, in Gen. i, 27, ἐν εἰκόνι Θεοῦ ἐποίησα τὸν ἄνθρωπον, — ὡς περὶ ἑτέρου Θεοῦ.† When now he says, παγκάλως καὶ σοφῶς τουτὶ κεχρησμέθηται, θνητὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀπεικονισθῆναι πρὸς τὸν ἀνωτάτω καὶ πατέρα τῶν ὅλων ἐδύνατο, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὸν δεύτερον Θεόν, ὃς ἐστὶν ἐκείνου λόγος, this is an explanatory, and consequently a distinct and genuine statement, adduced from the religious philosophy of Philo, which decides the question on the principles of his doctrine. If we consider particularly this idea of the δεύτερος Θεός, we must be convinced that it implies a real Divine personality, according to the polytheistic, as well as the monotheistic, use of language. That the expression δεύτερος Θεός is not oftener used ‡ by Philo is to be explained from the polytheistic aspect which it wears; on which account it was unsuitable for an habitual expression. But when Philo does use it, the strict monotheistic conception ὁ μὲν ἀληθεῖα Θεὸς εἷς ἐστὶν suffers as little as from his doctrine of angels, in which a gradation of real divine persons is expressed with sufficient distinctness. It is true, that, if Philo had been a thorough pantheist, this reasoning would have no force. But he was a dualist, in the sense that he sharply distinguishes the real hylic world and the real Divine being from each other. As a strict Jewish monotheist, he says expressly, that the Logos is called second God by him only in a figurative sense (ἐν καταχρήσει). So, also, the other names of the Logos (υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ, πρωτόγονος, ὁ ἄνθρωπος τοῦ Θεοῦ) are evidently in part figurative expressions. But if they have any truth or meaning, there lies in them, as in the δεύτερος Θεός, the idea of a personal being distinct from God. He even conceives of the world, so far as it is the manifestation and expression of the Divine ideas, as a living being, as the son of God.

Finally, as Philo, in accordance with the exclusive opposition between God and the world, distinguishes the hidden God out of the world from the revealed God in the world, it follows that this distinction must have the same degree of

* Præp. Evang., 7, 13. Fragm. Phil., II. 625.

† Philo means, that, if this had been said without reference to the Logos, as second God, the language must have been *τῇ ἑαυτοῦ εἰκόνι*.

‡ Comp. Allegor., I. 128, and De Somniis, I. 655.

reality as that opposition. But, at the same time, he regards the Logos, though really different from the absolute God existing in himself, and though necessarily mediating between God and the world, as an expressive, though subordinate, image of the God who is in himself hidden. He must, then, have regarded the Logos as personal in the same degree as God himself. Thus the connection of the system herein harmonizes with particular declarations of Philo, that he regarded the Divine Logos as an hypostasis, or real person, different from God, just as he also represented the intermediate powers, which the Logos comprehends in itself, as persons, bearing the Divine attributes in the world. Philo was an emanatist. But he regarded emanations as effluxes from the Divine being in the form of a gradation of real personal life. The Divine Logos was regarded by him as the highest and first step of this gradation.

But now the question arises, in reference to the prologue of John, whether Philo places the idea of the Logos in any connection with the idea of the Messiah. The Messianic hopes of his people were not unknown to Philo. He cherishes them with a certain predilection, and in some passages expressly discusses them after his manner.* The following is characteristic. In a passage where he is speaking † of the coming of the Messianic salvation, and the return of the Jews from their dispersion to the land of promise, he says that they would be conducted by a Divine, superhuman vision (*ὄψις*), which, though invisible to others, would be perceptible to the delivered. From this Philo distinguishes the Messianic prince, the hero who, after the return from exile, should war with and overcome the heathen, and govern his people in righteousness.‡

This last view belongs to the positive Old Testament faith of Philo, and stands in no connection with his doctrine of the Logos. But from the manner in which Philo represents the conducting of the Jewish people from the beginning by the Logos, it may probably be inferred, that, in the above-mentioned heavenly vision which conducted the return from exile he had in mind the Logos. This would be similar to his conception of the manifestation of the same as the *ἀφανής ἄγγελος* in the pillar of cloud and of fire, in the march out of

* Especially in *De Præmiis et Pœnis*, and *De Execrationibus*.

† *De Execrat.*, II. 435.

‡ *De Præmiis et Pœnis*, II. 423.

Egypt. If now this heavenly vision was at all Messianic, then is the idea of the Logos certainly placed by Philo in some connection with the Messianic hopes. But, with his gnostic views, Philo could not have any conception of a real incarnation in man of the Messianic Logos.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

ART. II. — WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*

PERIODICAL criticism in this country, if it be yet in its infancy, gives promise of a vigorous maturity. Though it may not be easy to name more than two or three of our deceased essayists who have left behind them a body of articles of permanent interest or value, we can readily enumerate a list of writers at the present time equal, if not superior, to those who have preceded them. We may confidently anticipate, then, a time when American criticism shall assume a higher place than it has yet held, and ought joyfully to receive any indication of the approach of such a time; for a fearless and just criticism is the great purifier of literature. It does more than almost any other kind of writing to elevate and correct the taste of a nation, and is at the same time an author's truest friend. As Boileau says, —

"Un sage ami, toujours rigoureux, inflexible,
Sur vos fautes jamais ne vous laisse paisible."

In proof of this, we need only refer to the influence exerted, both in England and America, by the Edinburgh Review, during its earlier and better days, when "that celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship," and even Byron himself acknowledged the effect of its criticism. To the critique on the Hours of Idleness, it is believed, we owe whatever of vigor, originality, and power is to be found in the works of that splendid but wilful genius.

Among those who have already attained an honorable position and who give promise of future eminence in this impor-

* *Essays and Reviews*. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 360, 370.

tant department of literature, the author of the volumes of "Essays and Reviews" now before us is entitled to a high place. Although still to be numbered among our young men, Mr. Whipple has been known for the last five or six years as a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, and to several other journals. Previously to his appearance in their pages, he had been for some years a writer for the newspaper press,—his first article having been published when he was only about fourteen years of age. Attention, however, was first particularly called to him by the publication, in the *Boston Miscellany*, in the early part of the year 1843, of an article from his pen upon Mr. Macaulay, which at once established his reputation as a skilful analyst and a good writer. Since that time, he has contributed much to the current criticism of the day, besides preparing and delivering several popular lectures on literary subjects, and an oration before one of the literary societies in Brown University.

As chief among his mental characteristics, we are disposed to place the rectitude which marks his critical judgments, and which is seen in the patience and thoroughness of his investigation and in the precision of his analysis, not less than in the results at which he arrives. With the utmost skill he penetrates to the heart of his subject, and lays it bare for the inspection of the curious, that they may verify for themselves the correctness of the views which he presents. Nor does he seem satisfied until he has done this, and thus given his readers the opportunity of forming their own opinions. Notwithstanding this mental integrity, he sometimes, indeed, allows his kindly feelings to get the better of his judgment, in speaking of the productions of his personal friends; but we remember only one or two instances in which his private feelings have led him to speak with undue harshness of any author, however richly he may have merited rebuke. He has no sympathy with that literary injustice of which Jeffrey was sometimes guilty; and his severest censure has been levelled against the reckless effrontery which marked the editorial course of Wilson and Gifford,—men who took delight in torturing any unfortunate Whig that ventured "to write a book," and who made literary criticism an instrument of personal and party warfare.

Closely allied with this quality of mental rectitude is his power of analytical criticism, as shown in his delineations of both intellectual and moral character. He rarely fails of

reaching the prime motive of a man's acts, and the principles which give a direction to his thoughts, in his peculiar psychological development. This is particularly to be seen in his articles on Webster, Choate, Byron, and Sheridan, in which, with equal ability and success, he exhibits the minds of his authors in their original elements. Indeed, we do not remember any one of our other critics who so often indulges in what may be called direct criticism on mental characteristics. He deals almost invariably with things rather than with words, and in his criticisms speaks far more of the author himself than of his works.

Another distinguishing feature of Mr. Whipple's mind is his fondness for what he has denominated, in one of his lectures, "the ludicrous side of life." This quality, so rarely found among the descendants of the Puritans, enters deeply into his intellectual constitution, and may to a greater or less extent be detected in nearly all his essays. It is seen alike in his own observations and in his quotations from other authors; and gives rise to that love of epigram which we notice in his style. He instantly detects the incongruities of any work of pure fancy or imagination, and perceives the latent mirthfulness of some shrewd observation in a favorite writer with ready and cordial appreciation. Instead of barbing the sharp arrow of a remorseless satire, his wit exists in combination with the most genial humor. It is quick, flashing, and pointed, but never bitter. It illustrates, but is singularly unobtrusive in its character, and seems to flow as naturally as the argument itself. In truth, it has much of that "springing up one can hardly tell how," of which old Dr. Barrow speaks in his famous definition.

Joined with these three prominent characteristics are a strong dislike of every form of literary cant and quackery, a moderate conservatism, a tendency to philosophical generalization, and a ready and sympathizing perception of beauty in the works of others. It is, in fact, from this last quality that Mr. Whipple's chief defect as a critic arises. His good-nature too often leads him to forget or deny the stern motto of the Edinburgh Reviewers, — "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" Yet it is only by adopting that sententious maxim of critical jurisprudence, that the cause of literature can be benefited or any real good result from the labors of the critic.

Such are the leading features in Mr. Whipple's mental or-

ganization ; and from them we might infer pretty nearly the character of his style. While it is clear and vigorous, it is at the same time easy and graceful ; never dull or verbose, but concise and brilliant ; — in short, a perfect reflection of his mind, which has undoubtedly been formed in the school of the old English writers. His long practice and a careful study of those writers have given him great power and fluency of expression, and a remarkable facility in adapting his style to the varied wants of his subject. And as all his intellectual faculties have been developed through the direct influence exerted upon his mind by their works, in precisely the same manner his style bears the impress of their gigantic minds. It has the same strength and compactness, the same love of antithesis and epigram, and at times not a little of the same quaintness as theirs. Thus, in remarking on the similarity in the plots of Mr. G. P. R. James's multitudinous novels, he says : — " His first novel was a shot that went through the target, and he has ever since been assiduously firing through the hole." He is equally successful in describing the effect of Sheridan's habits and associations on his mind, which, he observes, " became an ingenious machine for the manufacture of what would tell on the occasion, without regard to truth or falsehood." Speaking of the tone of criticism in the two great English Reviews in their earlier days, he justly charges the critics with being politicians, who " were prone to decide upon the excellence of a poet's images, or a rhetorician's style, by the opinions he entertained of Mr. Pitt and the French Revolution." Numberless instances of a like character might be adduced in further illustration of this quality of his style ; but perhaps the most noticeable is the following sparkling passage from the essay on Words, in which, however, this fondness for epigrammatic expression is certainly carried to excess.

" Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order, that they may bear at once on all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous,

resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot 'plays his weapon like a tongue of flame.' Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are 'half-battle'; 'his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter.' Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp, who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentences, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travellers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine 'lance,' with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effective service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champaign of the fancy; but even when they reel and stagger, they keep the line of grace and beauty, and, though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are

hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant, but, drunk or sober, is ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to a ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces." — Vol. I. pp. 103 – 105.

The present volumes comprise but a part of Mr. Whipple's published writings, — probably not more than half; but they contain all his best essays, to the number of twenty-three articles, besides an Appendix of shorter notices. In most cases, these articles have a permanent value, arising from the intrinsic interest of the theme, or from the manner in which it is treated. There is, however, in two or three of the essays, — those on Macaulay, Talfourd, the British Critics, and perhaps some others, — an incidental repetition of topics, which causes a repetition of ideas, though not of expression. This could hardly have been avoided in articles written at various times and for different journals; and the number of such repetitions is much less than might have been expected. The papers are all carefully written, and afford abundant evidence that the subject was thoroughly mastered before the critic undertook to write upon it, — that he had made himself acquainted with its whole length and breadth and depth, — in one word, that he has written from a full mind, and not merely for the sake of writing. Every opinion is well weighed and carefully judged before it is enunciated, and then it goes forth, not in the gaudy trappings of a meretricious rhetoric, but in a garb of fitting beauty and appropriateness. Hence the value which attaches to these volumes, and which will render them popular with all classes of readers.

We cannot agree with Mr. Whipple in all his views, though we believe them to be generally correct. We conceive that he bestows exaggerated praise on some authors, and too warm encomiums on particular passages from those authors. We refer especially to his remarks on poetical works, where there is obviously the greatest room for a variety of individual judgment and taste. Thus we are inclined to take exception to the general tenor of the article on Wordsworth, — certainly one of the ablest and most artisti-

cally elaborate in either volume, — and also to the critical judgment passed upon Shelley, in the article on the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century. In the article on the British Critics we think his estimate of Jeffrey not sufficiently high ; for he has hardly done justice to the great Northern essayist, either as a critic or an editor. But these slight differences of opinion do not weaken the high estimation in which we hold Mr. Whipple as a critical writer, nor materially diminish the value of the present volumes ; and we gladly turn to a more agreeable part of our duty.

The Essays and Reviews are confined to subjects connected with English and American literature. Within these limits, however, they take a wide range, and embrace the fruit of extensive reading, and careful study and thought. They are characterized by sterling good sense, earnestness of tone, and artistic finish ; but are chiefly remarkable, as we have said, for their analytical criticism, — a species of writing, it would seem, in which our author takes unmixed delight. Mr. Whipple not only possesses great skill in detecting the nice shades of mental and moral disposition in an author, but he likewise displays a rare power in producing a sharply drawn and faithfully colored picture of any one whose character and intellect he thus analyzes. He presents to us a likeness, the fidelity of which must strike the most superficial reader ; and we do not know of an instance, with the exception of the article on Wordsworth, in which he fails of conveying a vivid impression of his author's actual character to the reader's mind. In confirmation of this strong praise, we may be allowed to cite the following passages from the conclusion of his article on Byron : —

“It is very difficult to collect the scattered characteristics of Byron's genius, so as to give a distinct notion of his personal character. Most certainly he was not a great man in action. He had no calm, self-sustaining energy of nature, few consistent opinions, little breadth of understanding. Irresolution, weakness, a reckless indifference to the consequences of his actions, a kind of settled feeling that he must yield to every impulse of his sensibility, a remarkable absence of any thing like a reference of his conduct to moral laws, — these absolutely stare us in the face, as we read his letters and journals. As regards reason, his whole strength lay in his insight ; and his momentary glimpses of truth were sometimes peculiarly vivid and clear. In his speculations, or rather declarations, on subjects disconnected with poetry,

we often discern many bright hints of truth ; but he had not sufficient patience or comprehensiveness to follow them to their results, or to bind them together in logical order. As regards strength of character, his force consisted in passion, not in principle. No vicious man ever lashed vice in others with more power. Not an inconsiderable portion of his writings, both in prose and verse, represents him as the critic of his contemporaries, and the censor and satirist of his age. When we read some of his fierce attacks on George the Fourth,

‘The fourth of the fools and the cowards, called George,’

and his bitter invectives on the scandalous sins of other prominent culprits, we are ready to exclaim with Sir Thomas Browne, ‘While thou so hotly disclaimest against the Devil, be not guilty of diabolism.’ Again, no man volunteered his opinions with more freedom on literature, theology, politics, and society ; but it is difficult to make any discrimination between his opinions and his antipathies, or to discover any law of change which regulated the passage of his antipathies into his loves. His taste was capricious in the extreme. His opinion of any person, or any institution, or any aspiration, varied with the physical variations of his body, and was often very different after a debauch from what it was after a ride. No one could infer his judgment of to-morrow from his judgment of to-day. The friend that appeared in the eulogy of one week was likely to point the squib of the next. His consistency in criticism was according to his constancy in hatred. Wordsworth and Southey he always disliked and always abused. As a critic, he has propounded some of the most untenable opinions ever uttered by a man of genius. He often mistook his whims and antipathies for laws of taste. When Keats’s poems appeared, he entreats Murray to get some one to crush the little mannikin to pieces. After the article in the *Quarterly* was published, and the death of Keats was supposed to have been accelerated by its brutality, he abuses Murray for killing him, and discovers that there was much merit in the ‘mannikin’s’ poetry. It would be easy to multiply examples of this instability and levity of character ; but for any reader of his letters and journals, such instances would be needless.

“The personal and poetical popularity of Byron is still great. The circulation of his works, even at the present time, exceeds that of Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, and Coleridge united. Scott is the only poet, among his contemporaries, who at all rivals him in the number of his readers. Many of his gloomy creations will long frown defiance upon time. It is certainly a calamity to the world, that a poet possessing such wide influence over the heart should too often have exercised it in culti-

vating and honoring the heart's base and moody passions; should have robed sin in beauty, and conferred dignity on vice; should have given new allurements to that Dead-sea fruit,

‘ Which tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lip ’;

should have shown such brilliant audacity in assaults on the dearest interests of society; and, by the force of his example and the splendor of his mind, should be able to perpetuate his errors and his vices through many generations to come. It is of importance, not only to morals, but to taste, that there should be no delusion as to the nature of these perversions of his genius; that his wit should not shield his ribaldry from condemnation, nor his imagination be received in extenuation of his blasphemy. In speaking of Byron, as in speaking of men of meaner minds, things should be called by their right names. The method too apt to be pursued towards him is to gloss over his faults with some smooth sentimentalities about his temptations; or to speak of them with a singular relaxation of the rigidity of moral laws. But it seems to us impossible to defend his character, even as we defend the characters of many men of genius whose lives labor under some bad imputations. As soon as sophistry has dexterously disposed of one charge, a thousand others crowd up to be answered. He has written his own condemnation. The faults of his life blaze out in his verse, and glitter on almost every page of his correspondence. And the most that charity itself can do is to repeat the mournful regret of the good abbot over the sins of Manfred:—

‘ This should have been a noble creature : he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos :—light and darkness, —
And mind and dust, — and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.’ ”

— Vol. i. pp. 281 – 284.

Here the reader will observe that mental integrity and analytical skill, of which we just now spoke, interpenetrating each other and running through the whole extract. These characteristics might be further illustrated by extracts from other articles, but this will be sufficient for our present purpose. We cannot, however, refrain from quoting the following remarks from an ingenious parallel between the historians Prescott, Hallam, and Michelet, in an article on Prescott's Histories. Speaking of Hallam, Mr. Whipple says :—

"Among those historians who combine rectitude of purpose with strength of understanding, Mr. Hallam stands preëminent. All his histories have a judicial character. He is almost unexcelled in sifting testimony, in detecting inaccuracies, in reducing swollen reputations to their proper dimensions, in placing facts and principles in their natural order. He has no prepossessions, no preferences, no prejudices, no theories. He passes over a tract of history sacred to partisan fraud and theological rancor, where every event and character is considered in relation to some system still acrimoniously debated, without adopting any of the passions with which he comes in contact. No sophistical apology for convenient crime, no hypocrite or oppressor pranked out in the colors of religion or loyalty, can deceive his cold, calm, austere, remorseless intellect. He sums up each case which comes before him for judgment with a surly impartiality, applying to external events or acts, two or three rigid rules, and then fixing on them the brand of his condemnation. The shrieks of their partisans he deems the most flattering tribute to the justice of his judgment. This method of writing history has, doubtless, its advantages; and in regard to Mr. Hallam, it must be admitted that he has corrected many pernicious errors of fact, and overthrown many absurd estimates of character. But, valuable as his histories are in many important respects, they generally want grace, lightness, sympathy, picturesqueness, glow. From his deficiency of sensibility and imagination, and from his habit of bringing every thing to the tribunal of the understanding, he rarely grasps characters or incidents in the concrete. Both are interesting to him only as they illustrate certain practical or abstract principles. He looks at external acts without being able to discern inward motives. He cannot see things with the same eyes, and from the same position, as did the persons whom he judges; and consequently all those extenuations and explanations of conduct, which are revealed in an insight into character, are of little account with him. He does not realize a past age to his imagination, and will not come down from his pinnacle of judgment to mingle with its living realities. As he coldly dissects some statesman, warrior, or patriot, who at least had a living heart and brain, we are inclined to exclaim with Hamlet, — 'Has this fellow no feeling of his business?' It is the same in his literary criticisms. He gives the truth as it is *about* the author, not as it is *in* the author. He describes his genius in general terms, not in characteristic epithets. Every thing that is peculiar to a particular writer slips through his analysis. That mysterious interpenetration of personality with feelings and powers, which distinguishes one man's genius from another's, escapes the processes of his understanding. Persons, in Mr. Hallam's hands,

commonly subside into general ideas, events into generalizations. He does not appear to think that persons and events have any value in themselves, apart from the principles they illustrate ; and consequently, he conceives neither with sufficient intensity to bring out always the principles they really contain." — Vol. II. pp. 201 – 203.

As a critic of poetry, Mr. Whipple possesses a warmth of imagination, an affluence of fancy, and a generous sympathy with his author, which admirably fit him to be an interpreter of the glorious old bards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of their more generally popular successors. His articles on the Poets and Poetry of America, the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and the Old English Dramatists, are full of genial criticism and choice extracts culled from their works. His remarks on Sprague, Longfellow, Campbell, Miss Barrett, Ben Jonson, Webster, Decker, and Marlowe "of the mighty line," are deserving of particular commendation. But, perhaps, the ablest articles in these volumes are those on Daniel Webster, Choate, and Sheridan, which are marked by a breadth of understanding, a strength of conception, and a keenness of analysis, that leave little to be desired, in forming an estimate of their consummate abilities as statesmen and orators. The articles on Sydney Smith, and South's Sermons, are also very pleasant and able essays. They abound in happily chosen extracts, and sparkle with wit drawn from those authors. The article on James's Novels is a vigorous exposition of the weighty claims of that industrious bookmaker to a place among

"the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

The remaining articles all evince a high degree of merit ; but we need not speak of them particularly, since their character will be readily inferred from what has already been said. We cannot, however, take leave of Mr. Whipple's book without expressing our strong hope that he will still press forward in that noble career in which he has won so conspicuous a place. Already has he acquired a wide-spread reputation in this country. Let him still strive in the path he has chosen ; for so shall he help to build up a truly American literature.

C. C. S.

ART. III.—SAINT THERESA AND THE DEVOTEES OF SPAIN.*

IN point of romantic incidents, striking characters, and significant movements, the sixteenth century yields to no other age since the Apostles. To present even a faint outline of its prominent events or persons would exhaust the limits of our article, instead of furnishing a brief introduction. It is enough, after thinking of that imposing array of princes, prelates, theologians, saints, martyrs, discoverers, heroes, to close our eyes to the historic page, and allow the various forms to arrange themselves in order as they will, and march in grand procession before the imagination. Far in the van, the precursors of the mighty host, appear Gutenberg and Columbus, leading on the future as with magical power, — the one, by the mechanism that gives wings to thought, the other, by the discovery that startled the Old World from its complacent slumber, and opened a new hemisphere to its bold adventurers and in time to its independent thinkers. Preceded by such heralds, the host draws near, at first seeming a confused mass, but soon presenting three nearly distinct divisions. At the head of one walks the monk Luther, with all the stout Teutonic heart beating beneath his cassock, the modern Hermann against the modern Rome; at the head of another marches, with military step, the soldier-saint, Loyola, with the blood of Spain boiling in his veins, the new Cid of

* 1. *Obras de la Gloriosa Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus, Fundadora de la Reforma de la Orden de Nuestra Señora del Carmen, de la Primitiva Observancia.* En Madrid. 1793. 2 vols. 4to.

Works of the Glorious Mother St. Theresa de Jesus, Founder of the Reformed Order of Our Lady of Carmel of the Primitive Rule.

2. *Cartas de Santa Teresa de Jesus. Con Notas del Exc.^{mo} y R.^{mo} Sr. D. JUAN DE PALAFOX Y MENDOZA, Obispo de Osma, del Consejo de su Magestad.* En Madrid. 1793. 4 vols. 4to.

Letters of St. Theresa de Jesus, with Notes by Palafox.

3. *Œuvres très-complètes de Sainte Thérèse; Des Œuvres complètes de S. Pierre d'Alcantara, de S. Jean de la Croix, et du Bienheureux Jean d'Avila, formant ainsi un tout bien complet de la plus célèbre Ecole ascétique d'Espagne.* Paris. 1840-1845. 4 vols. 4to.

Complete Works of St. Theresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and the Blessed John of Avila; forming thus a very complete Whole of the most noted Ascetic School of Spain. Translated by various hands and edited by Migne.

4. *Vie de Sainte Terèse.* Par F. Z. COLLOMBET. Lyon et Paris. 1844. 12mo.

Life of St. Theresa. By Collombet.

a new crusade. In the rear, and in the interval between, stands another company, led by the man of middle courses, the wavering Cranmer, backed by the bluff Henry, and guiding on England and her mighty future. Thus Germany heads the movement, Spain the reaction, whilst England aims for the middle ground. The end is not yet. Which of the three tendencies will finally prevail the historian must leave it to the prophet to decide.

We turn now to Spain as it was in the sixteenth century. She alone of the great powers of Europe shared but little in the spirit of the Reformation. Our common ecclesiastical historians have scarcely a word to say of her Protestant Reformers, whilst the voluminous Schroeckh dismisses the subject in a few passing paragraphs,* narrating the murder of Diaz, the martyrdoms of Pontius, Gonsalve, Cazalla and his followers, and the imprisonment of the Canon of Seville, Foncius, and the Archbishop of Toledo, Carranza, two distinguished theologians whose association with Charles V. in his retirement led to the strange report that the monk-king himself inclined to the Lutheran doctrines in his last days. Yet the little of the reform spirit that appeared was soon suppressed by the Inquisition, and, in the opinion of Schroeckh, would hardly have appeared at all but for the connection established with Lutheran Germany by the imperial court.

Thus Spain, after the eventful interval of a thousand years, was faithful to the *prestige* with which she first appeared in the annals of Christendom. In the death of Priscillian, the Spanish soil was stained with the first blood shed by Christians for opinion's sake, and thus in the fourth century the bigot Idacius and the tyrant Evodius displayed traits which found fit imitators ages after in the Dominics and Torquemadas of the Inquisition. The Spaniard Theodosius carried to the imperial throne a spirit not unlike that of Charles V., and the great Council of Constantinople, held in his reign, may be named as a forerunner of that of Trent. Spain, too, furnished the prince who gave the fatal blow to Arianism, and the Goth Recared was a man of the reaction, like his terrible successor, Philip II., who reigned a thousand years after.

In some respects it seems unaccountable that Spain should be so far (by three centuries surely) behind the other nations

* Seit der Reformation, II. 791 - 800.

of Europe. In the Middle Ages, her people were remarkably independent, and led a life as free as Scottish Highlanders. Yet the pressure of the Moors upon them for so many centuries tended to neutralize all religious differences, to unite them in a burning fanaticism against the Moslem, and thus prepare them to enter with all the unity of a single militant church upon the century in which Germany, France, England, and even Italy, were rent by hostile factions. With a strong sense of personal dignity in civil matters, the Spaniard became in respect to religion the slave of utter absolutism. Catholicism has wrought this paradox. "In the Middle Age an element of liberty, and since the sixteenth century an element of reaction, it has," says Quinet, "imprinted this double character upon the mind of Spain."

The leading characters of the Romish movement in Spain are not in danger of being neglected by modern historians. Ferdinand, Isabella, Ximenes, and Charles V. have been portrayed by more than one master-hand, whilst students of history now wait anxiously for the publication of a work on Philip II. from one whose name stands for ever identified with the annals of Spain.* It is our purpose now to deal with a leading spirit in the reaction, whose claims have been generally overlooked by Protestants, — one who brought to the Roman see, not the aid of sword or dungeon, axe or fagot, but the fervor of a flaming piety and the sacrifice of a devoted life. We speak of her not unworthily named with Isabella, as wearing her mantle of zeal and power. To whom can we refer but to Theresa of Avila, honored by popes with the title of Doctor of the Church, and revered by devotees as the illuminated teacher and the elect exemplar of the life of prayer?

We pursue this subject with more than a general historic interest, not only on account of the genuine zeal and power of her life, but because she reflects so fully in her various works the spirit of the Catholicism of her time, and enables us to see clearly the good and the evil that are the legitimate fruits of the system which absorbed her whole soul. We cannot say that she was as wax beneath the seal of Rome, for she

* When are we to possess the work on Spanish Literature, so much needed and so long expected? The old pupils of Professor Ticknor can never forget his course of lectures. The mere outline or syllabus which we have preserved is a better guide to the student than Bouterwek or Sismondi.

had too much intrinsic vitality to be compared to any thing so passive. She was rather like the vine that climbs around the marble column, and in its growth takes its form from the stone to which it clings. We have never appreciated so fully the genius of Romanism as from the study given from time to time, for a year or two, to the pages of this saint of the flaming heart.

We have been guided chiefly by the work named third upon our list, — Migne's four volumes upon Theresa and the ascetics of her school. We cannot say much in favor of the French Abbé's editorial fidelity, except so far as good proof-reading is concerned. Without any explanatory notes, without even naming the translators to whom he is indebted for the several versions, without giving us the literary history of the various editions before published, he has collected in one huge mass all that most nearly concerns the Saint and her associates. We had supposed that the Life by Villefore inserted here was a new production, until we learned from another source that it was first printed in 1712. However, such omissions as we have noticed are easily supplied, and we are greatly indebted to Migne for bringing together so much valuable matter in so cheap and available a form, and with such correct printing. By comparing, as far as we are able, the French versions given by him with the Spanish originals named first and second on our list, we find, that, although the meaning is in general faithfully given, the style is much altered, often completely *Frenchified*, and the homely, unaffected, and often awkward sentences of the saint have been drilled into the dancing step of the French rhetoricians of the age of Louis XIV. The letters, in themselves more smooth and colloquial, are better rendered than the treatises. We will not try to name the various editions of her works since the first, which appeared in 1588, six years after her death. The most desirable is that of Madrid, 1793, of which the only copy in the country, as we are led to believe, is in Harvard College Library, and of this copy we have been able to avail ourselves. As to translations, they are numberless, especially in the French language; yet Collombet and his coadjutors think there is room for a still better version than any extant, and have devoted themselves to the labor. The English version by Abraham Woodhead (2 vols. 4to., 1669) we know only by name and by scattered quotations.

Of the nine or ten biographies of the Saint that have any

name, that by herself is of course the most valuable, notwithstanding its abrupt and unskillful method. Its very faults reveal her character, and relieve us of the suspicion that she is writing for effect, or under the dictation of ghostly inquisitors. Adding to her autobiography the *Life* by Villefore, patient and faithful, yet rather heavy, and the sketchy but very instructive *Memoir* by Collombet, and we are able, with such hints as her own works afford, to form a pretty good idea of Theresa and her times.

Turn we now to Old Castile, that central province of Spain, so long the disputed territory between Christian and Moor, and taking its name from the strongholds that were built upon its domain to keep off the invader. We select as our starting-point the year 1522, a date strongly marked in the annals of Christendom. There was a momentary lull in the great tempest that had been rising over Europe. Then Luther was in his mountain fastness, his Patmos, busy with the Scriptures and meditating a return to Wittenberg with new weapons from their invincible armory. Then, too, Loyola, laid up for a season by his wound, was passing, in his sick room at his father's castle, through a conflict sterner than that of the fight of Pampeluna, and, exiled by lameness from battle-fields, was inflamed by mystical visions to organize and lead forth a militia of the cross. Of Luther and Loyola the family of Alphonso and Beatrix da Cepeda, in Avila, then knew nothing, yet were not strangers to the spirit that was brooding over the waters which bore the Christian ark in that eventful period. In the year spoken of, this goodly household, which in the course of time rejoiced in as many children as Jacob had sons, even the patriarchal twelve, was alarmed at the sudden disappearance of two of the younger children, a girl of seven years and a boy of about the same age. One of their uncles was put, among others, upon the track of the little runaways, and at last overtook them at some distance from the city. He demanded of them the reason of their strange conduct, in thus running from home with their odd collection of provisions. They told him, with great simplicity, that they were going to find the country of the Moors, to preach to them the cross and win the crown of martyrdom, and thus escape the eternal torments of which they had heard so much. The uncle unceremoniously bade them have done with their nonsense, and go home to their mother. She, good woman, although a great zealot in her

way, scolded them soundly, and dried her tears. The brother, like another Adam, threw the blame upon his sister, and said that she had urged him to take the journey. The little girl could not deny the charge. Unconsciously she was preparing for herself an illustrious career. This was the first step towards saintly honors ever taken by Theresa, the most noted woman of the Catholic Church in the country, beyond all other, zealous for the faith, — the country called the very land of fealty, "*terra obedientiæ*."

The decided rebuke thus received did not wholly daunt the little devotee. With her brother she piled up stones in the garden and called them hermitages, whilst she amused the little girls who came to see her with making monasteries and playing the nun. She caught this spirit from both parents, who were very devout. Her mother's death, which occurred when Theresa was about twelve years old, made a great impression upon her, and moved her to pray the Blessed Virgin to be to her a mother.

But not even the tears of bereavement, nor all her Ave Marias could save her from temptations incident to her sex and country. Her good mother, with all her love of such books as the Golden Legend, Spiritual Garden, and Lives of Saints, had quite a passion for romances, and this was not without influence upon the susceptible daughter. She became a devourer of stories of love and adventure, and her young heart doubtless beat fast as she read of the prowess and amours of Amadis and Florisando. A companion of like age added to this disposition, and led her into a passion for dress and all the vanities of the world. The grave father saw with sadness the change, and, too chivalrous to prohibit the worldly friend from visiting the house, sent his daughter at fifteen to the Augustinian convent in Avila, at once to pursue her education and renounce her follies. At first she was ill at ease among the nuns, but soon their tenderness and zeal won upon her affections, and recalled all the piety of her childhood. One of the sisters did much to cheer her spirits and stimulate her faith, during the year and a half of her residence there. This tender ministry was succeeded by the sharp discipline of disease. Brought on partly by the influence of seclusion upon a delicate constitution, and partly by the violence of her mental conflicts, she fell into severe illness, and was obliged to quit the convent, first for her father's house, and afterwards for the country-seat of her elder sister,

Maria. Here, apparently, her career as a recluse was at an end. Her health could not endure seclusion, and her father was determined never to part with her. But life is always full of surprises, and the trials that promised to end virtually began her monastic career.

Her youth may be regarded as passed, and she now enters upon the course that has given her a name in history. The decisive step was taken in part from the impression left upon her mind by a visit to her uncle Pierre, a man noted for his devout life and studies, but in greater part from the writings of that singular being who has won such fame alike for his learning and his superstition, and has exercised over the female heart for centuries the same influence that turned the heads of the Roman ladies of the fourth century, — the Monk of Bethlehem. Over the story of nearly twenty years of her life, strangely mingled with devotion and doubt, rapture and despair, but devoid of true peace, we might well write as a fitting title the name of him who never taught and never found true peace, — Jerome.

She, who at the age of seven stole away from home with one of her brothers to convert the Moors, at eighteen left her father's house with the same secrecy, and early one morning, attended by her brother, presented herself at the gate of the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation in Avila, bent on a sterner sacrifice than that of martyrdom.

"Sed te manet suavior
Mors, pœna poscit dulcior,
Divini Amoris cuspide
In vulnus icta concides."*

By this step she decided her destiny. Henceforth, the life of this impassioned girl was to be identified with that monastic Order, which, professing to derive its sanction from Elijah of old, who made Carmel his favorite haunt in the tenth century before Christ, was founded by Berthold of Calabria on that loveliest of sacred mountains, in the twelfth century after Christ. From the *sierras* of Spain the ascetics on the hills of Palestine were to meet with the most fervent response, and the revolutionary sixteenth century was to repeat the monastic enthusiasm of that noontide of Popery, the twelfth century. Theresa chose this convent on account of her friendship for one of the sisters, and the regularity of life within its walls.

* Breviary, Pars Autumnalis, Oct. xv.

Her father no longer withheld his consent, and, yielding to her perseverance, resigned her, as he deemed, to her Saviour. The gay *señorita* is now the demure novice, given up to the labors and devotions of the convent, and, as she pleasantly says of herself, employing sometimes at the broom the very hours given of old to amusement and vanity. But in spite of her zeal, so great as to lead her to surpass her associates in the rigor of her observances, and her charity, so tender as to move her to nurse a poor ulcerous nun from whom the others shrank in disgust, she suffered painful doubts and passed through fearful conflicts. Yet she never utterly despaired, and the light that flashed as from heaven upon her soul was hailed as a miraculous message to cheer her on in her course. On the 3d of November, 1534, she pronounced her vows.

Still she was not at peace, either in body or mind. Wretched health combined with miserable misgivings to torment her. She was evidently sinking under the pressure, although the sweetness of her temper was unharmed by all she underwent. The relaxed rules of the Carmelites had not continued in force the primitive method of entire isolation, and, at the instance of her friends, Theresa withdrew from the cloister, and, under the medical attendance of an old woman, who seems to have been a sorry quack, she passed several months, chiefly with her sister Maria, in the country. She evidently thought little of the medical aid afforded her, and sought eagerly good books and good advice for her soul. She quite won the heart of the priest, her confessor, although the chief spiritual advantage seems to have been received by him. He told the young devotee of his amours with a woman whose arts had completely entrapped him, and, rebuked by counsel from such a quarter, he renounced the connection, and within a year died, as was thought, in the odor of sanctity. Her illness found no relief. For several days she was thought to be actually dead, and her grave was prepared in the grounds of the convent. She regarded this terrible crisis as the result of her father's unwillingness that she should endure the fatigue of confessing. She was in such a sad condition, that she could be moved only in a large cloth held by two persons, each at one end. As soon as she thought herself slightly relieved, she begged to return to the convent. There, for three sad yet not desolate years, she lived in prayer and suffering, an utter cripple. Then she began to enjoy new strength, and, in general, felt tolerably well.

Now the demon of whose cunning and pertinacity she has so much to say laid in wait for her, and, as she thought, turned the happiness of convalescence into a fearful danger to her soul. Friends of course came to congratulate her upon her recovery, and the interviews at the grated window proved sometimes more attractive than the devotions of the cell. Who the companions were whose society was so fascinating the Saint does not tell us ; although the manner in which she speaks of one person, without specifying the name, leads us to suppose that this bride of heaven was not wholly free from human sensibilities. A vision of the Saviour with an expression of severity on his countenance concurred with the illness of her father to rebuke her distraction and win her back to prayer. Yet even her father's death, which took place in 1550, was not sufficient to establish all her affections upon heavenly things. She lived over virtually the life of the Monk of Bethlehem, and scenes of social enjoyment and visions of saints struggled for the mastery of her imagination.

After twenty years of conflict, her heart appears to have come under a new influence, and to have risen into a higher peace. The ghostly Jerome, whose epistles had driven her into her early novitiate, now retires into the background, and she comes within the influence of that noted father of the ancient Church so celebrated for ministering to troubled minds out of his own perplexed experience. Somewhere about the year 1553 she took up the Confessions of Augustine. Reading these burning pages with prayer for the saintly writer's intercession, she melted into tears as she came to his account of the walk in the garden, and of the voice that called him to renounce the world and live for God. She heard the same voice, and the heart of the poor nun, moved as never before, appears to have been led by the great Numidian to stand for the first time upon cheerful Evangelical ground.

The name of Augustine, then, might be deservedly written over the second portion of her career, as that of Jerome over the first. For twenty years' wandering, as with John the Baptist, in the wilderness of ascetic penitence, she now found herself at her Saviour's feet, and rivalling the Magdalen herself in the fervor of her penitence and the flame of her piety. Her new religious experience, so peaceful and so rapturous, puzzled her own mind as much as it did the sage doctors

whom she consulted. Her first two advisers thought the whole a device of the devil, but recommended her to consult a priest of the famous Company of Jesus, which had just founded a college at Avila. The Jesuit Padranos understood her case better, and prescribed for it with remarkable wisdom. "Oh!" writes the Saint, "what a wonderful thing it is to understand a soul!" He counselled her to reflect daily upon the humanity of Christ, and meditate upon the divine fulness of his tender charity. Soon after, — this was in 1557, — a greater than Padranos gave her the same important advice; none other than the noted Francis Borgia, who had just returned from a visit to the imperial solitary, Charles V., afforded her the benefit of his counsel and the light of his peculiar experience in the spiritual life. Her next confessor, Ferdinand Alvarez, carried out the spirit of these counsels, and advised her especially to implore directly the influence of the Spirit to remove the remains of the carnal mind. He urged her to use often that noble hymn,

"Veni, Creator Spiritus,"

a hymn which none can fervently repeat without good, and which led the heart of Theresa to new fervor and assurance. It now flames up in the raptures of prayer, and her autobiography becomes a glowing treatise upon the four steps in the devout life.

Now came troubles from a new quarter. Relieved from the worst part of her mental distractions, the poor nun was sorely tried by external vexations. The story of her experience was noised about among all the pious gossips of the town, and soon made her painfully conspicuous. Her director was advised to put a check to her illusions, and was induced to restrict her attendance at that hallowed table which was the source of so much of her inspiration. There is something very touching in the language in which she appeals to her Saviour for consolation at this trying time. Left to herself, without friendly solace, and taught even to distrust her own soul and Divine influences, she turned to him who came to be the comforter. "O my Lord! indeed you are the only true friend! and how powerful, since you can do what you will! and you never cease to will, if you are entreated! Although all the learned rise up against me, all created things persecute me, demons torment me, may you not desert me, Lord, since I have experience of the gain which you

have in store for all who put their trust in you !” * At these words, peace returned to her, and a voice seemed to come from heaven : — “ Have no fear, my daughter, since it is I, and I will not leave you ; fear not.”

She needed now a wise and experienced adviser, and thought herself happy in the aid of Balthazar Alvarez, a Jesuit, who was her confessor for a long time. But her singular experience, her visions now of angels and now of hell, left her in some perplexities which even his art could not remove. It was well that Pierre of Alcantara, one of the chiefs of the Franciscan Order, noted alike for his charity and devotion, brought to her relief the aids of his veteran experience in spiritual conflicts. The old man comforted the Saint greatly, and from the specimens of his mind given in the third volume of Migne’s collection, we cannot but own that the counsel of so benevolent, self-denying, and wise a man must have been valuable to any one in trouble. Without doubt, the influence of this good Franciscan led Theresa to attach more value to a life of practical usefulness, and tended to cure her of a part of that morbid self-consciousness which habits of secluded introversion create. The mind is like the body, and the director of consciences may learn a useful lesson from the blunt physician, who, when drugs failed to cure the dyspeptic, prescribed the oil that exudes from an axe-handle when in full play at wood-chopping, and the patient was cured. St. Francis has done service to the Catholic Church by his practical, benevolent spirit, and for this we prefer him to Dominic, whom Dante ranks with him as ordained in chief to escort the heavenly bride, the Church : —

“ One, seraphic all
In fervency ; for wisdom upon earth
The other, splendor of cherubic light.” †

The seraph burning with love we prefer to the cherub radiant with light, especially when the light, as in Dominic, is polarized into dogmatic lines and borrows infernal heat from inquisitorial flames. Yet we must confess, that, in the two specimens given by Migne severally of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders, there is much to verify the words of Dante. The Franciscan Peter of Alcantara ‡ writes from a heart of

* Obras, I., pp. 204, 205. Vida, C. XXV.

† Paradiso, Canto XI.

‡ A. D. 1499-1562.

love, whilst the venerable John of Avila * exhibits a calm and sober wisdom, which shows that the Dominican schools may sometimes sharpen the understanding without blunting the sensibilities. John of Avila, whom Theresa sometimes consulted, and whose works here fill a quarto of over six hundred pages, appears much more like a modern man than his associates, and reminds us often of the more scholastic of our fervent English divines.

But the shades of Dominic and St. Francis were both to conspire in the great enterprise that marked the remaining years of Theresa's life. Leading minds of both these Orders sustained her in her plan for the reform of the Carmelites according to that primitive rule which had been, as she thought, so sadly relaxed since the Bull of Eugenius, A. D. 1431. Convinced that prayer, silence, close retirement, and penance are the four pillars of the spiritual life, she long meditated the reform, and at last, in 1560, with the coöperation of a young nun, pupil at the convent of Avila, and a religious widow much prized as a friend, she undertook to procure a house to which the three might retire from the world, give themselves to prayer, and by their devout example begin the work of reform. A great hue and cry was at once raised against these women who seemed to be setting themselves up as so much better than their companions. Every possible obstacle was cast in their way. At last, however, the house was purchased, and the requisite repairs and alterations were commenced. After many delays and perplexing interruptions, during an interval in which the Saint visited Toledo, and, at the order of the Dominican Ibañez, awhile her confessor, wrote her own Life, the work was completed, and on the 24th of August, 1562, with permission from Pius IV., the Convent of St. Joseph was consecrated, and the host placed upon the altar of the chapel for the first time. A single monastery with a nun and four novices was all that as yet existed to represent the great reform. Their garb was as unassuming as their number. Their dress was of black serge, the head was covered with coarse linen, and they wore sandals instead of shoes. But a beginning was made, and the uproar that was raised throughout the vicinity proved that the deed had not been done in a corner, and would not require to be trumpeted by its authors, so busy were preachers, monks,

* Died 1569.

and prelates in denouncing its audacity. For six months the storm lasted, and at one time it seemed that the new convent with its four praying women would be destroyed by the mob. Theresa herself was ordered by her Superior to return to the old convent of the Incarnation, but in December, 1563, was permitted to go back to that of St. Joseph, the seat of the reform. Now came an interval of calm, and in July, 1565, Pius IV. gave his sanction to the code of rules prepared by the Saint for her monastery. Let it be remembered, however, in passing, that her most noted treatise, the *Way of Perfection*, was written during the period of her troubles, at the end of 1563, or the beginning of 1564.

We cannot follow her in all her efforts to carry out her projects of reform, nor describe her various trials and triumphs. She leaves us in very little doubt as to the main object of her enterprise. In the work just quoted, she speaks very plainly of the inroads made by Protestants upon the peace of the Church, and takes her stand boldly with the party of reaction. Conversant as she had been with the leading men of the great religious orders, she was well advised of the state of Christendom, and resolved by asceticism and prayer to bring to the defence of the Church a power which the fagots of Philip and the daggers of Charles IX. vainly sought to wield. Prayer was to her mind the great weapon of the Church militant, and by it she hoped to bring discomfiture upon its foes, and open new springs of consolation and energy to its defenders. Yet her heart yearned also for the conversion of the heathen, and a visit from Father Maldonado, just returned from the East Indies, gave her such views of the wretchedness of the idolaters there as moved her to new devotion in her cell and fresh zeal for reform.

She seems, indeed, to have no objection to harsher modes of dealing with heretics, and speaks of the dungeons of the Inquisition as matters of course, in about the same way as we speak of a jail or prison for criminals. She, however, employed ministrations of no such ungentle character, and no harsh deed is ascribed to her instigation. Against her will appointed Superior of St. Joseph's, she made it her mission to establish similar institutions wherever she could. All the great cities of Spain soon bore monuments of her zeal. The monks of the Order of Carmel caught something of her enthusiasm, and, led by the famous John of the Cross,* whom

* 1542 - 1591.

she met in 1567, when he was a restless zealot but twenty-five years old, they began, like her nuns, to return to the primitive rule. This personage is one of the most singular characters that we have ever met with in church history. His works, which Migne inserts so largely in his third volume, answer fully to the account given of his life. He was the very Sybarite of asceticism, and took an Epicurean delight in penance. He seemed to rejoice in living among graves, and his spirit is a peculiar blending of the erotic and elegiac, — at once a mystical Anacreon and Simonides, or a Tom Moore and James Hervey, singing of the beatific marriage in the damps and gloom of sepulchral cells. He was as exquisite in his apparatus of mortification as ever was a Lucullus in his gardens and banquets. He filled his rooms with crosses and death's-heads as eagerly as ever any Catullus painted his walls with roses and Cupids; and spoke of apartments too low to permit the occupant to stand, with as much pleasure as a Pericles or Trajan would describe the loftiest of his halls. His treatises, such as his "Dark Night" and "Ascent of Carmel," are a strange mixture of love and logic, tears and tropes. They are theological dissertations and devout ejaculations strung upon a mystical love-song as a connecting string. He comments with especial delight upon the Canticles, and with an ingenuity that might well drive such allegorical interpreters as Dr. Gill to despair. Yet there is much to respect in his works, — much tender piety and spiritual insight. Theresa helped him greatly, and probably made an efficient reformer of a sensitive creature who might else have wept his life away in tears of contrition and homesickness. This mystic recluse, also, was of some service to the Saint in sustaining her spiritual elevation throughout her pressing external cares, and his influence undoubtedly appears in the work written by her after his imprisonment, the "Castle of the Soul," in which her mystical flights rival those of Madame Guyon, and have utterly baffled the skill of some of her translators.

She lived five years after composing this work, and then died, in 1572, at the age of sixty-seven, in the midst of her labors, during one of her expeditions for carrying out the Carmelite reform. Notwithstanding her miserable health, her heart was never more at peace nor her spirit more elastic than during this journey. The three previous months she had passed at her loved home, St. Joseph's of Avila, once

more Superior of that convent after a long removal to a less congenial sphere. The strifes between the two orders of Carmelites, of the milder and the more rigid rule, had been harmonized. Seventeen religious houses of the reformed rule had been established by her energy, not including the fifteen founded by John of the Cross. Her journey was now almost a triumphal march, as in her old age and amid snow and ice she turned her face towards Burgos, where she founded her last monastery. In some places her carriage was beset by such multitudes as to block up the way, and the nuns in Palencia sang the *Te Deum* as she approached. It needed all her humility to receive such honors meekly. How lowly and cheerful her temper was is proved by her reply to a companion in the expedition, who spoke to her of the saintly reputation she had acquired : — “ Three things have been told me, — that I was good looking, that I had talent, and that I was saintly ; for some time I was disposed to believe the two first, and I have made confession of such pitiful vanity ; but as to the third, I have never been foolish enough to believe it for a moment.”

Eager to return home from Burgos, she was persuaded to visit the town of Alva, at the urgent request of the Duchess, and there was seized with fatal illness, and soon died. Her death was in the spirit of her life. Receiving the communion and extreme unction, she gave clear responses to all the prayers, repeating constantly the words, — “ At the last, Lord, I am a daughter of the Church.” Resting her head upon the arms of her favorite nun, and clasping in her hands a crucifix, she sank peacefully to rest, with her eyes fixed upon this image of her Saviour. This was on the 4th of October, 1582, or, by the New Style, which dates from that day, October 15th. No wonder that the scene so acted upon the imaginations of the devotees present at the death-bed. Some saw a luminous globe ascend from the body, and others beheld a dove fly from the cell and mount to heaven, whilst a celestial fragrance filled the place.

Who can help associating the place of her death with that proud Duke from whose title the town took its name, and who died within the same year ? Theresa and the Duke of Alva, — leaders in the great reaction against the Protestant Reformation, — in history thus associated, — in character how different, the man of blood and the woman of prayer ! The traveller who looks upon their monuments, as he visits Alva,

can need little help to connect them with thrilling associations.

We pass now to a brief survey of Theresa's works. These are voluminous, — filling six quartos in the Spanish, and nearly three closely printed quartos of the French edition. They may be regarded as forming three classes : — those of a personal nature, such as her memoirs and correspondence, — treatises, among which the “ Path of Perfection ” and the “ Castle of the Soul ” are the chief, — and lastly, official papers, consisting of the “ Book of Foundations,” instructions to her nuns, and a portion of her letters. It is out of the question to try to give a review, or even an outline, of them all. Nor is this necessary, as the same spirit pervades all her writings, whether theological, religious, or ethical. She had little of the pride of authorship or the fear of criticism, and wrote always either in obedience to a director or to meet some especial occasion. Hence there is nothing of the elaborate structure and methodical division in her productions which make the reviewer's task easy. The best idea of her writings will be given by sketching their chief traits.

Her theology, although never presented with logical definiteness or analytic fulness, is very obvious. She is a thorough-going Roman Catholic, and trusts implicitly in the doctrines, priesthood, and rites of the Church. Hence her impunity after her severe examinations. Had she been less obedient to Rome, her pietism would have drawn down upon her far worse terrors than priestly counsel or a few months' seclusion. Like Madame Guyon, she awakened the suspicions of the priesthood, and had she insisted as little as the French Quietist upon the power of the sacraments, she would probably have figured in an *auto da fe*, or have pined away in the dungeons of the Inquisition. As a theologian, she belongs to the mystical, not the logical order, and received the Catholic doctrines with her affections and will, without apparently subjecting them to any searching analysis. With her whole soul, she trusted in that one rite which gives the Papal Church its power, and without which Rome sinks at once to the level of Canterbury and Geneva. The sacrament of the mass, the real presence in the communion, was to her the essential of worship, and her most enraptured hours were connected with this mystical sacrifice.

Hence, obviously, the character of her religion may be inferred. She was from an infant a child of the Church, and her religious experience had been wholly under its guidance. All the poetry of her soul was associated with its ritual and history, its sacred seasons and holy persons. Implicit obedience, entire faith, fervent prayer, were to her the essentials of the religious life. But prayer was the great essential. She seems more at ease in using the language of prayer than that of conversation or letter-writing. Thus, like a bird of the air, she soars more easily than she walks, and it seems a relief to her when she can take to her wings. Her writings constantly rise into prayer, and the style has generally new majesty and purity as she pours out her soul in penitence or adoration. Generally, her style has disappointed us; yet frequently, as in her devotional passages, we have proof that she spoke the language of Cervantes, and did not dishonor the country that gave birth to Quintilian, and which once in the purity even of its Latin surpassed the successors of Cicero, and in the eighth and ninth centuries sent Latin teachers to Italy. When treating of prayer, she speaks also with more analytical discrimination, as well as more eloquence, than when treating any other topic. Invariably in her works the same view of the progressive stages of the devout life is presented or implied. In her autobiography she makes her idea of the four modes of prayer more clear by one of those simple comparisons which she was so fond of using. She compares the soul to a desolate tract of land that needs to be weeded, planted, and watered, so as to be a pleasant garden to the Lord. It is by prayer that the dry land is watered and made pleasant and fragrant to the senses. The water may be conveyed in four ways, — either by drawing it laboriously from the well, or by raising it by a wheel and distributing it through conduits, or by turning the waters of a brook or river, or, lastly, by an abundant shower, which at once supersedes all anxious effort on our part. The first method corresponds to *mental* prayer, which consists in a labored effort to collect the thoughts. This is the most trying season of the Christian, and needs much patience and perseverance. Thus devotion begins its course. Then comes the prayer of *quietude*, which is a profound recollection of the three powers of the soul, — memory, understanding, and will. The will acts, but not by painful effort, for it is led by Divine love in that subjection which is perfect freedom. The third kind of

prayer is that of *union*, in which the Divine life flows into the soul and the will rests in peace in the arms of God. She describes this as a dying almost entirely to created things and living only for heaven, — as a state in which the soul gives up every thing, and knows not whether she speaks or is silent, laughs or weeps. The last mode of prayer is that of *rapture* or *ecstasy*. This climax of the devout life the Saint is never weary of describing, and the impassioned language in which she speaks of the favored hours in which the Divine Spirit floods the soul with its grace, and makes the dry and thirsty land a blooming paradise, would be offensive for its presumption, were it not for the humility with which it is always apparently accompanied, as when she beseeches the Creator not to forget her frailties in the plenitude of his mercy, or trust an essence so precious to so fragile a vessel.

Prayer being the essence of religion in her view, of course her ethical system must aim directly at the nurture of devotion. What her system was is far better shown by a glance at the plan of her two chief treatises, than by any attempt to gather an ethical code from her various writings. Her "Path of Perfection" was probably intended by her to serve as a practical guide for those who would lead a spiritual life, although prepared especially for the religious sisterhood of her first charge. She insists, first, upon the need of despising the wealth and vanities of the world, and of bringing the outward lot into harmony with a truly humble mind. The highest office of a religious charity consists in strengthening the zeal of the servants of that Church from which all blessings flow. To pray with efficacy, the religious must observe faithfully the rule of their order, cherish for one another a truly Christian love, and shun all the favoritisms and partialities so prevalent especially among females. They must watch closely the character of the confessor and the nature of their interest in his visits, and shun as deadly poison the least appeal to their vanity. Her chapter on the method of changing a confessor presents a curious case of struggle between the spirit of independence and the sense of duty. She desires her sisters to seek ever a learned and pious director, and to use all urgency in the proper quarter to procure such a guide. The only love which she sanctions is love towards God and towards those who seek our salvation. She deems Evangelical charity as far beyond friend-

ship as above that other passion which she hardly deigns to name, except in her mystical emblems. She deals very severely with the petty sensitiveness and love of preference so common in religious houses, and exhorts the faithful to trample them under foot. She is jealous even of family ties, and urges the religious to think far more of brothers and sisters who are such in spirit than of those who are such by natural affinity. So elevated a spirit cannot be won without humility and self-mortification; hence the need of penances, — not those that are conspicuous for their extravagance, but those that most effectually humble the soul before God. Not even the plea of delicate health is to excuse remissness in self-mortification. While treating this point, the Saint shows that the disease known among college students as the Sunday headache has some parallel in convent life; some of the sisters excusing themselves from their duty at prayers, now because they are afraid of being sick, now because they have a slight headache, and again because they have been ill, whereas only decided illness is a valid excuse. She urges the duty of carrying self-mortification so far as to refrain from making excuses, even when blame is unjustly cast. In all things the soul should present itself humbly before God, and crave his grace, — humility being, as she says, like the queen in the game of chess, the most powerful agency in the holy war, and able to bring even the king to terms. Then the Saint approaches the great subject of contemplation in connection with obedience and prayer. She urges the glory of the marriage of the soul with God by true contemplation, and ends the treatise with directions for the use of the Lord's Prayer so as to win the highest peace. This prayer she deems sufficient, if used mentally as well as vocally, and duly meditated upon, clause by clause. When thus used, whole hours may be profitably occupied with saying it only once. Her chapters on the *Pater Noster* are interspersed with thoughts on the eucharist as the great centre of the religious life, and are followed by exhortations to a true humility, patience, and poverty, that shall guard the soul against all counterfeits, and lift the Christian above all base anxieties and annoying scruples into the holy liberty of the children of God.

We have read this treatise with great interest and not a little admiration of its searching self-scrutiny and its uncompromising standard of spirituality. Yet we miss much of what the New Testament deems essential in the true life.

The flaming pietism of the Spaniard soars far away from (we will not say above) that common humanity which He exemplified who fed the hungry, healed the sick, and identified himself with the lot of the poor and lonely. The "Path of Perfection" is not the rule of life for those whose prayer is, not that they may be "taken out of the world," but that they may be "kept from the evil." There is nothing of the Good Samaritan in its pages, unless the wounds to be healed in our neighbour are such as contemplation and prayer can reach. Yet let us remember that the author's sympathy for others was that which she prized most fondly herself. She who despised the body and its comforts, cared little for friendship, and scorned human love, may surely be pardoned for being so engrossed with the spiritual destitution of mankind as to slight all things temporal, even the claims of kindred and home, in her impassioned devotion to things deemed by her the only eternal goods. Add to her chapters a few from the work of the good Franciscan who first led her to peace, and who wrote on prayer less for the guidance of a secluded sisterhood than for our common humanity, so tried and tempted, and the want is in a great measure supplied, and charity stands side by side with piety.

Her "Castle of the Soul or the Abodes" (*Las Moradas*) rises even above the "Path of Perfection" in mystical devotion. It is the Pilgrim's Progress of the devout seeker, from the first entrance into the outer gate through successive stages to the seventh and last abode, where the soul dwells in heavenly peace, its life "hid with Christ in God," in the bliss of perfect union and the rapture of perfect love. This treatise, although very deficient in method and occasionally very incoherent, is on the whole a very edifying book, and contains passages that no Protestant could scorn, unless he is prepared also to call Fénelon a dotard and George Fox a fool. Some of its imagery is really beautiful. She compares the soul to a poor worm that must give up its own will, die to itself, hide itself in its shell, bury itself in the earth, that, transformed and glorious, it may rise to the upper air. Renouncing itself, and buried, as it were, in the Divine grandeur, the soul through humility and self-renunciation is gifted with new wings and soars into the realm of heavenly peace. It is hard to believe that the woman who, for years of her religious life, could not pray without the guidance of a book, could be so free and impassioned in the language of de-

votion as she appears in this treatise. It is as if the nature, before a mass of heavy ore without any resonance under the stroke of the hammer, had been so tempered in the furnace and drawn out into elastic chords, as to form the harp-strings that thrill with every breath of air. She who deems salvation impossible out of the Church, and binds her faith to the priesthood and ritual so implicitly, speaks of God and her soul in language that would startle the boldest Transcendentalist alike for its freedom and its rapture. Yet it was no wild-fire that flamed in her devotions ; although it might seem as little limited as the fire of a burning forest, it was inclosed within an iron grating. She ends her most rapturous flights by placing herself humbly at the feet of the Church, as the young eagle returns from its adventurous play in the sun-beam and with folded wing rests in the tranquil nest.

How shall we delineate a character so singularly mingled, and so little congenial with our Protestant modes of thought, as Theresa ? We will make the attempt, however feeble it may be.

Her intellect was keen in its perceptions, and in many respects remarkable also for its intuitive power. She was evidently a close observer of life and character, and showed peculiar shrewdness in judging of dispositions, and quickness in borrowing illustrations from ordinary things. One might collect from her treatises, letters, and official papers, ideas of the Spanish character, especially of the peculiarities of Spanish women of her day, that in point, and sometimes in sarcasm, would rival the "Doblado" of Blanco White. The nun she understood very well, and, if enthusiastic for the virtues, was no stranger to the troubles, of convents. Her education was very limited in literary privileges, and to learning and philosophy she made no claim. What, in fact, could we expect of a Spanish woman in the sixteenth century, who died when Lope de Vega was a scape-grace boy, before Cervantes had written, or Calderon was born ; and whose walk was so secluded as seemingly to shut from her the fact, that Ercilla had celebrated the triumphs of the Christian arms in America by an epic poem, and that Garcilasso had become the Petrarch of Spain ? As to philosophical training, what have the Spanish schools ever done to discipline the intellectual faculties ? Blanco White declared, that, even in this present century, the Spanish language had never been moulded to ex-

press philosophical distinctions. Raymund Lulle* and Luis Vives † were the brightest names that Spain gave to philosophy before Theresa's public career began, and Molina ‡ and Suarez § are apparently the best minds in morals and metaphysics that have flourished in her country since her day. But Theresa did not attempt to be philosophical, bold as was her treatment of the highest topics of thought, topics that even Kant and Schelling might shrink from touching. In the close of her "Abodes," she shows her peculiar power, by illustrating, rather than defining, the transcendental truths of religion. Hers is the intuitive, not the inductive or deductive method. And surely among the ideas which she claims to have verified by the testimony of her own consciousness in favored hours of contemplation, there are some truths which this devotee, so little trained in the schools, expresses with a fervor that Luther would have loved and a distinctness that Cudworth would have honored. She is always happy in illustration, although often very homely. The images furnished by her observation of ordinary life seem to have stood ever ready at her bidding to illustrate her religious views. The garden and the home, the elements of nature and the features of society, were all made to aid her in her ghostly teachings. It is worthy of note, that this bride of Heaven furnishes no small portion of her illustrations from the transports and troubles of lovers, the cares of married life, and even the experience of the nursery. Her fancies clothed themselves in imagery as readily as her ideas, and in the visions with which her autobiography is so much occupied we can see the same representative imagination at work in the chambers of her soul that stamps itself so decidedly upon her pages. The beauty or vividness of her fancy was the more remarkable from the fact, that sacred art was comparatively imperfect in her day in Spain, and her visions could have had no aid from the portraits of Velasquez or the Madonnas and saints of Murillo, as neither of these artists saw the light until she had long been numbered with the dead. Let not our practical age wholly scorn the visions of the Saint, for we, too, in this financial age, are dreamers, although we may be haunted more frequently with an aureola of golden ingots than of golden light. Doves, saints, seraphs, demons, crowns, frequent her devotional hours, and in her way she was

* A. D. 1235 - 1315. † 1492 - 1540. ‡ 1535 - 1601. § 1548 - 1617.

as much a dweller in the land of fantasy as the seer of Sweden. Yet there is little in her own writings of the enormous credulity with which many have interpreted her life. Her autobiography is reason itself, when compared with the miraculous legends incorporated into the Bull of Gregory XV., canonizing her name, and the accounts of biographers who have celebrated the virtues not merely of her prayers, but of her bones.

Need we speak of moral traits, after what has been said? She was humble towards God and her neighbour, yet in her piety singularly daring and in her conversation uncompromising. She could hear the severest reproaches without reply, and assert the most unpopular opinions without fear. She was stanch enough in the faith to sanction the acts of the Inquisition, yet so bland and courteous as to conciliate a convent of lax nuns, whom, against her will and theirs, she was sent to discipline, and who received her with murmurs and parted from her with tears. Her ascetic habits never seem to have led her to forget the lady in the devotee. She could send a present of a *cilice* or hair-shirt (such a ghostly garment, we suppose, has no sex in its name) to a young lady, and accompany it with a graceful note, or could congratulate a grave bishop upon the marriage of his niece in such a way as to save at once her good manners and her belief in celibacy.* Her chief joy in the marriage seemed to be that the worthy ecclesiastic was free from the guardianship of so troublesome a charge, and she deems it no misfortune that the bridegroom is much the lady's senior. Her kind nature led her to look benignly, however, on the home pleasures which she had for ever renounced. There is some feminine tenderness beneath her robe of mortification. Yet she contributed, probably, as much as any one to the severity of Spanish art, and combined with the spirit of the Inquisition to chastise painting and sculpture into an extreme of prudishness that is without parallel. She gave the chief model for the holy woman of the canvas, and it was by influence such as hers that Magdalens were robed as gravely as abbesses, and the nation whose earliest literature was as lax as Boccaccio formed a school of painting austere enough to bear the scrutiny of Calvin.

We do not know of any better description of the mingled humility and aspiration of her religious character than is given

* Migne, II. 382. Cartas, I. 43.

in a passage from one of the best of the letters included in that published correspondence, which is generally more taken up with official details and personal matters than with interesting thoughts. The passage is from her letter to Velasquez, Bishop of Osma : — “ Whenever God consoles you, you should deem yourself unworthy of it, and on the other hand praise his goodness, which is thus disposed to manifest itself to men and make them sharers of its power and goodness. And greater offence is done to God by doubting of his bounty in conferring favors, since he glories more in manifesting his omnipotence than in showing the force of his justice. Dust and ashes as we are, we ought to preserve the conditions of dust and ashes, which of their own nature tend to lie low upon the earth. But when the wind blows upon the dust, it would be acting against its nature, if it were not lifted up ; and being lifted up, it rises whilst the wind sustains it, and returns to its place when the wind goes down. Thus the soul, whose emblem it is, should keep the conditions of dust and ashes. And thus should it be in prayer, when resting merely on its own knowledge ; and when the gentle breath of the Holy Spirit raises it and places it in the heart of God, and sustains it there, revealing his kindness, manifesting his power, it should know how to enjoy this grace with thanksgiving, since God takes it unto himself, pressing it to his bosom as a cherished wife in the embrace of her husband.”

Thus at once humble and aspiring, the heart of Theresa was as the dust of the earth, resigned to that mystical breath that bloweth where it listeth, and man knoweth not its path.

In respect to practical usefulness, it was her aim to be at once, as she says, Mary and Martha, and unite the life of contemplation with that of action. Although the Mary predominated in her character, yet the Martha was not wanting. Her executive talents were of a high order, as shown in her official papers and her marked success in her work of reform. If she did not aspire to create a new Order, she did what requires quite as much force ; she reformed an old Order, and triumphed over the laxity of some opposers and the bigotry of others, in calling the sisters and brothers of Carmel to the strictness of the ancient rule. She feared no labor, and shrank from addressing no august authority, even royalty itself, for the triumph of her cause. With great energy, tact, and perseverance, she devoted herself to her work, and

blended with her almost Oriental quietism a large share of the indefatigable will that distinguishes the sons and daughters of Europe above the Asiatic family. The Bull of Gregory styles her the new Deborah, triumphing over the enemy within and animating a mighty host of militants in defence of the beleaguered Church. This is a better saying than the greater part of that ghostly document contains. Under the palm-trees of Mount Ephraim, the prophetess of Israel judged the tribes and went with them to the battle against the invader. So Theresa ruled in the Church militant from her cell, and went forth upon her expeditions to strengthen the hearts of the champions who would repel the new Sisera that had invaded her Israel. As she saw the Protestant Reformation defeated in Spain, she felt all the triumph which the more lyrical nature of the daughter of Judah so powerfully uttered : —

“Awake, awake, Deborah !
Awake, awake, utter a song !
The kings came and fought,
They fought the kings of Canaan.
They fought from heaven ;
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.”

Yet Theresa was no stranger to poetry, and composed verses respectable in literary ability and unsurpassed for their devotional fervor. But her Muse yearns for heaven rather than minds earthly things. Her noted stanzas, whose burden is, “I die, because I cannot die,” — *Muero porque no muero*, — well express the tone of her poetry and the spirit of her life. Her love of Christ was a sacred passion, and she longed to depart and be with him.

She stands at the head, it seems to us, of the female mystics who have acted so powerfully on the modern ages, if we consider her priority in time and extent of influence. Her religious order spread itself in all lands, and her quietism, unmodified by her caution, reappeared in the “Spiritual Guide” of Molinos, and convulsed the Church in the days of Fénelon and Bossuet. Catharine of Sienna acted upon a wider and more conspicuous stage in the world, Catharine Adorna trod a path of broader philanthropy, Madame Chantal had more fully developed affections and more humane graces, whilst Madame Guyon had a more rational faith and drew nearer to our Protestant freedom. But Theresa, it seems to us, went beyond them all in the rapture of her de-

votion, and was more completely absorbed in the contemplative life, and more fully on fire with mystical love. Her very narrowness, doubtless, added to her enthusiasm. Her electric fervor was concentrated upon a point, the waters of her life flowed in a narrow channel ; hence the fire of her zeal, and the rushing torrent of her devotion.

As Madame Guyon is rising into notice and favor among Protestants now, it may be well to think of her in comparison with the Spanish Saint. Resembling each other in their love of the prayer of quietude and their joy in the mystical marriage with the Saviour, they differed widely in history, experience, and fortunes. Madame Guyon had a wider culture, she knew the mother's heart in her own parental affection, and enjoyed the privileges of education which the age of Descartes and Fénelon afforded. She was, indeed, a Catholic, but insisted comparatively little on priesthoods and rituals, and without great violence to her nature could have poured out her soul at a meeting of the followers of her English contemporary Fox, as well as at the feet of her confessor La Combe or in the society of her illustrious friend of Cambray. She was no partisan, and was hated for her very liberality. She founded no order or sect, and her name owes most of its fragrance and permanence to Protestant admirers. How different Theresa ! — in Catholic doctrine so firm, looking upon all heretics as utterly lost, and regarding the adorable wafer as the seal of salvation and the food of angels, and esteeming all prayer without its sanction a mockery. How different in ecclesiastical honors ! Her name is brilliant in the saintly calendar. Two hymns — a very unusual thing — expressly celebrate her piety in the Roman Breviary, and are chanted yearly throughout the world.* Even now the sisters of her Order renew her ghostly austerities, adding to them not a little of humanity more considerate of our common nature than was hers. In our own Baltimore, the visitor so privileged may now see the linen hood and serge robe and

* We have no space to write of the recent changes in the monastic institutions of Spain and the developments of liberalism in religious affairs. Singularly has the Spain of Espartero differed from that of Alva. Poorly will Isabella the Second and Narvaez imitate the conservative policy of Isabella the Catholic and Ximenes. They that would judge of the remaining strength of Catholicism in Spain must not be content with the lively story-teller, Borrow. Let them read the able paper — almost a volume — in the Dublin Review, No. XXXVI, which came probably from Archbishop Wiseman.

sandalled feet of the sisters of Carmel, and learn from the maidens who attend their convent for instruction, that the zeal of the Spanish virgin still lives in her spiritual daughters, and unites itself with the graces of the affections and the accomplishments of the intellect.

More and more we are led to believe that no true heart ever loses its power, and that the prominent characters of history are permanent treasures of our race. That we need the influence of all good men and good women to keep us in the true path, who will deny? Standing as we do in one of the extreme ranks of Protestant reformers, we are not willing to spare from our list of friends the name of this staunch champion of Rome. Her life means more than it expresses, and has many a lesson which our age can read better than hers, and exhibits many a virtue which her own consciousness feebly interpreted or her own prejudice sadly narrowed. Strip off all adventitious appliances, the bonds of dogmatism and the bandages of ceremonial, and present her life in its own essential spirit, and we have a heart glowing with love of God and her neighbour, and ready to suffer and die for the good of souls and the kingdom of Christ.

Her love of Christ was a sacred passion. In one of her visions she thought that he bade her cease to mourn that the books she desired were denied her, and to regard him as the living book, — the truth made life. Thus the obedient daughter of Rome cherished affections which have a parallel in the experience of those of her sex whose names are most honored among Protestants. The three types of religion, the ritual, the dogmatic, the spiritual, agree thus in one. Catholic and Calvinist unite with the Liberal sects in love for Him who came to reveal the Father and lead man to God. Take an example from each class. Theresa of Jesus, Sarah Edwards, Elizabeth Fry, — how different, yet how like! Compare the expressions of their inmost experience, and it is not always easy to distinguish them from one another. For man and for woman we believe in the need of this Evangelical love, and hold in little respect the creed that shuts Christ out from our affections by regarding him merely as a teacher who once lived and taught precious truth, but who stands now in no relations of personal tenderness to us. We need to love Christ with an engrossing affection. Sadly do the daughters of Christendom lose native dignity and power, when they look coldly upon Him who has given them their

exalted rank and noblest graces. The common annals of our religion record every year the deeds of nobler women than Chaucer ever celebrated in his heathenish Legend of the Good, or Tennyson in his dainty Dream of the Fair, of that sex whose eulogists are seldom their true friends. Poor of itself is the heart even of woman, unstable its impulses, uncertain its charity, without the hold on heavenly things which is given by communion with God through Christ. With this hold, the nature that seems little gifted with genial affections blooms out in the loveliest temper and the most benign energies. We have lately stood by the grave of a woman who had become a household name in our community for benevolence to the orphan. Of a severe, unromantic nature, not abounding in tenderness nor prone to enthusiasm, she learned at once to look upon Christ as the manifestation of God, and to love him in the persons of the poor, and her whole life was changed by the power of her Evangelical faith. She was tender, devoted, enthusiastic, persevering, and went "from strength to strength." Hundreds of children redeemed from misery by her zeal call her blessed. The children of our Sunday schools have reared a monument to her as the Children's Friend. What is there in any system of formal ethics or abstract philosophy that can take the place of the Gospel and of Him in whom the Gospel became life?

Nearly three centuries have passed since Theresa died, and the conflict in which she took so conspicuous a part is not yet finished. The parties of the movement, of the reaction, and of the middle course are still at work. The spirit of Luther is not dead; Loyola lives in far more societies and persons than are willing to own his name; and the mantle of Cranmer is worn by many more prelates than rule the British Church. The women of Christendom are entering more into the great arena, and taking sides with the antagonists. Many a devotee nourishes in contemplation and prayer the life which Theresa deemed divine, and not a few converts to Romanism are made from her susceptible sex. A woman occupies the British throne, and the name of Victoria represents a vast multitude who laud the calm conservatism of the Episcopal Church, and in their love of moderation sometimes glorify mediocrity. All over the world, too, there are earnest and gifted women who are pressing on to the better time, careful observers of existing evils and friends of every worthy reform. A blessing rest upon them all, whatever their

church, creed, or country ! We will not make invidious distinctions. Honor to all the Marys and Marthas, who, in thought or action, devotion or benevolence, are seeking the good of their race ! Yet our sympathies are most with those who look beyond the ceremonial and the dogma to the spirit and the truth. May they retain all their freedom and humanity, and yet never allow themselves to fall from that Christian faith without which freedom is license and humanity sentimentalism. Far more to our taste is that Christian Sybil, Elizabeth Barrett, than that Socialist Pythoness called George Sand, although even her we deem not wholly evil. We know of nothing more touching in modern literature than Elizabeth Barrett's ode, the "Cry of the Children," and see not how its pleadings are to be effectual, unless the mothers and daughters of Christendom have more thoughtfulness for society and more faith in God. The fate of childhood in poverty, — the wrongs of woman, whether in the perils of want or in those of luxury, — the defects of female education, — the narrowness of female occupations, — these and the like are topics that are yet to be studied as never before by feminine sagacity, and treated with feminine fidelity. One of the dreamy theorists of our age has maintained the doctrine, that the course of Divine revelation is to be completed by the advent of a new Messiah in the form of woman. Far from holding the visions of St. Simon in any respect, we are ready to believe that Divine Providence will insure new triumphs of the Messiah through the truer life and influence of the sex which he has so exalted. She who would serve her race faithfully, and win honor to the true standard of Christian womanhood, must be proof against the world's false homage, as against its open hostility. Small praise do we give to monastic seclusion, vigils, and mortifications. But a crown of honor surely belongs to her who is ready to make sacrifice of her own vanity or ease for the good of her sex or the triumph of the Divine kingdom. Such sacrifices the women of the luxurious nineteenth century are called upon to make ; and in making them, they can learn some worthy lessons even from their Spanish sisters of the sixteenth century, — surely from Isabella of the queenly will, and Theresa of the flaming heart.

s. o.

ART. IV. — KENTISH'S NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.*

"ONCE on a time," as the story-books say, there lived men in this our country, readers of the *Christian Examiner* and contributors to its pages, who made sacred criticism a subject of diligent study. That few such men furnish contributions to our journal now is very plain, and the articles they might bestow on us, we strongly suspect, would find but tardy perusal. In plain English, and in the language of mournful confession, we are forced to say, that in no department of our editorial work have we met with such continual disappointment as in our attempts to procure papers illustrating the principles of Biblical interpretation or their application to the sacred volume. Our readers, as we have suggested, may not sympathize with us in this regret. Our disappointment they may account their relief. Still we cannot but think that the people are more ready to receive than the ministers to impart instruction of this kind. That the Bible is used as a text-book (in the most literal sense), that it is read as the greatest and best of books, that it is preached *from*, and lived *from*, — all this we stand ready to admit. But that it is not much preached *on*, nor a close examination of its language made a frequent employment of the clergyman's private hours, we infer from a large amount of direct and indirect testimony.

We are not going to discuss the question, whether the decline of interest in critical studies — of which, notwithstanding the facts adduced by our friend who delivered the Address before the Alumni of the Divinity School the year before last,† we entertain no more doubt than of the decrease of "steady habits" in our city of Boston — is a portentous evil. We regret it, but have no wish to inflict on our readers a tedious inquiry into the causes or probable effects of a change which they may not deplore as much as we. If any one of our contributors who can manage an unwelcome theme with the ability and grace which, if they were ours, we would expend on its treatment, will use our pages for the purpose, they are at his service. And still more cheerfully will we give admission to exegetical articles embracing sound and liberal criticism of the Scriptures. We have confessed some

* *Notes and Comments on Passages of Scripture.* By JOHN KENTISH. Second Edition. London. 1846. 8vo. pp. x., 420.

† See *Christian Examiner*, for November, 1847, pp. 325 et seq.

of our private sorrows, by way of introduction to a few extracts from the volume of "Notes and Comments on Passages of Scripture" which lies before us.

Mr. Kentish is still, we believe, minister of one of the Unitarian congregations in Birmingham. Having, some years ago, resigned to a colleague the principal portion of the labor incident to his office, he has devoted himself to a life of tranquil study and social enjoyment at his beautiful residence, a little removed from the noise and smoke of the town. Here, among other engagements, he has employed himself in revising his contributions to sacred literature, which had appeared in different periodical publications, particularly the "Monthly Repository" and the "Christian Reformer," and in collecting them, with additions, into a volume, which appeared in 1844, and a second edition of which is now in our hands. Mr. Kentish avoids the vice, so common with critics, of attempting to make discoveries. He affects no originality, and has added very little to the means of elucidating the sacred text which were in the possession of English readers before. His "principles of interpretation," he says in the Preface, "are far from being new; however men may have neglected the faithful application of them. My aim has been, in the first instance, to ascertain what the original text is, and to alter nothing on conjecture; and then to explain passages by means of the subject and connection, and of parallel or kindred texts." These, often as they have been violated, are the only principles that will guide commentator or reader to a correct interpretation of the sacred volume. The references appended to the several notes furnish evidence of a habit to which he alludes, and in which he might be well taken as an example by every preacher or student. "In the course of my theological and of my miscellaneous reading," he remarks, "I have kept in view its bearings on an elucidation of the Scriptures." The consequence in this case, as it would be with any one who should adopt a similar practice, is an accumulation of passages, from both ancient and modern literature, and from writers on almost every subject, the pertinency of which, in many instances, as well as their constantly increasing amount, would surprise one who had never connected his general reading with such a purpose.

The effect of this study of the Bible upon his estimation of its contents is noticed by Mr. Kentish, and corresponds

with what must always follow upon a candid and patient inquiry into its claims and character.

"In proportion," says he, "as I have attended to the pursuits out of which these notes arose, I have seen new reasons for admiring Christianity, as it is disclosed in the Scriptures, and for believing in its special Divine origin, as well as in that of Judaism; I have, at the same time, gained a yet stronger persuasion that the sacred writings authenticate themselves; and that they inculcate truths and morals of unrivalled excellence, and breathe a spirit of the most exalted devotion, the most comprehensive charity, and the strictest purity." — p. ix.

We select a few of the illustrations of the meaning of the Scriptural writers, which strike us as most valuable.

Mr. Kentish adopts the view of Jephthah's conduct towards his daughter which is suggested by the Common Version, but for which many commentators have been anxious to substitute one more agreeable to the dictates of humanity. While he admits that it might "at first appear incredible that a Jew should sacrifice a human victim, and this victim his daughter, and hardly less astonishing that he should do so unchecked and unpunished by his countrymen," if "the period which the Book of Judges treats of had been one of regular and tranquil government, or had the religion and morals of the people exhibited no alarming degeneracy," he finds in "the actual state of things, the reverse of all this," a reason for adopting a literal interpretation of the passage. "The Jewish nation were now become, with few exceptions, semi-idolaters and barbarians; and Jephthah's rash and cruel vow harmonizes too well with the depravity of the times and the awful darkness of the scene." Inclined ourselves to adopt this exposition, we concur with Mr. Kentish in his remark, that "the Divine origin of the Jewish polity is unaffected by Jephthah's conduct; while the simple and ingenuous manner in which the historian records this example of disobedience to the letter and the spirit of the Mosaic law supports the authenticity of the narrative."

Mr. Kentish, also, we doubt not, gives the correct exposition of the language of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc. (xix. 25, 26), so often cited, against all the considerations that determine its meaning, in proof of faith in immortality.

"The key to these verses is supplied, I think, by xvi. 19:

'Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.' Though Job considered his disease as mortal, he was confident, nevertheless, that the Supreme Being would attest his innocence; and therefore he declares (xiii. 15), 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' It is perfectly agreeable to the plan and object of the book, that the virtuous sufferer should expect a Divine appearance in his behalf: with this, however, the introduction of the doctrine of a future life would not have been consistent. With what propriety, too, could Job say, that, after the slumbers of the tomb, he should *in his flesh* see God? — pp. 54, 55.

Of Proverbs xxvii. 19, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man," Mr. Kentish adopts an explanation at least as probable as any other: —

"As water [represents] the face to the face,
So the heart [represents] the man to the man.

Let any individual faithfully consult his heart, — the state of his motives, his principles, his feelings, etc., — and it will fully set before him his character; just as the true lineaments of his countenance are reflected from the pure and unagitated surface of water." — p. 83.

We copy a part of the note on John xviii. 38, for the manner in which it exposes a groundless cavil, while it exhibits in its true light the conduct of our Lord.

"Pilate had two interviews with Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and Luke speak only of the former of them, which was public, and took place in the presence of the Jewish rulers. John limits himself to the latter interview, which was private, and *within* the judgment-hall. . . . Here Jesus and Pilate were alone, and John represents at large the dialogue between the governor and his prisoner in private. The deportment of Jesus Christ, in his present, as in every other situation, was marked by consummate wisdom and propriety, by meekness united with fortitude, by dignity yet gentleness of soul. When his calumniators stood together with him before Pilate, he answered nothing. He was conscious of his innocence; he knew their falsehood and their malice; and was perfectly sensible that it became them to produce credible witnesses against him, yet that this was beyond their power. With such persons he could not, and would not, enter into any altercation, in the presence of the governor. On the other hand, when he was admitted to a private audience with Pilate, — an audience, too, sought for by the judge himself, — the respect which he always showed and inculcated for the office of the civil magistrate would not suffer him to be silent; the less so,

as the purpose of the Roman Procurator evidently was, to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the accusation, the ground on which it rested, and the pretensions of the individual accused. Jesus accordingly unfolded his claims with his characteristic firmness and wisdom. By this conduct he strengthened the favorable impression which had already been left on Pilate's mind. The difficulty, therefore, that has occurred to some individuals, in respect to this part of the gospel-history, is only apparent." — pp. 196 – 198.

On Acts iii. 22, Mr. Kentish, after observing that "the fact of this quotation (Deut. xviii. 15) having been made by Peter and by Stephen shows the importance attached to it among the Jews," gives, we believe, the true explanation of the language of Moses, — "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, of your brethren, like unto me." "It is, I think," he says, "an assurance that Divine prophecy and legislation should be continued to them; and it therefore includes Jesus Christ, without specifically and solely describing him."

The comment on Acts vi. 9 — "Then there arose certain of them of Cilicia, disputing with Stephen" — is worthy of Paley. Tarsus, it will be remembered, was in Cilicia.

"Is it not likely that Saul of Tarsus was of the number; and may not this circumstance explain the singular fury of the zeal with which he consented to the proto-martyr's death? The disputants with Stephen could not resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spake; baffled in argument, they had recourse to brutal violence. No history more completely authenticates itself than that of the Acts of the Apostles; none is more faithful to human nature, or more prominently characterized by minute, undesigned coincidences." — pp. 208, 209.

A similar example of critical sagacity is presented in the note on Philipians i. 14.

"The 'brethren in the Lord' were some of the Christians at Rome, whence this Epistle was written. It is evident from 2 Tim. iv. 16, that, on Paul's first appearance before the civil power, they timidly forsook him; the passage before us shows that his situation and his example had inspired them with courage. Now this information, presented, as it is, artlessly and incidentally, bespeaks truth; and, when read in connection with the three following verses, it adds strength to the opinion, that there was a Christian church, of no recent standing, in the metropolis of the world." — p. 309.

The summary which Mr. Kentish presents of Paul's argument in his Epistle to the Romans, though in the main just, fails to give sufficient prominence to some very important ideas on which the Apostle insisted ; but his remarks on the character of the Epistle are true, and deserve attention.

" This part of Paul's writings is of signal value, for the benevolence of spirit, the comprehension of understanding, the soundness of judgment, and the fervor of devotion, which it manifests. The reasoning is close and pertinent ; and there is much less of a real than of a seeming neglect of method. Nowhere does the Apostle pour forth more freely the abundance of his heart, or employ language at once more beautiful and sublime. Here we have examples of metaphors, allegories, personifications, and other figures of speech, which for propriety and force have not, perhaps, been surpassed. When Sin and Death, on the one side, when the Grace or Favor of God, and Righteousness and Life, on the other, are represented as mighty potentates in mutual warfare, and when the Jews and the Gentiles are respectively set forth as the natural and as the wild olive-tree, who can withhold his tribute of admiration of the author's eloquence, taste, and genius ?" — pp. 253, 254.

The use of the word " flesh " in the discourses of Jesus and in the Epistles perplexes many readers. Mr. Kentish's exposition of its meaning is, we conceive, substantially correct. On Romans viii. 1 he observes : —

" We frequently meet with this phrase in the writings of Paul, who uses it with some nice shades of meaning, agreeably to his topic and situation. Still, in every instance it conveys the same leading thought, to investigate and ascertain which cannot but be desirable. By *the flesh*, then, we probably are to understand what is outward, — ritual, ceremonial, — in opposition to inward religious principle, to spirituality of mind, to sound habits of feeling and temper. I am assigning the primary notion of ' flesh ' in the New Testament, especially as it occurs in many parts of our Lord's discourses. The expression soon came to be employed, naturally, and specifically, for the Jewish law of ceremonies, — and, thence, for all that was external in Judaism ; including the traditions of the elders and the righteousness of the Pharisees. This fact unfolds its meaning in not a few passages of Paul's letters. A zeal for rites being quite compatible with vicious inclinations and conduct, and with the grossest selfishness and love of the world, the term *flesh* afterwards denoted all inordinately selfish dispositions and practices." — pp. 240, 241.

A reference to the primary meaning of the word *διάβολος*

is made to illustrate 1 Peter v. 8, — “Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.”

“I regard this verse as having, in substance, the same import with Ephesians v. 16, ‘Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.’ The passages are identical, in respect of the exhortation which they convey, and of the state of things which they describe; namely, an age of persecution, the existence of an *accuser*, a calumniator, an informer, whose violence and whose stratagems endangered the temporal [why not, also, the spiritual?] safety of the early Christians.” — p. 357.

A remarkable grammatical construction, which Mr. Kentish has traced to its true source, in the mind of the Apostle, is noticed in 1 John iii. 2.

“A peculiarity runs throughout the chapter, and in some measure through the Epistle. The verse before us is a striking example of what I mean; namely, the recurrence of the personal pronoun (*he, him*) without an expressed antecedent. Were this remarkable construction justly attended to, men would less readily acquiesce in some false criticisms. *He* who ‘shall appear’ is our Lord Jesus Christ; while the noun immediately preceding is ‘God,’ — and yet nothing can be more evident than the discrimination. The mind of the favorite Apostle teems with the thought of his beloved and absent Master, to specify whose name was needless.” — pp. 357, 358.

The volume from which we have made these extracts is one among many honorable proofs of the attention bestowed on Biblical studies by English Unitarians. The remark, however, will hold good as well with them as with us, that the interest in these studies seems of late years to have declined. The chronological parallelism that might be drawn between the modes of action and developments of opinion in the Unitarian bodies of Great Britain and of the United States, it would be very curious to trace. The materials at our command would establish a synchronism so close, that it would excite the surprise of one who had not marked the history of the denomination. What common influences have produced such remarkable examples of historical coincidence is a question of more than sectarian interest, to which we can now only allude.

E. S. G.

ART. V.—ECONOMIES.

To begin, there is an economy of the individual. A true economy of the individual implies a coördination of life with *physical* laws, — not only because the body is the garment of an immortal soul, and should not be soiled or rudely torn, — not only because it is the soul's earthly house, and should not be undermined, — not merely because it is the soul's temple consecrated by Divine illumination, and should have no idols in its shrine and no strange fire upon its altar ; for it is more than all these to the soul, — more than vesture to a wearer, than a dwelling to a tenant, than a temple to a worshipper, — it is an inseparable element in that composite unity which now, in time, constitutes the living man. And to this whole living man a life in coördination with these laws is that only which brings health and strength and power. Yet not for mere health and strength and power, — not even for their continuance, — has coördination with these laws its most impressive value. Not by length of days is this value to be measured. Length of days has no worth in itself. Length of days may be but a higher sort of vegetation ; or it may be a long struggle with the stubborn wants of existence ; or it may be a protracted succession of transmigrations from vanity to vanity ; or it may be an enduring sentence to hard labor, self-pronounced and self-inflicted, from which death alone can give release, who will come at last to tell the convict that his term has expired, that he has collected gold enough and may quit the prison. It is harmony with these laws that gives fitness for the highest labor, and susceptibility to the purest things. Without it, there can be no purpose in the will, no power in the act, no dignity in the being. Men become as walking shadows to the darkened eye and the disordered head, the heavens a pestilent collection of vapors, and earth a sterile promontory. The heart, made faint, trembles amidst scenes in which purer and braver hearts exult. The brain, enfeebled or bewildered, “in wandering mazes lost,” dwells often in a region between the idiot and the madman, hovers, it may be, over him for a while, and then drops into the blackness of darkness for ever. What to an untuned frame, in which remorse keeps company with discord, are the sweetness of prayer, the calls of duty, the electric tones of eloquence, the charms of art ?

To such a one, the whole of existence is unstrung, and all is hard, and not only unmusical, but also hopeless. Daily society loses to him its vitality and its freshness, and opportunity after opportunity passes from the sphere of the possible to that of the impossible. Was it to one becoming thus insensate that the poet spoke? —

“O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields, —
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields, —
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that answers to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven, —
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

A true economy of the individual implies a coördination of the life with *spiritual* laws, — with the law of thought, the law of conscience, and the law of goodness. How rich the life is, in which this is found, — how poor, where it is not! Give a certain amount of capacity, and there is scarcely a limit to what may be accomplished by diligence, industry, and vital meditation. It is not knowledge, alone, that will be gained, but plastic command over it, — the heat that melts and the talent that moulds it to the mind's command. The thing that appeared impossible, contemplated for a while, merely seems difficult, and after more intense regard the difficulty itself is gone; that which was dark and crude, as the mind broods upon it, emerges into light, and, coming to the light, grows into order. And it may be, down below the whole there lies a lyric sweetness, to which only earnest and repeated struggles for articulation can afford a worthy utterance. Give the same amount of capacity, but with it connect indolence, listlessness, self-seeking, and self-indulgence, and years leave nothing but the ghosts of promises without performance, the remembrance of unsuccessful attempts, the consciousness of being beaten in the race, and despair of gaining the goal at any odds or in any way. When to this we add the vague ideas coming ever to the mind to mock it, telling it, like so many dim but tormenting fiends, of all that it has lost, — what treasures of memory, what stores of thought, what facility of execution, what abundance of fancy and emotion, — all of which it might have had, but sought not rightly, — we have a case which it might seem hard to make more painful. Yet so it is not. Let the law of con-

science be disregarded also, let the law of goodness have been habitually violated, and then the case is far more desperate. The moral faculties give interest to all the others ; they give them their depth and significance. Untrue to these, we not only waste the life, we kill it. It is not that the best affections languish, but they die. Even the faculties that are purely intellectual suffer. To obtain the largest possible result from our minds, we must be able to call all their powers into action, into continuous action, into concentrated action ; and we must be able to do this without compromise and without fear. Now, in violating the moral laws of the spirit, we, in the first place, corrupt the sources of culture, and circumscribe its sphere, and lessen its means ; we, in the second, put the faculties themselves into hostility against it. For how shall we dare to go to memory, if she can open her book only to judge us, — or to imagination, if she has only demons with which to scare us, — or to the affections, if weepings and wounds are all that they can show us ? How shall we go to reason, even, if a great portion of our ingenuity has been used in contrivances to blind or to deceive her, — to silence her voice, or to belie her counsel ? And thus one part of our spiritual existence must be smothered before its birth, and another part must be stunted or strangled in its growth. But connected with the moral laws, in faithful and living union, there is no need of minute detail to exhibit the wide range of being and the glorious spheres of bliss and usefulness to which this capacity would attain.

No result can be obtained, if the laws of thought are disregarded. If they be fully and profoundly carried out, despite of disloyalty to conscience and to goodness, it is not to be denied that very imposing results may be had, of a certain kind. But imposing as they may be, do they subserve the true economy of an individual life ? Connect thought with any of those strong passions which despise every law but their own, — is it, in its utmost success, the best order of an individual man ? Suppose it aspires to become great, — great by whatever distinction you please, but leaving out conscience and goodness, — the inward heart of a man must be blank and poor, even when it has every thing else to fullness. Let a man have missed of no pleasure that he could enjoy, what of it all remains ? Let a man have secured the most ample fortune, what has he in it, if he will pause but for one moment, and occupy that pause rightly, if conscience

or goodness can have no place in it? The greatest soldier that ever lived is poorly engaged, if he be engaged only about his battles when his battles are over. The lives of such men are, for themselves, as little consistent with the best order of life as those lives are which are wasted in the lower senses; while, for others, they are incalculably more injurious. What is the violence of a drunken clown to the ravages of a temperate Mahomet? "The ideal of morality," says Novalis, as quoted by Carlyle, "has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of highest strength, of most powerful life; which also has been named — very falsely, as it was here meant — the ideal of poetic greatness. It is the maximum of the savage. . . . By this ideal, a man becomes a beast-spirit, a mixture; whose brutal wit has for weaklings a brutal power of attraction."

In the harmony of body, spirit, and estate would consist the completeness of the individual. Economy of the individual includes not the man alone, but his adjuncts also. Economy, as merely applied to thrift and foresight, has a solemn meaning; and the possession of it, or the want of it, has most important bearings on individual power and individual destiny. Qualities are these which, even as thus practically understood, often spring from the best faculties of our nature, and enable us to exercise these best faculties in their divinest spheres. "It is better to give than to receive"; and it is economy, in its humblest meaning, yet its highest, which enables many a lowly soul to translate this precept into practice. Many a story of godlike beauty might be written under this title, — and many a tragedy. The tragedy would not be confined to the griefs which want of economy has brought home to individual hearts, but would include wide-spread woes, which it has brought on cycles of generations and realms of nations. The same tragedy is still omnipresent, — in hearts, in homes, in states, — in sorrows, in suicides, in struggles, — working with the sadness that cannot speak, with the misery that despairs, with the convulsions that only a benignant Power above us can assuage.

The harmony, we have said, of body, spirit, and estate forms the completeness of the individual man. The derangement of this harmony, by the sacrifice of the spirit to the body, can never be otherwise than guilty and degrading. It is not so with regard to the sacrifice of the body to the spirit. Sometimes, it is true, this may be fanaticism; sometimes it

may be folly ; but never is it gross. It may be the highest right, and the highest right it is, to consign the body to hunger, to nakedness, to peril, to torture, to prison, and to death, when the higher life demands the lower. And this, we suppose, is the meaning of that great saying which declares, that, when a man "loses his life" in obedience to a holy faith, he "gains" it. Sacrifices thus made are truly grand. Sublime was that immolation which Milton made to the honor of his country, when he laid his sight upon the altar of its defence. And yet more sublime was that offering of life which the immortal Howard made to the good of his race, — of a life which he spent in the depths of European prisons, which he lost in an Asiatic wilderness. Neither can we help admiring the intellectual enthusiasm which, even without result, may consume the body before its time. Though the body perish, we cannot mourn, while the soul can live, — should it live but in one choice memory. But when it lives in memories without number, then we have reason only to rejoice. It is not permitted us to lament, while the soul abides in the thinker or the writer, whose visible presence, indeed, disappears, but whose being continues in immortal words or in immortal facts. And that rapture, that rapture unto death, which flashes glory on the painter's canvas, which cries with wildness in the poet's song, wretched would it be for cold prudence to condemn, rejoicing as we do in its light, and charmed as we are by its sound. When the spell has left us, sorrow, and not judgment, comes back with the thought, that the hand is stiff which illumined the canvas, that the heart is quenched which fired the song. Much less genius is lost to the world than the world fancies ; still, there is genius lost. Every generous man who has risen to fame has some one to speak of, as one who deserved fame, but missed it. He will tell us of his rare intellect, of his deep philosophy, of his soul-filled eloquence, and all this he will say of his friend with an impassioned faith in what he might have been and what he could have done. If this friend has left among men any fragments of his power, he traces out for us the design of which these fragments were but parts ; and, haply, he completes the plan. Yet, ever comes lament along with admiration, and ever, as he praises, he will confess that somewhat was wanted to carry promise to fulfilment. Incompleteness in any form is distressing. Structures in ruin sadden the heart, — structures unfinished chill it. The walls

which had once a roof that gave living men a shelter are not so desolate as those which never were covered ; and the hearth whereon fire has burned is not so lonely as that which bears no mark at all of flame or of smoke. The aisles and cloisters that have ere now, however long ago, been quickened by meditation and by prayer, wake up the soul, yet calm it ; the temple nobly planned, advanced half way, then abandoned, excites nothing but disturbing thought. Incompleteness in the humblest life is painful ; how affecting, then, in any life which opened with the prophecy of being a great one ! But is not a complete life a thing as yet to be looked for, whatever the kind or the degree of power ? The world has had many a great man ; but that man who would peacefully and proportionately fill, in all its roundness, the circle of his being, must be formed in some age different from ours ; and to the utmost faith in progress, such a one must long be the "coming man."

No finite individuality is absolute. The individual human being exists no more separately than the individual atom. The laws which govern his nature bind him to others, and others to him, with enlarged and multiplied relations. There are, therefore, economies wider than that of the individual ; and next beyond, we say, there is the economy of home.

Home is a genuine Saxon word ; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings, — that calls into play, and powerfully excites, so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home," — say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home," — play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "Home," — murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home," — what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations ! — for childhood's grief and gladness, — for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins, — for all that brightened or dimmed the eyes, — for all that convulsed or tranquillized the breast ; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed, — for a mother's kiss, or for her grave, — for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship, — for hours wast-

ed, or hours blest, — for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. Home, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called home, neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of *home-histories*, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of these home-histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory ; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted, planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness, flourish to the last ; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, time, has spared, reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As every thing human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling ; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance ; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voices. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and, though marred with grief, though pallid with afflic-

tion, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations,—ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse,—angels to beseech, not demons to scoff. The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. Far other things will be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery thus derived will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and the wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions, laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest-evenings, after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship, there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

The true economy of the home is not mechanical, but moral. The household is not a machine, not a collection of pulleys and springs, which it needs but skill in directing force to manage. The household is an assemblage of kindred spiritualities, a system of gradations; an association, in various stages, of human intelligences and human wills. And these can as little be harmonized by the command of authority as by the use of power. To control, and yet not enslave,—to leave free, and yet not abandon,—is a great problem in government, whether its sphere be a household or an empire.

In the household, control and freedom can be reconciled only by wisdom and the affections. Love is the mediator between power and dependence ; that which meekens authority ; that which ennobles submission. Love is the holy and living bond, both of the equal and the unequal ; that which changes the rigor of mutual claims into the grace of mutual kindness ; that which brings courtesy into agreement with sincerity, and harmonizes deference with independence. Only love can subdue the selfish will in either doing or forbearing ; only this can give sweetness to command, cheerfulness to obedience, and unity to companionship.

Wider still than the economy of home, there is an economy of the state.

The state, as well as the family, is an organic unity and a social necessity. It is no more a thing of chance or a thing of choice, that men dwell together in nations, than that they dwell together in families. The idea of the state is, therefore, as permanent as that of the household. The origin of neither can be found in the dictates of prudence or the principles of calculation. They exist irrespectively of the pleasurable or painful experience of the individuals who compose them. The individual may be wretched as the member of a family, he may be miserable as the member of a state, and the influences which make him so may be found within the family and within the state. The order of humanity, however, necessitates both the family and the state, though it does not necessitate the wretchedness and misery. But man is not a member of the state in the same way in which he is a member of the family ; not by the same class of instincts, not by the same class of sentiments. To rule the state, therefore, by the methods of the family would be quite as mischievous as to rule the family by the methods of the state.

Though the state, when most excellent in its actual form, cannot but be imperfect, its worst constitution is better than barbarism or anarchy. But the idea of it rises above all forms, dimly glimmers through the basest, clearly shines through the noblest, and, whether in the one or the other, stands for grand conceptions of the social nature, — for order, for security, for freedom, justice, activity, and culture. Scarcely ever has any tyrant been so brutal, as not, in some pretence of zeal for these, to find excuse for shedding the blood of his victims. There is much that is impressive, almost sacred, in this idea, — not to the superstitious alone, but to the most

sober, — not by tradition only, but by its intrinsic essence. Who does not feel the truth of our position, when in the presence of any human being in whom the majesty of a nation is impersonated? It is not merely the man that awes him, or the office, but the idea, — the idea in his own soul, which transcends the man, which transcends the office. Parliament or Congress, statute, decree, or ukase, has from this its living life, and without it they were but as blotted paper, or as the leaf that shivers idly in the wind. King, President, or Kaiser has from this his greatness; and though sceptres be broken, and thrones be fuel for garret-fires, — though monarchs drop one after another into beggars' graves, — still the idea remains; nay, as time advances and virtue grows, it will spread more and more of its luminous beauty over the world. Loyalty, then, is something more than devotion to a person, it is more than reverence for an office; it is an appreciation of the idea, of which the person is only the minister, and the office a type. Patriotism is something more than zeal for the material interests of our country; it is zeal for its elevation in all that elevates man. This cannot fail of admiration, whether it support certain modes of government or oppose them. History celebrates with equal glory numbers of great souls, of whom some did the one and some did the other. The monarch Alfred was a patriot as well as the republican Washington, and the patriotism of Hampden or Sir Harry Vane is as little to be doubted as that of Leonidas or Socrates. All these lived or died in true devotion to their supreme idea. And many, we may hope, as noble there have been, whom no history has been found to celebrate. A Grecian mariner once entered the temple of Neptune, to place his portrait in it as a votive offering, expressive of gratitude for his escape from shipwreck. The priest, pointing to the many pictures given by individuals in circumstances like his own, urged the fact as a rebuke to neglect and as an argument against skepticism. "But where," inquired the sailor, "are the pictures of those who were drowned?" So, when we walk through the majestic temple of the past, and the Genius of history, as the priest of that temple, points to the portraits of the godly and the great which every age has contributed, may not we, too, ask, — "Where are the pictures of those who were drowned? Where are the pictures of thousands who, in their day, did not only vow, but strive, who yet were swallowed in the stormy surges that roll above eternal and deep oblivion?"

Whatever be the form of government, the state in its true purpose is for all. Every violation of this principle is an evil ; and the measure of the evil is the degree of the violation. The state is not for the magistrate, but the magistrate for the state ; and magistrate and state are, both of them, for man. The character of a genuine freedom is, to give every individual a living position in the state ; and the essence of a sound civic morality is, to cause the individual to feel that he does not act for himself or for a part, but for the whole. In this sense, he who wields the sceptre is not more for *all* than he who plies the shuttle. Where, indeed, the mechanism of government is well constructed, less depends on the individual than where it is not, and certain coarse results cannot fail to be obtained. Yet if no positive evils were consequent on dearth of thought and dearth of principle, if no force of selfishness and no prevalence of corruption could injure or impede the working of the machine, still all the finer, grander, purer influences of the state upon society are lost. Politics are, therefore, social morals in their widest range ; not, indeed, politics as meant in the party battles of the hour, but as the application of immutable principles to civic conduct. The best condition of the state is that which stimulates individual energy, and yet combines all social forces into tranquil harmony. That is the best condition of the state, in which the state so regulates its own activities as to prevent convulsion in itself and confusion in its members, — which, having organic stability, yet capacity for expansion, has security for order and vitality for progress. That is the best condition of the state, in which the man is never lost in the institutions, but in which the institutions, by inward and by outward culture, tend to strengthen and build up the man. The power of the state is wisely and well used, when it fosters, not the works alone that enrich the person, but those also which enrich the public. The wealth of the state, or the wealth of the person, is wisely used, and well, in giving grandeur to these works, in adding ornament to utility, in shedding splendor on the profitable, and in rendering every structure connected with national activity a monument of national magnificence. Art, even for its own sake, is not extravagance, but surest thrift. Add literature to art, and the saving is increased. Art and literature adorn the memory of a people when their dominion is no more. The fragments of the beautiful, that lie scattered over a nation's grave, win

from eras that follow affection and admiration. After-times rake the ashes for these broken relics, and they strive to imitate when they can neither rival nor restore.

Deeper, broader than all states, there is an economy of the universe ; and this is an economy that includes and embraces an economy of our race.

Not mere bulk of bodies, not mere vastness of space, constitutes this economy of the universe ; but power, — power boundless, ceaseless, intelligent, — whose agencies we term *laws*, for want of language more exact. Laws thus regarded stand for supreme action and supreme intellect, as we apprehend them in the universe. Answering to forms in our own spirits, they reveal to us that we live in the midst of thought and care. We recognize the law of *order*, or power directed by pure intellect. The results of power, as thus discerned, are simply dimensional and dynamical, — results true to the utmost rigor of geometry and mechanics. Strip the earth of its foliage, reduce it to a naked sphere ; shear the sun of his beams, sweep the stars of their light ; yet these blank orbs, desolate and dead, would contain all the data that abstract science requires. Mysterious, however, does this nature of ours appear, when we reflect that this science, which unites the mind with the universe, determines the order and character of remotest facts by conditions of a present reason, and that the phenomena which realize the thought are independent of the thinker. He cannot say, "Let them be" ; but he does say, "They are," and "Thus they are," — "They will be," and "In such or such a manner will they be." So, accordingly, they are, or so they are to be. The assertion and the prophecy are absolute. A man dogmatically propounds that the constitution of our system requires another planet. He bases his position upon pure calculation. "This planet," he says, "must be" ; and this planet is.

Discernible in the universe, likewise, is the law of *wisdom*, or power directed by the practical intellect. The connection and continuity of means and ends, infinitely extended and everlastingly sustained, is in harmony with human thought, — in fact, is a necessity of human being. Experience, which is the life of the practical intellect, within the limits of man's faculties, depends on this connection and continuity. In the same manner we discern supreme wisdom through the universe in the multitude and suitableness of its provisions, and particularly in relation to ourselves. Every thing within dis-

covered regions has its use ; every such thing is sufficient for its use. Nothing is below this, and nothing beyond it. There is as much light as we can bear ; as much motion, too ; and so much as we require of each, so much we have. From the tint of a flower to the lustre of a star, from the structure of a pebble to the orbit of a comet, all are balanced and adjusted ; all answer the conditions of their existence. While thus the quantities of things accord exactly in measure to the want of them, and their qualities are in strict relation of fitness to supply it, there is at the same time a plenitude, an abundance, that is endless and exhaustless. Energy, omnipotent energy, is audible everywhere in music, is visible everywhere in beauty ; and the very arrangement that reveals its grandeur puts a veil upon its terrors.

Especially does the universe manifest the law of *goodness*, or power directed by the loving intellect. This, indeed, it is that gives God reality to the soul, and, void of it, all nature would be but an infinite and dismal sepulchre. Discern through existence Divine love as the perfect spirit acting on your consciousness, all agencies in creation and all excellence in man become then as ministers of God : life in the motion of a worm, — happiness in the song of a bird, — beauty in the flash of a gem, as in the glow of noon, — charity in the widow's mite, as in an angel's gift, — religion sublime in the rustic's prayer, not less than in the martyr's hymn. Life has no number for its gradations, for its extent there is no measure ; and according to the order and compass of every animated being, the prevailing condition of life is happiness. According to the scale of nature, God gives it to the fly whose buzz is on the sunny air, as he does to the loftiest soul that rejoices in the light of thought and glories in the strength of action. Beauty in the universe is yet as wide as life, and beauty is all for man. Beauty, indeed, is divine life, in form, in hue, in sound, in consciousness ; spread over the earth, spread over the sea, filling the great dome of heaven ; painted on the brain, panting in the heart ; kingly in the might of man, celestial in the purity of woman ; everywhere, in all things, sacred and undying ; the language and the sign of the fit and fair, the utterance that breathes and the glow that blooms from the Eternal Mind.

Does not this supreme economy enter directly into the concerns of our species ? Surely it does, in a universal and constant Providence. Here it works, mostly, through the

ministry of man ; and every man, be he conscious of it or not, is its agent, and fulfils some purpose for it, whether he hold a plough or found an empire, whether he be a malefactor or a martyr. That which is stupendous in the visible world has grown by means that are unseen. The spring that feeds the stream, and the stream that feeds the river, are remote and unnoticed in silence and in shadow. Similarly placed are the sources and tributaries which swell those currents that rush through courses of mighty destinies, and gather to the forces of stupendous power. The sword, terrible instrument as it is of human passion, is made to work for good. Even by this, the wrath of man is compelled to serve the purposes of God. But, happily, the lyre is more effective than the sword, and more enduring. The living thought in the living word, and the living word in music, — this it was that first charmed men out of barbarism ; nor has it lost its power yet, and its power cannot yet be spared. Much of humanity's education has been lyrical. History, at one time, was song ; so were laws ; so was worship ; so was prophecy ; so was philosophy : and though annals, decrees, prayers, predictions, wisdom, have become independent of verse or chant, yet that which was truth in them comes down even to our own time, and still mingles in the everlasting harmony of life. To assume that we understand *the* plan of Providence were daring presumption ; but to rest in *a* plan is a necessity of reason, a necessity of faith. The origin, growth, decay, and death of nations coexist with the life, the integrity, and the progress of our race. This is no fortuity. Certainty and simplicity of result come out from the caprices and contrarieties of human freedom. This is no fortuity. The army of our species is, indeed, endless, and we who speculate on its destination are closed up in a division of its ranks. We cannot quit our place to take a stand out of this army and above it, to see whence it has come and whither it is going. Yet, onward as we march, we catch views of Calvary and of other elevations along the path of time ; and from these we can take note that we are under guidance, and not without a goal.

Thus wonderful and numberless are the relations of our being. In alluding to past ages, it is common to speak of them as dead, to speak as if we were standing on a grave. This is not true of humanity in the aspects in which we have been contemplating it. The ages are all *vital*, and over life,

and not on death, we tread. Humanity is as an inverted pyramid, and every stratum of it, from the point below to its upward surface, is bound each to each by links of living mind. Over this wide surface, and down into the darkest depths, man understands man, wherever he travels or explores. The philosopher rich in all the lore of wisdom is yet a brother, and can feel his fraternal relation, to the savage of Australia. The man of this century is not cut off from the man whose existence can be traced in the profoundest abyss of time. Bring up from that abyss the darkest hieroglyphic, the man of this day pierces into its meaning and finds out its interpretation ; bring up the smallest remnant of moulded clay, bring up the most rugged fragment of sculptured brass, at once he says, — “The image and superscription are here of a spirit like my own ; and though forty centuries lie between us, we are united by our souls.” More properly, perhaps, should we find the diversity of our nature, in capacity and condition, symbolized by the creature in the first vision of Ezekiel. With feet to pace the earth, with wings to mount to heaven, with hands beneath the wings to work, fourfold in face, was this creature ; and so is humanity. Backward it looks, and forward also, to the actual and the possible. Each face, too, was different, and each we may take to indicate some elevated mental or moral quality : the face of a man, conscience and intelligence ; that of a lion, courage ; that of an ox, patience ; that of an eagle, aspiration. The creature of the prophet’s trance was in the centre of wheel within wheel, glistening all around with eyes. So it is with humanity : it is in the centre of circle within circle of eternity and mystery ; and though the compass of its own light be only as a speck, it is embosomed in the watchfulness that comprehends immensity and that never sleeps.

The individual, then, is not mechanically, but vitally, related to the whole empire of existence. The farthest star that a man can see is a part of his life ; nor is this life of his severed from stars that never will be seen. Day and darkness, the seasons, the elements, vegetation, animal beings, are not mere adjuncts of his existence ; they are portions of it. The sentiment of kindred binds the individual man to his family ; the social sentiment binds him to the community ; the patriotic, to his country ; the human, to his race. The moral sentiment binds him to men by duty, and the religious binds him to God by faith. The life of a man is not, like that

of a brute, in his blood, but in his spirit, and all is the life of a man that he can embrace within the consciousness of his spirit. If a man's spirit had the range of the outward creation by sense, if human history were its memory, if its reason comprehended all known and possible truth, if its imagination were adorned with all that is lovely, if its character had all goodness, this, then, would be the range of its life. Though far from such perfection, yet the actual life of the most bounded consciousness spreads in its relations into unbounded being. Is the time ever to come when humanity shall be in full completeness and harmony? Is the time ever to come when humanity in the individual shall be strong and independent, — in the family, wise and gracious, — in the state, just and disinterested, — in the church, believing, charitable, tolerant, — when the savage shall be raised, when the heathen shall be converted, when the grossest shall be civilized, and the worst restored, — when every man, being true to his position, shall be one with his race, and his race, being accordant with its origin and its end, shall be one with God? This may always be but an idea; yet, even as an idea, it has deep and living power. It is a sublime thought. Wherever it is strong, it kills the narrow self, and is at the bottom of all continued and admirable action. "Worlds," says Fichte, "speaking out of this faith in the infinite, produce worlds. Ages produce ages, which stand in meditation over those that have gone before, and reveal the secret bond of connection which unites causes and consequences within them. Then the grave opens, — not that which men heap together in earth, but the grave of impenetrable darkness, wherewith the first life has surrounded us, and from out of it arises the mighty power of ideas, which sees in a new light the end in the beginning, the perfect in the partial; every wonderful work which springs from faith in the Eternal appears, and the hidden aspirations which are here imprisoned and bound down to earth soar upward on unfettered pinions into a new and purer ether."

As the individual is vitally related to the universe, so is the universe to the individual. All the powers of nature contribute to his wants. They are ministers to the requirements of his body, and to the faculties of his soul. The earth gives him of her fulness; the winds are his servants; the mines are his treasure-places; the mountains are his watch-towers; the clouds refresh him with shade and showers; the sun covers

him with splendor ; above his head are the heights of air, and beneath his eye the depths of ocean. All energies are working to support, to educate, to bless him ; and not these only, but whatever men have done or suffered, whatever has made the life of ages, whatever has made the life of nations. The whole has been acting for the individual soul. For that patriarchs had visions sent them from the opened heavens. For that prophets beheld a glory to be revealed in distant times. For that Jesus himself appeared in the world, was wounded with many griefs, and bled upon the cruel cross. For that Evangelists have written and Apostles preached. For that philanthropists have worked and lived. For that martyrs have endured and died. For that philosophers have meditated, and poets have sung, and wisdom and melody have been born. For that earth is robed in fairness, and heaven is hung with lamps of gladness. For that all governments, all dynasties, all hierarchies, have existed ; and *that* shall be when *they* shall be no more. When monarchy, with its gorgeous pomp and haughty sway, its solemn power and its towered palaces, shall have melted as a dream, — when democracy, with its din of tongues and turbulence, shall be silent as an infant's sleep, — nay, when this huge globe itself shall shake to atoms all that rest upon its surface, as a lion arousing from slumber throws from his mane the dews of the forest, — when the sun shall be dark, and even the mighty hosts of stars shall die, — that soul, that sacred soul, shall live. That spirit, kindled in the breath of Deity, has a light to burn over the ashes and the graves of worlds, — a light of joy and thought for ever, in the consciousness of its immortal being, in the consciousness of its eternal Lord.

Yet glory not, thou proud man ! for, in the midst of these sublime realities, thy pride belittles thee. Thou hast not the faith to which things invisible are open ; thou hast not the humility to which greatness is revealed. And, thou timid and desponding man, cheer up thy hope, and let thy confidence not fail thee. Think not the distant stars are cold ; say not the forces of the universe are against thee ; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate ; for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces ; in right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny. In thy living consciousness the universe itself has living being, and thou in that art greater than the universe. Anoint thine eyes with holy thought, that the gross

and fleshly scales may fall from off them. Then, like Gehazi in the mountain at the prayer of Elijah, thou shalt behold that Power for thy good is round about thee ; thou shalt discern that thou art embosomed in Protection, — that thou art compassed by the fiery energies of Heaven, — that thou art girded and guarded by the Presence and the Majesty of God.

H. G.

ART. VI.—MACAULAY'S HISTORY.*

MR. MACAULAY follows the example of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Alison, in giving to the public by portions what will be, when completed, a voluminous work. Two volumes of his History, of which six are promised, have appeared in England ; the second of them is republished in this country only as this sheet passes through the press. We suppose that he and his predecessors chose this method solely as a matter of convenience. It can hardly be inferred that a writer hopes or intends, by this mode of addressing the literary world, to avail himself of the criticisms upon his earlier volumes for the improvement or modification of those which may follow, or for introducing into the latter any special pleading or defence in behalf of views which, as expressed in the former, may have opened controversies against him. Gibbon and Robertson did, indeed, turn to some good account, as they advanced in their labors, both the encomiums and the censures which were passed upon the first-published portions of their works. The notes in the last half of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* not infrequently show that he had felt the effect of criticisms which were so freely uttered on its first portion. He found likewise, as we hope Mr. Macaulay will find, that he had an inadequate idea of the extent to which his undertaking would expand under his pen, and he reached the end of it only when he had filled twice the intended number of volumes. Robertson suspended the publication of his *History of America* at a critical period, the

* *The History of England from the Accession of James II.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Volume I. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 619.

commencement of our own Revolutionary War. In a letter to a friend he wrote, — “It is lucky that my American History was not finished before this event. How many plausible theories that I should have been entitled to form are contradicted by what has now happened!” To which remark his biographer, Bishop Gleig, wisely adds, — “And how many other theories, which he seems to have actually formed, were contradicted by the issue of the contest!” Yet, after all, the publication of the successive volumes of an extensive history at intervals contributes but a moderate amount of liberty and opportunity to the author to introduce any essential change into the character of his work as a whole. His first volume commits him to the public. In that he must proclaim his theory of history, and announce his own predilections and prejudices. He may afterwards soften or strengthen, qualify or confirm, some of the opinions which he has incidentally expressed, but he will be apt to value self-consistency too highly to be to any great extent the medium of his own rebuke or correction. It is much the same in this matter as in the building of an edifice. The foundation and the successive stories must present themselves to the public view in due order, but few builders introduce any modification of their general plan, or even of its details, though criticism may run to the length of ridicule, or may question the security of the fabric.

But though the method of publication which Mr. Macaulay, like other great historians, has adopted, may allow an author only a very limited opportunity to improve by the judgments which may be pronounced upon the first portions of his work, this piecemeal supply of history does, nevertheless, have a great effect on contemporary criticism. There are but few readers of history who are equally interested, or equally well informed, concerning all that is embraced in the whole range of time, events, and characters of any modern nation. Most of such readers have their favorite epoch, or subject, or dynasty, or crisis, with all that relates to which they have filled their minds, selecting it as a *pet* theme, and thus, doubtless, often exaggerating its relative importance, or making it the centre of their own prejudices. When a new history offers itself to their perusal, their standard for judging it is found in the place which it assigns to their own favorite subject, the manner of dealing with it, and the harmony or dissonance of opinion between them and the author. If their

subject comes up at an early stage of the history, its treatment decides their judgment of the whole work. If they are compelled to wait till near the end, they do not feel ready to criticize, but suspend their judgment. In our country, the general decision upon the merits of Mr. Macaulay's History will depend upon his treatment of the theme which will lie midway in his intended progress, our preparation and struggle for national independence. At home, some of his readers may regret that he has passed over so hurriedly the Anglo-Saxon period of their history, which the recent publication of so many Chronicles and other new materials has made a most inviting period, rich but most perplexing, and therefore requiring elucidation from some gifted and penetrating mind.

Mr. Macaulay announces his purpose to be, "to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." Yet no historian would be content to begin such a work in the middle of an era, and it is curious to note the various ways in which annalists have endeavoured to trace back the threads in the loom of time which they intend to weave into the fabric of their narrative. Our good father Prince, in his "Annals of New England," could find no satisfactory starting-point, except in the formless and void chaos whence this "mundane world" issued. In our more modern histories, though not yet in all our "Ordination sermons," it is now customary to take the flood for granted. Mr. Macaulay confines himself to the isle of Britain, and begins with Julius Cæsar. One long and brilliant chapter contains a masterly summary of the annals of Great Britain for more than a thousand years of time, and even amid the shadows and mists of the fabulous ages of that marvellous island the author finds the germs of all those institutions and opinions which are now associated with the name of England. The whole compass of historical literature does not afford a more felicitous specimen of a comprehensive and a clear delineation of crowded centuries than we find in this chapter. The pregnancy of each paragraph bears witness to the fulness of the author's researches, and the skilful selection of leading ideas which have been elaborated and ever present in all the following centuries proves that the author is master of the highest application of the Baconian method to the philosophy of history.

Prior, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, says that it was the opinion

of Goldsmith, of Sir Robert Walpole, and of Dr. Johnson, that history tells more than it is usually necessary to tell. Now the great question for the historian to decide is, how much and what it is *necessary* to tell. What circumstances of the past should be kept alive? what should be allowed to pass into oblivion? The historian cannot be guided by his own judgment alone. He has not only to select materials from all the relics of the past, but to follow in the wake of other historians, who, in the use of their judgment, and of their prejudices too, have selected materials, have exaggerated, and mistaken, and perverted them. Incidents and circumstances and opinions, to which a wise historian might not think it necessary to refer on account of any direct importance of their own, may have become indirectly serious and essential topics for him, in consequence of treatment received at the hands of his predecessors. The controversies of historians, as of theologians, have more than quadrupled the amount of material on which their minds must work, and on which their pens must henceforward labor. Mr. Macaulay, like other historians, traces his way through many contested questions. Indeed, the period and the themes embraced in his first volume contain the matters of English history which have been most discussed, and around which have been concentrated the acrimonious feelings, as well as the differing judgments, of religious and political parties. He for the most part quietly and calmly recognizes these controversies as he passes on, and though his pages are far from being free from overstatements and partialities, he will doubtless obtain the abiding praise of candor.

The summary which is given in the first chapter, and which brings the review of English history down to the time of the restoration of Charles the Second, is continued in the second chapter in a more expanded form, with more particularity of detail, and with nicer discriminations between the feelings and issues involved in the strife of religious and civil parties. With a most keen and searching investigation into the great principles on which parties were formed, and by a sagacious analysis of the passions which afterwards embittered them, we are led on through the labyrinths of many a perplexed episode.

The third chapter is a novelty in historical art, and the execution of it is so skilful that all future historians will be compelled to follow the example of our author, while the large

majority will fail to approach near the model which he has given them. Starting with the obvious, though as yet unrecognized truth, that a history which records only the acts of senates and the rivalries of nobles and the fortunes of changing dynasties does not deserve the name of a history, and can portray but few of the living features of society and humanity, Mr. Macaulay proceeds "to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the Second to his brother." The description is wonderfully wrought out. It comprehends an inquiry into the population of England in 1685, into the resources and charges of its government, its military, naval, agricultural, social, religious, moral, literary, and civil condition. The information condensed into crowded paragraphs in this chapter must give us the fruit of an untold amount of reading and investigation.

It must be confessed that the "country clergy" of that age make but a sorry figure in our author's frank and free narrative; but all we can say of the matter is, that as a class they seem to have formed a self-consistent part of the whole of society. They were well matched and mated with the "country gentry." Indeed, the old prophet's words, "There shall be like people, like priest," utter a truth which has been illustrated in all history, pagan or Christian. Mr. Macaulay's account of the chief towns of England at that period, — of its watering-places, of the roads, coaches, inns, and highwaymen, — of the buildings, the streets, the purlieus, the police, and the coffee-houses of London, — of the post-office, the newspapers, books, sciences, and fine arts, — of the fine gentlemen, of the common people, the manufacturers, and paupers, — is a marvellous product of antiquarian research, entirely free from the dry and dusty rubbish of such lore. We wish we had room to transfer to our pages the last ten paragraphs of this chapter; we must content ourselves with three of them, which sum up the moral inferences of the author.

"Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The groundwork of that character has, indeed, been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same, when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind

of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell, as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the

more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

"The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt; yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may, at first sight, seem strange, that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save, with a view to the future. And it is natural, that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

"In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake; they turn their eyes, and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the Golden Age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and, in our turn, be envied. It may

well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week ; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day ; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread ; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life ; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich." — pp. 394 – 397.

The fourth chapter opens with a most dramatic and exciting narrative of the circumstances attending the death of "the merry monarch," a narrative digested and harmonized with an amazing ingenuity from some scores of conflicting accounts and testimonies. Our newspapers are all copying this narrative ; by no means an insignificant compliment. The suspense of parties, the forbearing patience of the great mass of the people, the all-enduring loyalty of the nation which was willing to bear so much, and the ungenerous and dastardly qualities of the new king in encroaching beyond all decency upon that patience and loyalty, are set forth by the historian with equal fidelity and power.

There is a melancholy charm in the interest which the fifth and last chapter offers, as it describes the rebellion under Argyle and Monmouth. The scenes here painted are harrowing and bloody. They testify alike to the strength and the weakness of the feelings which masses of human beings will exhibit on occasions that engage their sympathies or overpower them with the might of established forms and opinions. The "bloody assizes" of the wretch and monster Jeffreys are only the darkest shadings of the times when the haughty obstinacy of the Stuarts pitted itself against every claim of justice and magnanimity in the hearts of their whole people. The brutal mockeries of justice which followed the fight at Sedgemoor, and the atrocities perpetrated in London, the cruel vengeance taken against Alice Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, and the abuse of mercy where favor was shown to

the most guilty, furnish our author with materials which need no aid from rhetoric to stir every passion in his readers. Some may think that the truculency of Monmouth is portrayed with too much severity. He is entitled to all the allowance to be found in a naturally weak disposition, and in the bitter disappointment of hopes which had been fed by something more substantial than flattery or popular favor.

We infer, from a note in the volume before us, that Mr. Macaulay has had the use of all the rich and abundant materials collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh for his projected History. England has, indeed, been preparing materials for more than a century to furnish her annalists with the most voluminous and varied sources of information. The British Museum contains a collection, the very catalogues of which would make a small library. It requires a mind like Macaulay's to put such a repository to the wisest use. It would seem as if, through his whole life, he had been what is called a general reader, and had retained the fruits in an available form by crowding commonplace-books and indexes with the gatherings of years. He appears to exhaust all the examples, hints, and illustrations which are scattered over the whole wide field of English literature. His new material has been for the most part derived from the diplomatic correspondence between foreign residents at the English court and their own governments, which is preserved in the archives of France, Spain, and the Low Countries. Ranke was the first among historians to turn this class of materials to the best account. Its value appears, in the work before us, in the elucidation of that dark mystery of the Dover treaty, by which the English Charles and James, for a price, became traitors to their own throne and empire.

Mr. Macaulay shows his strength particularly in defining the relations and divisions of parties, in adjusting the shifting weight which lay between them, as it swayed alternately to one or the other side, and in tracing the rise and development of the elements which were successively manifested. But his signal distinction lies in the vigor and grasp, the keen analysis, and the brilliant skill with which he seizes upon the characters of the men prominent in the movements before him. Clarendon has been generally allowed to be the great master of the delineation of character; — not, however, because he excels in candor, in freedom from prejudice, or in stern integrity. These, indeed, are the qualities which are most

missed in his sketches of mental and moral peculiarities. But he is remarkable for his evident knowledge of the elements of character which make and decide the man. He describes the parts and passions, the idiosyncrasies, the strong points and the weak points, which, variously disposed, and attaching themselves to various combinations of temperament with circumstances, constitute and make up the human being, and in their exercise give shape and direction to his life. Macaulay excels Clarendon in justice and charity, and is his equal in skill and discernment. We quote the following as a specimen of candor in the judgment of parties. The author is speaking of those once called Cavaliers and Roundheads, essentially the respective forerunners of the parties now known as Tories and Whigs.

"It would not be difficult to compose a lampoon or a panegyric on either of these renowned factions; for no man not utterly destitute of judgment and candor will deny that there are many deep stains on the fame of the party to which he belongs, or that the party to which he is opposed may justly boast of many illustrious names, of many heroic actions, and of many great services rendered to the state." — pp. 93, 94.

The following character of Archbishop Cranmer stands warranted by the testimonies of many fair judges, as well in the Anglican Church as out of it : —

"His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator [between the Roman and the English Churches]. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery.

"To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang." — p. 48.

We fear that not only the bigotry of Episcopalians, but also the doctrinal zeal of many of other sects, is faithfully accounted for in what Macaulay says of the country gentry of 1685 : —

"Their love of the Church was not, indeed, the effect of study or meditation. Few among them could have given any reason, drawn from Scripture or ecclesiastical history, for adhering to her

doctrines, her ritual, and her polity ; nor were they, as a class, by any means strict observers of that code of morality which is common to all Christian sects. But the experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey." — p. 302.

The following sentence we copy without comment : —

"It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point." — p. 169.

We are at a little loss to discover the exact moral estimate which Macaulay affixes to the character of Oliver Cromwell. He, indeed, calls the Protector "the greatest prince that has ever ruled England." We find, too, encomiums upon the prowess, the wisdom, the prudence, the sagacity, and the self-command of Cromwell ; but we conclude that Macaulay does not wish to commit himself in the moral judgment of that extraordinary man. We have faith in Oliver. If he be now within the sound of mortal testimony concerning him, we believe that his soul was of such a frame that nothing would afford him a higher pleasure or reward than the judgment which Macaulay pronounces upon the character of his famous army. When that body of fifty thousand soldiers was disbanded, it was feared, that, like all other soldiers, they would become beggars and marauders, a pest to society, filling the land with misery and crime. But what was the fact ?

"In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed, that, in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men ; that none was charged with any theft or robbery ; that none was heard to ask an alms ; and that if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was, in all probability, one of Oliver's old soldiers." — p. 144.

There is much good sense in the following sentence, in which our author moralizes upon his own account of the amateur ladies and gentlemen whom the institution of the Royal Society induced to dabble in science : —

"In this, as in every great stir of the human mind, there was

doubtless something which might well move a smile. It is the universal law, that whatever pursuit, whatever doctrine, becomes fashionable, shall lose a portion of that dignity which it had possessed while it was confined to a small but earnest minority, and was loved for its own sake alone." — p. 380.

That this will be a work of extraordinary popularity may be considered as already settled. There is a charm in its pages which no reader will be able to resist, and to which all will be glad to yield themselves, unless some cherished view or fancy of their own be disturbed by it. There is a fulness of information, a strength and accuracy of judgment, and a grace of style, which wellnigh complete our ideal of what history may be. The author does, indeed, suppose a good degree of historical information in his readers, even when he deals with his own defined period and leaves the summary of what preceded. He seems also to aim to connect with his pages those pleasures of sustained interest and surprise which are chiefly ministered to in a romance. Of course, he could not make his work serve for the whole historical furnishing of a reader, unless he expanded it over a much larger number of volumes. We apprehend, however, that some of his readers who may not know the fate of Dr. Oates would have been relieved, had he told them that the creature did not die of his merciless whipping, but lived to receive honor and a pension again, though a second disgrace succeeded. And how many of Macaulay's readers will know, while admiring his lively character of Lord Churchill, that he is afterwards to present himself to them as the famous Duke of Marlborough? We have noticed a score of places where a phrase or a line more from the author would have largely increased the value of his work to the less-informed reader.

That the author of this history will escape the critics and meet only compliment and praise in the arduous task before him, he himself best knows cannot possibly be. He has to cross many debated fields, and to turn up the bones of many dead strifes, the ashes of which are still alive. His general views are those in which the sterling minds of the equally cultivated and liberalized will fully accord. His views of man, of life, of law, of great interests, and of the methods of Providence, are his portion of the common stock of the world's intelligence. On side issues, and on two or three strongly defined positions which he takes, there will be a contest opened with him. But the final decision upon the

general and the specific merits of his history will be deferred till it is completed, and the exciting glow of interest which its perusal rouses shall have subsided.

Two animadversions — if that be the proper word — we feel compelled to utter. Those of our readers who peruse many of the daily or weekly papers, with which no land or neighbourhood is so liberally supplied as our own, have seen in very many of those sheets “Mr. Macaulay’s Character of the Puritans,” and have doubtless smiled or sighed over one smart and flippant sentence in those paragraphs. Now, if we would have Mr. Macaulay’s whole opinion of the Puritans, we must unite three different passages in his volume, in which he sums up his views of them with a different aim, and from a different point of observation or criticism. They present a different figure in history according to the circumstances under which they appear, and the changes in their own fortunes. But the one smart and flippant sentence to which we refer is found in a passage in which he rebukes the excessive and destructive zeal of the Puritans. After pronouncing, certainly with no lack of severity, upon their asceticisms and scruples, he refers to their hatred of all vicious and trifling amusements. He then adds, that

“Bear-baiting, then a favorite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. *The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.* Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear.” — p. 151.

Any future writer upon rhetoric, who may have occasion to speak of the risk of offending against right and charity to which an epigrammatic or antithetical style may tempt an author of fair intentions, will find a signal example to enforce his warning in the sentence which we have *Italicized*. We do not suppose that Mr. Macaulay had malice in his heart when he penned it, but that he was aiming for point, for a happy turn, and he took up with a most unhappy one. The objection of the Puritans to bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and like sports, did recognize the tortures to which such trials

subjected the creatures given to man for use, and not to exercise his wanton cruelty. We could quote many a Puritan rebuke founded upon this reasonable plea. But suppose the whole objection lay where Mr. Macaulay places it, — “in the pleasure which it gave to the spectators.” We are not sure that this would not be, to a reasonable and humane person, the strongest and most effective objection to such sports. A religious man, of any complexion of faith, might well deny the lawfulness of that pleasure which they afforded to spectators. Indeed, Mr. Macaulay’s account, farther on, of the feelings and habits which characterized the times, furnishes full proof that there was a ferocious and cruel spirit then indulged, which it was very desirable should be softened and humanized. If the reader will revert to the long extract which we have given from his comprehensive view of the state of society in 1685, and note particularly what he says of the prevailing fondness for brutal and sanguinary scenes, we think the Puritans will stand acquitted from all blame, on Mr. Macaulay’s own showing. We have no doubt of the literal truth of his painful sketch. While such ferocity and cruelty abounded, we must think the Puritan excusable, if he objected to bear-baiting for no other reason than simply because it “gave pleasure to the spectators.” It was a *pleasure* of which it was right that they should be deprived.

Mr. Macaulay seems to have been aware that his rhetoric was at issue with his conscience, and, unwilling to cancel his pointed antithesis, he adds a note to help it out. His note begins thus : — “How little compassion for the bear had to do with the matter is sufficiently proved,” etc. And what is the proof? Why this, — that on one occasion Colonel Cromwell, and on another Colonel Pride, came upon some bears, the former finding them “in the height of their sport,” “on the Lord’s day,” and the latter meeting them reserved in a “bear-garden,” and both ordered them to be shot ; — which was perfectly right, because it was the method of mercy. Macaulay adds, that Colonel Pride “is represented by a loyal satirist as defending the act thus,” etc. We need not say how, seeing that the representation is that of a *loyal satirist*, not of a Puritan.

The other matter on which we would animadvert is Mr. Macaulay’s depreciation of the integrity of William Penn. He has evidently formed but a low estimate of the character of that amiable and upright, but rather unfortunate man. He

questions those elements of Penn's nature and soul which the Quaker himself really thought were safe from censure, and which, after a fair investigation, we have found no reason to distrust. Penn did lack sagacity in reading character and discerning some traits of human nature. He did some small jobs, not merely to please others, but undoubtedly to gratify a harmless weakness of self-importance which beset him. But reproach or contempt cannot fairly be fastened upon him, and Mr. Macaulay's insinuations may pass for more with some readers than would a bald, specific charge. We are the more surprised at our author's low estimate of William Penn, because it is so unlike the high opinion formed of him, and the generous praise accorded to him, by that eminent statesman and moralist, Sir James Mackintosh, who speaks of Penn as "a man of such virtue as to make his testimony weighty." He commends his "sincere piety," though he admits the mistake in his policy.

We might wish to specify two other qualifications of the perfect candor and justice of our author, if we were passing upon him a formal opinion. The spirit of censure, however, is not the mood in which we close this enchaining and instructive volume. None can appreciate more than we do the talents of the author, and the good use which he has made of them. May his six volumes grow to twelve.

It is understood that the Messrs. Harper have purchased from the London publishers, or from the author, a copy of the sheets of this History as they shall be successively struck off in England, so as to afford to American readers an early opportunity to read the work, and to secure to themselves a large sale without rivalry. The proof-reader of the Messrs. Harper has altered the orthography in the American reprint, and has substituted Webster's emendation of the English language. So much has already been said in censure of this most unwarrantable proceeding in our best newspapers, that we need add nothing more, except simply the remark, that we regret and condemn it. But we cannot approve the project of a rival edition in Boston. The Harpers have purchased a certain privilege; by courtesy and fairness, they are entitled to its full enjoyment. They should have been allowed to issue another edition from their press, conformed in orthography to the English, without the interference of publishers in Boston or elsewhere.

G. E. E.

ART. VII. — RELIGIOUS POETRY OF MODERN GERMANY.*

WHOSOEVER studies the literature of Germany, as only that or any other literature should be studied, with a heart open to its inward life as well as a keen eye for its outward proportions, must receive, we are persuaded, the profoundest impression of the religious spirit of the German people. We use the phrase in no contracted sense, but in the widest and deepest. If by a religious spirit we mean a spirit reverently conscious of the presence of infinite, invisible power around and within us, singularly earnest in the expression of the wants which such a consciousness evokes, constantly open to the influences by which those wants must be appeased, — if this be a religious spirit, then is the spirit of the German people, and of German literature, most eminently religious. The cathedral of Cologne, that mighty consolidation into stone of the thoughts and hopes and fears of the Middle Ages, that wonderful architectural poem, every line and image of which is a spiritual promise or a spiritual threat, does not more truly express the intensity of the religious feeling from which it rose than does the grand edifice of German literature. Both in the cathedral and in the literature there are, indeed, many individual works imbued with quite another spirit, — gorgons, salamanders, hippogriffs, monuments of worldly pride and human decay, devices fantastic, superfluous, sometimes revolting; but one solemn power broods within the whole, subduing all incongruities, lifting us out of the sphere of our ordinary attractions, into the regions of lofty devotional aspiration. This mysterious, elevating power, we are persuaded, is especially felt by every student of those among the greater German writers who are most

* 1. NOVALIS *Schriften*. Herausgegeben von L. TIECK und FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL. Berlin. 1802. 12mo. 2 vols.

The Writings of Novalis. Edited by L. Tieck and F. von Schlegel.

2. *Gedichte von FOUQUE*. Tübingen. 1816–1827. 12mo. 2 vols.

Poems of Fouque.

3. *Siona*. Stuttgart. 1834–1835. 8vo. 5 vols.

Sion. [A Collection of Religious Poems.]

4. *Sammlung geistlicher Lieder*. Basel. 1831. 8vo.

A Collection of Spiritual Songs.

5. *Geistliche Blumenlese aus Deutschen Dichtern von Novalis bis auf die Gegenwart*. Berlin. 1841. 12mo.

Flowers of Spiritual Poetry from the German Writers, from Novalis down to the Present Time.

thoroughly national in their character and aims. By the mighty cosmopolite, Goethe, and his followers, by that great army, fighting, as Heine says, "to lead back the spiritualist German Faust to the understanding and enjoyment of the material world," this tendency was naturally subordinated.

But the resistance of the German public to this proposed revolution, and the exaltation to the highest place in the popular sympathy and admiration of the heaven-aspiring Schiller, show how truly the spirit of the people speaks out in the art of Albert Dürer and Cornelius, in the music of Mozart and Beethoven, in the writings of Luther, Jacobi, and Herder. And as we are permitted to say that the spirit of reality and of action pervades the literature of England, and the spirit of science that of France, so we may affirm that the august spirit of reverence and belief fills the great works of German genius. It is this spirit which gives to German writings their character of unaffected manliness. The English writer is apt to think of his readers and their opinion, as well as of his own idea; the German pours out his soul in fearless sincerity; and if we thus sometimes receive the superfluous confidences of simpletons, it is easy to be tolerant and to turn therefrom with fresher zeal to the truthful expressions of some high and noble heart. To this reverent and longing self-utterance we are especially indebted for the simplicity and force of the religious poetry of Germany, which in these respects is superior to much of our own. In the seventeenth century, while England was still ruled by an absolute government, and that mysterious potentate, the public, was yet unborn, something of the same freedom of expression distinguished the English writers, and is a chief cause of the attraction which the religious poetry of such men as Donne and Vaughan and Herbert still possesses for us. But most of our current hymns belong to a later period, and upon many of them the rationalistic, critical character of the eighteenth century is impressed. Watts, with his real piety and frequently solemn and impressive diction, and Doddridge, with his intenser feeling and occasional gleams of genius, have left us some true hymns; but too many of the productions of these writers, and of others almost equally famous, seem to have sprung from respectable rather than religious emotions, and to have been designed for the furtherance of decorous worship rather than for the expression of holy aspirations. More recent writers, excited

by the spiritual movement which during the last few years has shown itself both here and in England, have poured forth some higher strains, and it would be no unprofitable task to examine and report on the significance of the writings of De Vere and Faber and Alford and Keble and Coxe. Even "The Cathedral," and its wonderfully unintelligible sequel, might afford fruitful themes for the moralizing critic.

But even so attractive a topic must not longer detain us from our legitimate duty, which, indeed, is no light one, being no less than to give, in the space of a reasonable article, some idea of the character and value of a most extensive and varied department of a great national literature. For scarcely did a greater number of bards descend in that shower of poets which fell upon the ship of Cervantes, in his voyage to Parnassus, than have arisen from the fruitful soil of Germany. That poetical funnel of which Carlyle speaks, manufactured at Nuremberg in 1650, and warranted to pour the whole essence of poetical art into the emptiest head within the space of six hours, was not left unemployed. In 1749, says Franz Horn, there were found in one library three hundred volumes of devotional poetry, containing thirty-three thousand seven hundred and twelve German hymns. Of these we much fear that "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and some few more of Luther's mighty, fervent songs, alone have survived the period of torpor into which the German spirit fell under the reign of the "powdered gods of the Versailles Olympus" and Gottsched their high-priest. But the noble German heart still lived, and it found for itself, when the strong arm of Lessing had banished the intruders, new and more powerful organs of religious expression, refined in taste by the elegance, enlightened by the knowledge and common sense, deepened in inward life by the outward coldness and hardness,* of the eighteenth century.

It is of some of these that we wish to speak ; and first, of him whose voice was as the morning song of reviving spiritualism in Germany, — of the loved and lamented Marcellus of German religious philosophy, — of Novalis. Brief as was the career of this remarkable young man, and fragmentary as are the works he left, he produced a profound impression on the mind of Germany. All her writers unite in doing homage to his nobleness of soul, his wonderful power and subtilty of intellect. Schleiermacher, the Orthodox Plato, in one of his discourses, speaks of Novalis as "the divine young man, too

early fallen asleep, to whom every thing which touched his soul was art, whose whole contemplation of the world became a mighty poem, who, although he did scarcely more than utter the first tones of his voice, must be numbered among the richest poets, among those rare spirits to whom is granted no less depth than clearness and life. In him do we behold the power at once of the enthusiasm and the self-possession of a reverent mind; and we must confess, that, when all philosophers shall be religious and seek for God, like Spinoza, and all artists shall be pious and love Christ, like Novalis, then will the mighty resurrection of both worlds be inaugurated." And even Heine, so bitterly hostile to what he calls "the Neo-Teutonic-Religious-Patriotic School of Art," of which Novalis is justly considered the chief, forgets his scornful criticisms in the presence of this beautiful soul. He pities and patronizes Tieck, he assails A. W. Schlegel with unspeakable fury and contempt; but the life and spirit of Novalis touch the poet in his heart, and he speaks almost affectionately of the sad mystic "who saw all about him only wonders, and those, too, wonders of beauty, who learned the language of the plants, who knew the secrets of every budding rose, who identified himself with all nature, and, when autumn came and the leaves fell, bowed his head, too, meekly, and died."

Friedrich von Hardenberg, who assumed the name of Novalis, was born May 2, 1772, of a noble Saxon family in the Grafschaft of Mansfeld. He was educated chiefly at Jena, where he heard with admiration the lectures of the heroic Fichte, between whose doctrines and those of Schelling his own philosophical speculations form a connecting link. In 1794 he removed to Arnstadt in Thuringia, to prepare himself for practical affairs. Here it was that he met Sophie von K——, the beautiful child to whom he was afterwards betrothed, and who inspired him with a profound love which glorified the earth while she was with him, and when she was taken away remained to deepen the natural spiritualism of his mind, and to give him that clear vision of the eternal realities, in which, says Tieck, he alone of the moderns resembles the lofty Dante. For it became to him a natural impulse to regard the commonest and nearest thing as a wonder, — the strange, the supernatural, as something common. Men's every-day life lay around him like a mysterious fable, and those regions which the many dream of or doubt

of, as of somewhat distant and incomprehensible, were for him a beloved home.* Most of the writings of Novalis were composed after the death of Sophie, which occurred in 1798, and the influence of that event is, indeed, clearly discernible in them, — especially in his “Hymns to the Night,” which he himself regarded as his completest productions. So, too, in his “Spiritual Songs,” which were intended to form part of a Christian Hymn-Book, to be accompanied by a volume of sermons. It is with these songs that we are especially concerned here, and we shall therefore, without further preface than our very slight, yet, as we trust, not wholly inadequate, account of the position and character of Novalis may have afforded, at once introduce such a translation as we have been able to make of one of them.

FAITHFULNESS TO CHRIST.

Though all were false about me,
I would be true to thee,
That thankfulness from off our earth
Not wholly passed should be.
For me thy pains were suffered,
For me thy sorrow's smart,
And to thee with joy for ever
I freely give my heart.

My tears are often falling,
Because that thou didst die,
And so many of thy servants
Forget thee utterly.
With love all-penetrated,
Thy works for us were done,

* A very able and interesting article on Novalis may be found in the second volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellaneous Writings*. Tieck's account of the influence of Sophie's death on the mind of Novalis Mr. Carlyle dissects with trenchant and, as we think, somewhat undiscerning criticism. Certainly the intellect of a gifted man is not a pipe for fortune to play upon. Yet it is easily credible, that the lesson of self-renunciation, taught by the death of the beloved one, should have been far more deeply learned than it otherwise would have been, — that the revelations of the unseen which longing, sorrowful affection received should have been clearer than those granted to the auditor of the Saxon salt-works in the peaceful discharge of his practical duties. That his great sorrow made Novalis a philosopher, or that it was the substance of his life, we do not believe; but we can well comprehend that what was no cause might have been an occasion, — that the yearnings of the bereaved heart led the intellect up into the ethereal atmosphere in which it was naturally fitted to live and to expand.

And yet thou hast now departed,
And no one thinks thereon.

Thou standest still beside them,
And love thy heart doth fill,
And though no friend were left to thee,
Thou wouldst be faithful still.
My love, its triumph waiting,
Strong to the end shall be,
With its tears and faith close nestled,
Childlike, upon thy knee.

My soul has found thy presence,
O, send me not away!
But, bound in heart and life to thee,
For ever let me stay!
To my brothers let me show
Once more the way of rest,
Then, in perfect love reposing,
Sink down upon thy breast.

Simple and truthful this hymn certainly is, nor can higher merits be justly denied to it; yet it is chiefly noteworthy for those two rare qualities of simplicity and truthfulness, which gave the intellect of Novalis its fresh, renovating influence on German thought. Into the depths of philosophic genius, dimly revealed in his "Fragments," we shall not attempt to lead our readers, nor can we do more than allude to the wonderful beauty of his most artistic prose poem, "Henry von Osterdingen," a sort of art-romance, "an apotheosis of poetry," as he himself styled it, which may be easily understood and enjoyed by those who would retire in dismay from the sphinx-like aspect of his scientific and metaphysical creations.

Next to Novalis, Johann Baptiste von Albertini occupies the most important place among the modern religious poets of Germany. In early life Albertini was united in close friendship with the celebrated Schleiermacher, and distinguished himself in the study of the ancient and Oriental languages and of natural science. About the year 1804, he resolved to devote his life to the service of the United Brethren, and for nearly twenty years was a Moravian preacher in Niesky, Gnadensfrei, and Gnadenberg. In 1814 he was appointed a Bishop, in 1821 one of the Directors of

the Society, and in 1824 took the Presidency of the Conference of Elders. In the exercise of the extended influence which this position conferred he continued till 1831, when he died, universally beloved and regretted, in the sixty-second year of his age, at Berthelsdorf, near Hernhut. Several collections of his sermons and one volume of his "Spiritual Songs" have been published. The third edition of his "Spiritual Songs for the Members and Friends of the Society of United Brethren" appeared at Bunzlau and Appun in 1835. In reading the poetry of Albertini, we must remember the circumstances of his position. The Moravian hymns, many of which are among the most beautiful that we possess, are in too many cases deformed by unpleasant exaggerations of feeling and improprieties of expression. Southey, in his *Life of Wesley*, has a note on this subject which will illustrate our meaning. Yet with such hymns the United Brethren had come to associate their religious emotions, and it was not easy for a Moravian poet to steer clear at once of bad taste and of the suspicion of heterodoxy. We must, therefore, as Wolff says, "thoughtfully consider the constraint under which Albertini labored, and not too harshly pass sentence of condemnation upon him for forms of speech unpleasant and unfamiliar to ourselves." "A glowing enthusiasm for the faith," continues the same writer, "deep, sincere feeling, an occasionally charming and figurative style, a truly pious soul, breathing out only love and conciliation, these, displaying the blessed spirit of the writer, give an attractive beauty to his poems." The following hymn reminds us of Charles Wesley's earnest outbursts of feeling.

THE REDEEMER'S LOVE.

O living Love ! For me
 Didst thou, Lord, the death-pang bear ?
 Ah, there thy soul I see,
 To my heart thy heart speaks there !
 I feel thine every pang,
 As thou to death for me
 Didst pass, and bleeding hang
 Upon the cruel tree.

"For me ! for me ! for me !"
 All about me rings the cry ;
 Before that sacred tree
 I bow me inwardly.

My Saviour ! thou didst give
 Thy life for all mankind ;
 Grant me, like thee to live,
 A self-forgetful mind !

Lord ! in my life display
 Thy love's benignant reign ;
 Thy yoke upon me lay,
 My wild desires restrain.
 Lord, strengthen thou my power,
 Keep heart and soul awake,
 And me, renewed each hour,
 Thy true disciple make !

The two writers whom we have thus far noticed, Novalis and Albertini, may be taken as the types of two great classes to which Germany is indebted for the best of her recent devotional poetry, — the Romantic school, and the Moravians. The Romantic writers revived a deeper religious feeling in the individual heart ; the Moravians endeavoured to quicken the sentiment of the communion of believers. The excellent Herr Kletke, in recognizing these facts, laments that no great sanctified genius, like Paul Gerhardt, has arisen in these latter days, "to give the inward spiritual lyric the full, harmonious voice of ecclesiastical communion." But for this the time is not yet ripe ; and in this, as in every thing else, we of this day must be content, if we can but "stand provided and prepared to await the light."

The name of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué has become familiar to our ears in connection with his romantic and most exquisite tales of Undine and Sintram. His volume of religious poems is not unworthy of his genius. The following simple piece is full of the earnest, sincere faith which distinguished him as a writer and as a man.

A HYMN OF STILLNESS.

Weep, O my soul, yet in weeping be still ;
 Not like the worldling's wild sorrow be thine ;
 Even thy tears flow at God's holy will :
 Weep, then, my soul, but in weeping be still,
 Weep as seems good to thy Father Divine.

Smile, O my soul, but in smiling be still ;
 Not like the scorner's proud smile shall be thine ;
 Even thy joys wait on God's holy will :

Smile, then, my soul, but in smiling be still,
Smile as seems good to thy Father Divine.

Smiles, tears, He appoints, we strive to be still;
Storms rage, and for peace in vain do we pine;
Yet moves on triumphant his mighty will:
Thou, too, O my soul, at last shalt be still,
Still in thy home, with thy Father Divine.

Joseph Baron von Eichendorff, one of the most attractive lyrical poets of the Romantic school, published at Berlin, in 1837, the first complete collection of his poems. In this collection are to be found some singularly earnest and graceful expressions of religious emotion. We give one, which bears the title of

A MORNING PRAYER.

O the silence, wonderful, profound!
How calm, how still, the fields extend!
The woods, with a low and solemn sound,
As if the Lord passed through them, bend.

I seem to be all new-created;
Where are my cares, and where my dread?
Griefs that last night my heart prostrated
I blush for in this morning-red.

Through life, through all its grief and pleasure,
A glad wayfarer I will be,
My steps this world-bridge, Lord, shall measure,
Across the stream of time, to thee.

And if I sing, from men to gather
The base rewards of vanity,
Break thou my lyre, and keep me rather
For ever silent, Lord, with thee!

Luise Hensel, a lady of Cologne, and a sister of Wilhelm Hensel, the historian of Christian art, published, under the name of Ludwiga, many religious poems of considerable merit. The influence of Novalis and Von Schenkendorf is very perceptible in her writings, which are yet original in the best sense; for they are full of her own peculiar modesty and gentleness of spirit. Many of them are to be found in Diepenbrock's "*Geistlicher Blumenstrauss*." Some of her verses have become household favorites in Germany, and the estimation in which they are held is so great, that several of

them which appeared at first without her name were attributed to Schenkendorf. One of the most popular of her hymns is called

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Weary now, I seek repose,
And my eyes in sleep I close;
O my Father! let thine eyes
Watch my slumber till I rise.

If I wrong this day have done
Father! look not thou thereon;
Let thy grace, and Jesus' love,
All my stains and sins remove.

Keep my kindred and my land,
Father! safe within thy hand;
For mankind, both great and small,
On thy love for help must call.

Troubled hearts to rest compose;
Weeping eyes, O Father! close;
Let the moon gaze from the skies
To watch thy world that silent lies.

Ferdinand Gottfried Max von Schenkendorf was born near Tilsit, December 11, 1784. After passing some time at the University of Königsberg, he removed to Woldau in 1805, where he enjoyed the society, most important in its influence on his inward growth, of several accomplished and spiritual women, among whom were Madame von Krudener and Henrietta Gottschalk. Though lame in the right arm, Von Schenkendorf took the field with the defenders of his country in 1813. The spirited war-songs which he then composed did not a little to excite and sustain the enthusiasm of the nation. After the war he removed to Coblenz, where, on his birthday, December 11, 1817, he died, in the flower of his age, of a chronic disease long before contracted. Von Schenkendorf was especially remarkable for his profound piety. He saw the Divine everywhere about him, and a distinguished German critic well describes his poems as "the clear ethereal outbreathings of a soul consecrated to God." The following poem is entitled

MORNING AND EVENING THOUGHTS.

Star of morn and evening star
The Lord lit up for us in flame,

And as helpers, near and far,
They do their mission still proclaim.

Always, now, and everywhere
I see them kindly bending down,
Blessing all my grief and care,
So calm, so true, and all mine own.

Let this image, O my heart!
Still in thy life reflected be;
Gentle, true in every part,
Shine down on those who look to thee.

Lay thy cares upon his breast,
On his, the High, the Holy One;
Think of Him at evening's rest,
Sing to Him with morning sun.

Let thy praises rise afar
To thy Redeemer, Lord, and King;
Evening star and star of morn
Praise Him to whom the angels sing.

Siegfried August Mahlmann, born at Leipsic, March 13, 1771, died there, December 16, 1826. His poems are not especially profound, nor, indeed, otherwise remarkable than for a certain gentle benevolence of spirit, and a melodiousness of versification, which gave them a wide popularity. A serious hopefulness of feeling pervades his writings, and is well expressed in one of his pieces, a part of which we give, entitled

HOPE IN GOD.

Hope, my heart, but hope in patience, —
Thou at last thy flowers shalt gather;
Like a child do thou entreat him, —
Full of mercy is thy Father:
Upon that faithful trust of thine
He in answering love will shine.

Clouds must come, and clouds must vanish;
Build thou still on thy Father's grace;
Darkened paths through storms must lead thee
Up to the sunlit joyful place.
One true guardian still is near;
In stormiest darkness do not fear.

Many admirable devotional poems are contained in the

works of Ludwig A. von Arnim, of Clemens Brentano, and of Ernst Moritz Arndt, the hero poet of the war of Liberation. From Arndt we translate the following.

ETERNITY.

O thou vast Eternity !
O deepest doubt and fear !
O thou dread Eternity !
Thou terrible and drear !
A foam-speck on the ocean,
A grain of time's swift sand,
In the fierce and ceaseless motion,
How shall my spirit stand ?

" My soul ! " the voice is crying,
" My feeble, fainting soul !
Up ! Up ! Still fearless flying,
Rise from the earth's control.
Up ! Up ! Thy bright way winging,
Seek the tents of heavenly love,
With the lark, undaunted, singing,
' God's world is there above ! ' "

There, in that world Elysian,
With God and with his Christ,
Shall vanish folly's vision,
And error's blinding mist,
With every shining bubble,
The creatures of a breath,
The vain grief and the trouble
We strive with here till death.

Then cease, my heart, thy grieving,
Thy hollow cares resign ;
These earthly shadows leaving,
Rise to the light divine !
Choose thou the things enduring,
Then, like a morning song,
Shall sound that voice assuring,
" Eternity is long ! "

But, attractive as is our subject, we find ourselves obliged to bring these remarks to a close. It would, indeed, be easy to fill a volume with disquisitions on the religious writers, and translations from the religious poetry, of Germany. How very faint an idea of the character of that poetry, however,

can be given by translations, all German scholars will know. We therefore subjoin, in a note, the names of some of the prominent sources of information on this subject, in the hope that those of our readers who fall under the category just named, but have not yet extended their inquiries into this particular field of German literature, may be induced to gather for themselves the wealth of which we have endeavoured to give some hints.* Those who have not yet acquired the German language we do most heartily urge to the expenditure of six months' steady labor thereupon. And we shall esteem ourselves happy in this opportunity of adding another voice to the loud affirmation of the richness and worth of German literature, which proceeds from the yearly increasing band of adventurers into its wonderful and various provinces. We would indulge in no rapturous generalities of statement. We are very far from any sentiments but those of pity for the restless intellectual rovers, Byronic or Cockneyish, who first desert and then seek to disparage our own noble homestead, — that grand and wholesome literature, which is the common and glorious inheritance of all who speak the English tongue. But, as true Americans, we are persuaded that the real improvement of a stock must result from a judicious admixture of various elements. And we find in German literature, as we have already said, a straightforward truthfulness, a depth of feeling, a certain personal earnestness and manliness, worthy of our profoundest study. Let no one, then, fear to enter the fair domain. Whatever paths are forbidden may

* The following collections may be advantageously consulted : — *Auserlesene Christliche Lieder*. Herausg. von KANNE. Erlangen. 1818. *Sammlung Geistlicher Lieder*. Von K. G. VON RAUMER. Basel. 1831. *Geistlicher Liederschatz*. Berlin. 1840 (principally edited by the hymnologist, Langebecker). *Versuch eines Allgemeinen Evangelischen Gesang und Gebetbuchs*. Von BOMSEN. Hamburg. 1833. *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche und Haus*. Von ALBERT KNAPP. Stuttgart. 1837. *Entwurf eines Gesangbuchs für die Epangelische Kirche im Königreich Württemberg*. Stuttgart. 1839. WACKERNER's *Das Deutsche Evangelische Kirchenlied von M. Luther bis auf McHermann und Ambrosius Lamer*, Stuttgart, 1841; ARNDT's excellent volume, *Vom Wort und vom Kirchenliede*, Bonn, 1819; WILHELM's *Von dem Geistlicher Lieder besonders den Altem Kirchenliedern*, Heidelberg, 1824; and GUINEISEN's work *Ueber Gesangbuchs-Reform*, Stuttgart, 1839, will throw light on the progress and character of religious poetry in Germany. The *Festbüchlein* of the parabolist KRUMMACHER, Essen, 1828; the Poems of HEY, Berlin, 1816; the *Brüdergesänge* of the Moravian GARVE, Gnadau, 1827; the *Christoterpe* and *Christen Lieder*, of ALBERT KNAPP; the Poems of AGNES FRANZ, Essen, 1836–1837; and the *Stemblumen* of HENRIETTA GOTTSCHALK, appended to the 1837 Berlin edition of Schenkendorf's Poems, are also worthy of especial notice.

be readily discerned and avoided, for to every pillar and post of the infected or suspected districts the wary health-officers of our criticism have affixed their red cross of warning. And if we be, indeed, in that third age of which Fichte speaks, — if our appropriate duty be the collection and hoarding up of facts and opinions, Germany offers richer stores of both than can readily be found elsewhere. If we seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, the science of Germany must be our guide; if we are involved in the metaphysical labyrinth, there the German has been before us, and his clew, we may be sure, will lead us out at last into the open day; if we would ascend the stream of history, we may take our pilot perhaps from France or England, but we shall still find that he has borrowed his chart and his compass from Germany. And if, with a higher and wider purpose, we seek a generous self-culture, which shall develop all our faculties, till we freely drink in the soul of love and beauty and wisdom from all nature and art and history, we must draw inspiration from the noblest thinkers of the nation whose warm, comprehensive genius has most fully unfolded the universe to us, in the grand unity of its conception and the excellent perfection of its parts.* We must make ourselves familiar with the spirit of the literature which is glorious with the renown of Lessing and Herder and Goethe and Schelling.

W. H. H.

ART. VIII. — COLMAN'S EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.*

IN April, 1843, Mr. Colman sailed for England to commence a European agricultural tour. Animated by a generous enthusiasm, he boldly undertook a gigantic labor. His absence was protracted to a period of more than five years, and in this time he could not thoroughly explore, still less

* 1. *European Agriculture and Rural Economy. From Personal Observation.* By HENRY COLMAN. Boston: A. D. Phelps. 1844-1848. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 492 and 598.

2. *The Agriculture and Rural Economy of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland. From Personal Observation.* By HENRY COLMAN. Boston: A. D. Phelps. 1848. 8vo. pp. 304. [Principally a reprint of the portions of the former work relating to the Continent.]

could he reap, so wide and so fruitful a field. He has been an intelligent observer and an industrious gleaner. We welcome him back. We are glad that he comes again, bearing with him many heavy heads of golden grain.

Our limits will not allow, nor does the character of this publication demand, a detailed review of Mr. Colman's work. It has its faults and its deficiencies. It is often discursive, it is sometimes too minute in its details. Its style is occasionally obscure, and sometimes careless. It is not a farmer's manual, nor an agricultural dictionary. It has not scientific, historical, or practical completeness. It is a work containing much general information, collected by a traveller living in the midst of new and exciting scenes, oppressed by the wealth of material around him, and forced to exercise a prompt selection, that he might meet the recurring demands of a distant press, and fulfil, as far as possible, a recorded promise to many distant subscribers.

It has been objected that Mr. Colman's work is not practical, and we must admit that this objection is not without apparent truth. It may be feared that the laboring farmer, the man who in the sweat of his brow wrests from the soil his daily bread, will reject these Reports with a sneer about *book-farming*, and justify to himself this judgment by a reference to many chapters, which, it must be acknowledged, can promise to him very little direct practical good. And yet the hard-handed farmer will be the loser by so doing : his understanding of the word "practical" is too narrow, if he explains it to mean only that which is immediately applicable, with a promise of an immediate and tangible return in money or in produce. That should be reckoned practical which is determinate and useful, though the use may be remote. All absolute knowledge is, or may become, practical, at least by suggestion. The farmer of New England has little direct interest in the creation of arable land on the shingle of a sea-beach, or in the straightening of a river flowing through an English swamp ; he is not likely to reclaim salt marsh by "warping," while thousands of acres of fertile upland are yet untouched by the plough ; he cannot undertake any of those vast projects for draining and sub-soiling which require alike much capital and cheap labor, with a certain market, and a generous price for the product to be ultimately acquired at so much cost. Now Mr. Colman has much to say on the subjects just mentioned, and on others not more directly useful.

It is a curious fact that he seems least practical where he is most minute. The details of these expensive operations of English and Dutch husbandry occupy a considerable portion of the work, and of course exclude other matter, of which he had no lack. We regret this error in judgment, for such it seems to us to be. But we must still maintain that these accounts are not in themselves worthless. They show the character, and throw light upon the social and political position, of the people who have energy and inducement to undertake these great works ; they offer just ground for self-confidence, when they show us what may be accomplished by a determined will directing a ready and skilful hand ; they stand forth as examples for the future and memorials of the past ; and they should suggest to us a constant cause for thankfulness in our own more favorable position. Moreover, the small farmer may have occasion for works on a small scale, which involve the same general principles that underlie these magnificent improvements. Drainage is essential to the successful cultivation of much of our land, and every man who owns a cranberry-meadow knows something of the principle of warping, though perhaps he would stare wildly at the sight of the word. The ditches in our salt-marshes serve to reclaim lands from the sea, and the spring-floods of our fresh-water rivers sometimes bring about strange changes in the character, and even in the position, of our rich alluvial meadows. Our planting brethren of Mississippi and Louisiana live, like the Hollanders, below the water level, though a breach in the levee would not probably be as disastrous as any one of the many terrible disruptions of the Dutch dykes.

Mr. Colman preaches economy in agriculture, and especially economy in saving and in using manure. His sermon is timely ; we hope it may prove in some degree effectual. We are, probably, the most wasteful of all agricultural people. Not many years ago, the farmers who tilled the banks of the Hudson River were in the habit of carting out their manure in the winter, and depositing it on the frozen surface of the stream, that with the breaking up of the ice they might be delivered from a nuisance. From the Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1845, it appears that this practice still prevails in the neighbourhood of Lafayette in Indiana, and that the utter waste of this precious material is accomplished at a cost of from twelve and a half to twenty cents a load. On the other hand, in one of the pamphlets on guano

published some two or three years since, it was recommended to farmers to use this substance as long as it could be obtained, and accumulate their manures of domestic composition as a resource in that evil day when the guano islands should be levelled to the ocean line. We venture to assert that a careful economy will enable the cultivator to use profitably the manure which he makes from year to year, and free him from any dismal apprehensions as to a deficiency in the future. Compensation seems to be in the physical, like retribution in the moral world, a part of God's unalterable law. "As a man soweth so shall he reap." We are not left without means wherewith to sow liberally on a soil enriched abundantly; ignorance and slothfulness do not receive, because they will not earn, the teeming harvest.

We wish to give credit to Mr. Colman for his moral courage in speaking plainly of certain elements of highest utility in the composition and application of manures. Here, at least, he is practical; and he is right in refusing to defer to the fastidiousness of any of his readers. At this day, and here among us, the liquid manure of the farm is to a very great degree wasted, and in many cases is not once thought of in the calculations of the season. It is a great and a most unjustifiable neglect, the consequence of an impoverishing ignorance or laziness, and its effects are not limited to a single crop or a single season. It is the perfection of husbandry to secure for each year an abundant crop, and at the same time to gradually improve the land: it is a great duty in a growing country to provide for all probable increase, and the surest way to do this is to increase the fertility of the soil. We wonder at the apparently exhaustless richness of our prairie lands; let us not forget that they were made, in God's great and beneficent providence, by continued annual deposits. Each year a crop has been waving luxuriantly in the summer breezes, which, in its death and decomposition each year has added to the depth and fertility of the soil. We should learn a lesson from this kind teaching, and emulate in our humble way the great and good economy of the Almighty.

The chapters on "soiling," or house-feeding, contain much useful information very fairly stated. Many allowances are to be made for differences of climate and of circumstances, and at present no statements of success or failure in any one case can be reckoned decisive as to the

result in any other. The practice of soiling, as a matter of choice, is still new, and its expediency as a general plan must be determined by further experience. One very great good is sure to result from a general adoption of the practice, — a large increase of available manure. The advocates for soiling claim also other advantages, often, doubtless, with good reason. The statistics on this subject which Mr. Colman affords are various, and sometimes contradictory. This should excite no surprise. Different periods of the year, different seasons, the peculiarities of soil, and the age of pastures, all modify the results of grazing, and should be duly considered when depastured cattle are compared with those fed in houses. The many modifying circumstances which affect agricultural results are fruitful sources of the disappointment so often experienced by persons who rely on agricultural statistics. Hence practical men are apt to acquire an undue contempt for all tabular statements, and for the theories based upon them. There is in vegetable, as in animal, physiology, a principle of life which, as yet, disturbs the action of purely mechanical laws, and sets at defiance the attempt to reduce growth and development to merely chemical or electric phenomena. One of the most conspicuous, if not one of the most illustrious, chemists of the present age has promised so largely in his *Vegetable Chemistry*, that many good innocent believers have been ready to suppose that they need only mix the various elements in due proportions to make a potato or a sugar-beet. These expectations have not been realized: even the attempts to prepare in the laboratory manures peculiarly and invariably adapted by their chemical composition to supply the chemical wants of particular crops have not been, so far as we know, in any satisfactory degree, successful. They belong still to the department of *fancy-farming*. Mr. Colman is aware of the fallacies which abound in the statements of comparative results, and makes allowance for them.

In connection with the practice of soiling cattle comes the consideration of economy in the use of fodder, and Mr. Colman's statements and advice in this matter are worthy of careful consideration. Fodder maintains the stock, and the stock manures the farm: other things being equal, he is the most thrifty farmer who best maintains in health and usefulness the largest stock. We commend the whole chapter on soiling to the careful and candid attention of all practical farmers, and

take the opportunity to say that it should be particularly interesting, because it presents a subject particularly important, to the poor man, who, holding but little land, is therefore often unable to keep and feed the stock which would greatly promote the comfort and well-being of his family.

Mr. Colman seems chiefly to have attended to soiling as practised in England, where hay is comparatively scarce, and where esculent vegetables, the green crops, are raised in great quantities for cattle. In England, grazing is practicable for most of the year ; sheep are rarely housed, but fed in the fields through the season : with us, in New England, grazing can be relied upon for only about five months in the year, and all stock needs protection from the rigor of our winter. Moreover, we have a crop, maize, peculiarly adapted for cut green fodder, which is not cultivated in Great Britain. Then, too, we have abundance of hay, which we often waste recklessly. All these considerations seem to show that we, especially, may derive advantage from house-feeding ; we hope to see our intelligent farmers fairly testing the matter by judicious and extended experiments.

Great Britain is eminent among the nations for the magnitude of her agricultural undertakings, and especially for the vast amount of capital annually devoted to agriculture, as distinguished from the capital permanently invested in land. The laws of entail serve to keep large landed estates undivided, and the wealth of the country and the great body of consumers who are not producers induce capitalists to expend immense sums in the cultivation of the soil. As a consequence, we find that the agricultural condition of the country is promising and progressive. We may look to Great Britain as the place for great experiments, and may gratefully avail ourselves of the experience which her capital, and too often, also, her distress, has purchased. It is a sad fact, that the agricultural excellence of a people should be based upon such fearful inequality of social position and such hopeless depression of the great body of productive laborers. We regret the want of ready convertible capital to be invested in farming, here, in the farming portions of the United States. God forbid that we should acquire money for such investment by the degradation of the human capital, to which all other should be always subservient.

We have but little money devoted to the soil. Our farmers are mostly men of very moderate means, — starting often

with a debt and a mortgage, laboring often under other disadvantages from the want of funds, rearing large families and maintaining comfortable homes, passing their lives in unceasing labor, and bequeathing a similar lot to their descendants. They are very apt to grumble at their hard fate ; apt to envy the merchants and the professional men, and, if possible, to follow in their footsteps, forsaking the wholesome, safe labor of the country for the exciting hopes and sad disappointments of the exchange, or the dull inaction or ungenerous rivalry of the professions. Look at the swarms of young men who annually leave the paternal acres to seek wealth and fame amid the bustle, the toil, and the temptations of our cities. If we could trace the history of one single year's migration, what a story of disappointment and ruin might be written down. It has been said that more than three-fourths of all the traders in Boston fail once in the course of their business career : we do not answer for the truth of the assertion ; if it be half true, it presents a startling fact. That in mercantile and in professional life there is a vast amount of disappointment, no one can doubt ; in the farmer's life there need be no very bitter disappointment, so long as health and vigor enable a man to labor. We are not disposed to overrate the profits of farming : they are usually small, but with industry and thrift they are sure ; they will not ordinarily lead to wealth, they will almost invariably purchase independence. There have been extravagant representations as to the gain of farming in New England : we regret to see them, because they are likely to excite unreasonable expectations, and so lead to disappointment. Such representations have been made, we are willing to believe, in perfect good faith, but in error. The mistake has often arisen from confounding the profit of trade in crops or stock with the legitimate profit of tillage. Profits based on capital should be separated from the gains of mere labor or natural increase. It is well to make such statements, as showing how capital may be profitably employed ; it is unfortunate to fall into a fallacy which, when discovered, may prejudice the truth.

In the farming portions of the United States there is a use for capital, and a deficiency of it. A gentleman, whose name has long been familiar in this community, and who, after a life of active usefulness, is now quietly spending his declining years in superintending his farm, gave recently the result

of his experience, when he said, "It is true, too, in farming, 'that the liberal hand maketh rich.'" Liberal feeding, which conduces to liberal manuring, and a liberal allowance of labor, which shall make both stock and manure profitable, — these are the conditions of success in farming. It will readily be acknowledged that pecuniary capital will much assist the farmer in complying with these conditions. For want of capital our farmers often sell their hay, and for the sake of greater prices dispose of their best; now here is a double loss, — a loss in the manure-heap, and a loss in the condition of the stock. Sometimes the high cost of labor almost compels the farmer to neglect some portions of his work which can always be most satisfactorily and economically accomplished when it is done at just the right time. The want of ready money often causes him to allow his out-buildings, walls, and fences to go to decay, to his own manifest loss. These are discouraging facts. Can the evil be removed? Can farmers be made more thrifty, and therefore richer?

We believe that it is practicable to remove, in a great measure, the evils which arise from a want of capital in farming. When a wise man goes into trade, he regulates the amount of his business by the amount of his funds; let the farmer do the same. When fifty acres well tilled will employ all the capital and occupy all the time which a man can command, let him content himself with those fifty acres, and cultivate them well. As his means increase, — and with judicious industry and frugality they will increase, — let him, if he will, buy and cultivate more, making it his unalterable rule to hold and maintain no more than he can profitably use. With an accurate system of farm accounts, he can never be at a loss as to the course which he should pursue. In short, let the farmer become an accountant and a calculator, and he will seldom become a bankrupt.

When a young man determines to enter upon a mercantile or a professional career, he deems it necessary to subject himself to a certain course of training with particular reference to his future pursuit: the elementary education of the farmer has usually no particular reference to his future calling. He early begins to learn from observation, but he has no theory with which to compare results. Our agriculture, and, so far as we know, the agriculture of the world, is to a great extent traditional or empiric. We do not overlook, and are not disposed unduly to depreciate, the labors which scientific

men have of late years bestowed on this most important field of research. We are grateful for every honest endeavour to throw light upon the mysterious agencies of nature in developing and perfecting the beautiful vegetable life which delights and supports our own animal existence. We are not surprised that so little has been accomplished, and we do not fear that patient devotees of science will be discouraged at the magnitude of their labors and the slowness of their progress; we shall not regret the mortification which may await scientific arrogance and presumption. The failure in the application of chemical, geological, atmospheric, electric, and entomological knowledge to the practice of agriculture has, in great part, arisen from the fact, that the scientific minds which, in the seclusion of the study, investigate the nature and the causes, are not able in the field to follow and observe the operations, of things. Men of science reason back from effect to cause, from development to law; practical farmers have need to know the cause and the law, that they may anticipate the effect and the development. We cannot expect all men to be well-informed men of science, but we might have all farmers well informed in the elements of science pertaining to their own profession. In this connection we commend Mr. Colman's chapters on agricultural education; they will afford many useful hints which we should be glad to have accepted.

The possession of a small capital is often with our young men a reason for abandoning the life of a farmer. This is a strange perversion, but daily experience confirms the truth of the statement. Just now thousands of young men are leaving happy homes and rushing eagerly into crowded steerages to undergo a five months' confinement on ship-board, and all the hardships of a passage round Cape Horn, that they may mix among the depraved and outcast of the earth in a greedy scramble for gold. That Sacramento valley, foul with crime, squalid with hunger, and reeking with disease, has more allurements for them than the peaceful, abundant, healthful fields of New England, where honest, patient industry has never failed to realize the promise of Scripture, "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread." It is probably no extravagant estimate, that in the course of 1849 fifty thousand persons will have visited the gold regions of California. Allow each man to have spent two hundred dollars in reaching the land of promise, and the whole cost

of the emigration will amount to ten millions of dollars, all expended in an attempt to grow rapidly rich in a demoralizing and enervating search after gold. The two hundred dollars paid as passage money, and for an outfit, would buy one hundred and sixty acres of the most fertile land. The wages of five months, worse than wasted at sea, would buy a yoke of cattle. The price of a return passage would cover the necessary cash expenses of a comfortable house. Can it be said, in view of this estimate, that there is no capital which can be spared for agriculture? There is capital, but there is more avarice, and the money is put into channels whose currents, though swift and dangerous, yet flow towards some region of great prospective gain.

Farming is sometimes considered a low and vulgar occupation. Shallow-headed shopkeepers and silly merchants' clerks will have their jest at the clodhopper, when his blue frock brushes against their broadcloth. Let them enjoy their harmless amusement : for ourselves, as a matter of taste, we prefer a pitchfork to a yardstick, would rather turn a greensward than a cotton-bale, and think it better to feed the cows than to handle green-salted cowhides. Merchants of high ambition and extended operations are apt to look upon farming as a petty business. When we compare individuals, and place the great results of successful mercantile enterprise against the average results of successful farming, there seems to be some reason for the objection. It is true, that, in a comparison of individuals, the merchant's business appears great beside the farmer's ; but such a comparison does not exhibit the whole truth, but only a partial statement, which leads to error. Commerce is based upon the interchange of the products of the earth ; a very important part of all the products of the earth are derived from agriculture ; commerce is, therefore, in a very important degree, based upon agriculture. The merchant holds much the same position in reference to the farmers which the executive and representative officers in a democracy hold towards the people : the farmers are the constituency ; the merchants are the chosen servants, laboring, like most other servants, with a careful eye to their own advantage. They are honorable for their enterprise, and indispensable in their usefulness ; they should be too intelligent to despise the humble labors which afford the material for their great operations. In every populous country the home consumption absorbs the chief portion of

the agricultural produce ; hence it is seldom fully reckoned in commercial statistics. Those products which are exported acquire an undue importance in the estimation of legislators and of merchants, and the actual productive wealth of a country can be but imperfectly understood by an inspection of its statute-books and custom-house accounts. We read much about cotton and sugar in our Congressional reports ; we seldom find a sentence which treats of hay and potatoes : and yet the actual annual value of all the cotton of the United States is less than one half of the annual value of the hay crop, and the price of all the potatoes would buy all the sugar twice over.*

The agricultural interest is the great conservative interest of a country. It attaches men to the soil ; it makes it desirable for them to maintain the established order of things against the attacks of subversive and reckless reformers ; it may sometimes make them bigots, — it never can make them revolutionists. The history of La Vendée in the earlier periods of the French revolution of 1789, and the yet incomplete history of the revolution of February, 1848, afford strong proof of the tendency of an agricultural community to withstand the most exciting temptations to anarchy and destructiveness. The Vendéans were a people living a retired life on little farms, situated in a secluded and salubrious region. Their gains were small, their habits were simple, and their minds were calm and religious. For four years they took no active part in the tumultuous proceedings of a people mad with license, — only submitting to the revolutionary government with an acknowledgment of its *de facto* power, but avoiding, up to this time, the excesses which disgraced the inhabitants of many of the large cities of France. At length the patience of a loyal people became exhausted ; the religious sentiment so long outraged burst forth with all the zeal of a crusade, and the farmers of La Vendée for a long time held in check the torrent of licentious anarchy which all Europe was for a quarter of a century unable to control. Those dying words of Sombreuil were a fit expression of the constancy of his compatriots. "I bend," said he, as he knelt to receive the death-shot, "I bend one knee to my God, and another to my sovereign."

* See Patent-Office Reports for 1844, 1845, and 1847, and New Orleans Price Current, September 1, 1847.

Was it from a wonderful forecast, or in a blind obedience to destiny, that Napoleon, in the midday of his glory and the fulness of his power, enacted, in 1803, that law of succession which, in 1848, had so much effect in staying the tide of revolution, and placing a second Napoleon in the presidential chair of France? The subdivision of the land which followed as a necessary consequence of the new law of inheritance seems to have infused a spirit of conservatism even into the excitable minds of Frenchmen. Mr. Colman states, on the authority of Porter, that "in 1838 the population of landed proprietors, with their families, was estimated at 20,000,000, or nearly two thirds of the total population. The average size of each property is about fourteen acres." Here, then, are a large majority of a people having a direct personal interest in the preservation of good order and peace. They all have ties to their homes; they all have a personal interest in the acts of the government. On them falls the burden of taxation; on them are visited the distress and the horrors of war. He may well dread a conscription, who may be called by it to leave a happy fireside and a productive farm; he may well dread, and will doubtless resist, a project for aggressive invasion, who will be sure to find in increased and unavoidable taxation bitter experience of its cost. He is of necessity concerned in the sure and progressive prosperity of a country, who has freehold possession of a portion of its soil. It is not necessary to defend the wisdom of the Vendéans in 1793, or of the electors of 1848. The history of the parties shows a desire in an agricultural people to maintain some fixed and definite government in opposition to anarchy. We may reasonably presume that the situation and the conduct of a people hold mutually the relation of cause and effect.

The moral influences of agriculture are genial and elevating. The farmer is, next after God, a creator. He walks in daily intimacy with nature, is daily called upon to yield obedience to her laws. He may be dull, he may be wicked; but if so, he cannot charge the stupidity or the sin upon the enervating or the seductive influences of business. A free heaven is always above him, a friendly soil bears up his footsteps; let him raise his thoughts above, and bend in labor on the earth below. God will not deceive him. He, of all men, is sure of his reward.

W. A. D.

ART. IX. — MARY BARTON.*

"MARY BARTON" did not come forth under the auspicious influence of any great name or favorite author, but, if American republishers ever read what they print, here surely was an opportunity of treating with some little respect, so far as typography is concerned, a production whose intrinsic worth will insure it a wide circulation, even in the Messrs. Harpers' small type and double columns. The work was published in England, last October, anonymously; but it is well known to have been written by the wife of a Unitarian minister in Manchester, — a first attempt, as we understand. It is long since we read *Waverley*, — "the immortal tale," as Lockhart calls it, — said to have been Scott's first attempt at novel-writing; but it does not seem to us now that we could have read it with such a depth of interest, nor with such mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, as have been excited by the perusal of "*Mary Barton*." And yet *Waverley* had all the extraneous aids of history, the romance belonging to every thing connected with Scotland at the period referred to, and the charm, to every Scottish heart, in the name of Stuart. *Mary Barton* is a poor weaver's daughter; her home, a small house in a "little paved court" in "dingy, smoky Manchester." Who has ever associated romance or pathos with the dizzy whirl of machinery, or the fumes of roaring furnaces, making "darker that which was dark enough before"? Yet the writer of this tale has succeeded in producing a charming work. It possesses, we think, extraordinary merit; and we sit down, we confess, to praise it, and that most heartily. There is about it what can be found in few or none of the works of fiction of the present day, verily, a beauty of holiness, though it has not the slightest pretension to be what is technically called a "religious novel." The reader is made to feel that true religion, the spirit of Christianity, is the all-pervading principle in the mind of the writer, whose own beautiful character breathes through every page of the book. There is no effort, no straining after effect. So simply and naturally is the fearful story told, that we feel as if we were listening to a true tale from the lips of a

* *Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life*. In two Volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1848. 12mo. pp. 317 and 312.

The Same. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 149.

friend ; we forget that we have been told it is only a fiction ; heart seems to speak to heart, and leaves its impress there. The delineation of individual character is wonderfully graphic, and the manner in which the incidents are woven into the narrative is highly dramatic. We are aware that to a foreigner one peculiar charm of the work must be lost ; for, to enjoy it thoroughly, one must have a knowledge of the locality, the dialect, the manners and habits of the poor in England, and of Lancashire in particular.

We will not mar the interest of the reader by giving even an outline of the story, but content ourselves with observing, that the purpose of the writer is, taking Manchester as an example, to describe the "woes which come, with ever returning, tide-like flood, to overwhelm the workmen" in the English manufacturing towns, and "the state of feeling among too many of the factory people." On looking at Manchester now, it is almost impossible for one to convince himself that they have not been long gathered to their fathers, who wandered in the green fields, and on the banks of the rivers, Irwell and Medlock, which, in their day, meandered as beautifully and peacefully through the now densely peopled district, as does the Charles in the neighbourhood of Boston. What true American but must shudder at the thought of the rural scenes, which now gladden the heart of every denizen of New England, being transformed into a busy, toiling, suffering, manufacturing region, subject to such fearful distress as is caused by the alternations of trade in the manufacturing districts of England ? Let us look upon some of the sad pictures of a season of commercial depression given in the pages before us.

"For three years past, trade had been getting worse and worse, and the price of provisions higher and higher. This disparity between the amount of the earnings of the working classes and the price of their food occasioned, in more cases than could well be imagined, disease and death. Whole families went through a gradual starvation. They only wanted a Dante to record their sufferings. And yet even his words would fall short of the awful truth ; they could only present an outline of the tremendous facts of the destitution that surrounded thousands upon thousands in the terrible years 1839, 1840, 1841. Even philanthropists, who had studied the subject, were forced to own themselves perplexed in the endeavour to ascertain the real causes of the misery ; the whole matter was of so complicated a nature, that it became next to impossible to understand it thoroughly. It

need excite no surprise, then, to learn that a bad feeling between workingmen and the upper classes became very strong in this season of privation. The indigence and sufferings of the operatives induced a suspicion in the minds of many of them, that their legislators, their magistrates, their employers, and even their ministers of religion, were, in general, their oppressors and enemies, and were in league for their prostration and enthrallment. The most deplorable and enduring evil that arose out of the period of commercial depression to which I refer was this feeling of alienation between the different classes of society. It is so impossible to describe, or even faintly to picture, the state of distress which prevailed in the town at that time, that I will not attempt it; and yet I think again that surely, in a Christian land, it was not known even so feebly as words could tell it, or the more happy and fortunate would have thronged with their sympathy and their aid. In many instances the sufferers wept first, and then they cursed. Their vindictive feelings exhibited themselves in rabid politics. And when I hear, as I have heard, of the sufferings and privations of the poor, of provision-shops where ha'p'orths of tea, sugar, butter, and even flour, were sold to accommodate the indigent, — of parents sitting in their clothes by the fireside during the whole night for seven weeks together, in order that their only bed and bedding might be reserved for the use of their large family, — of others sleeping upon the cold hearthstone for weeks in succession, without adequate means of providing themselves with food or fuel (and this in the depth of winter), — of others being compelled to fast for days together, uncheered by any hope of better fortune, living, moreover, or rather starving, in a crowded garret or damp cellar, and gradually sinking under the pressure of want and despair into a premature grave; and when this has been confirmed by the evidence of their care-worn looks, their excited feelings, and their desolate homes, — can I wonder that many of them, in such times of misery and destitution, spoke and acted with ferocious precipitation? — Vol. 1. pp. 129, 130.

“Despair settled down like a heavy cloud; and now and then, through the dead calm of sufferings, came pipings of stormy winds, foretelling the end of these dark prognostics. In times of sorrowful or fierce endurance, we are often soothed by the mere repetition of old proverbs which tell the experience of our forefathers; but now, ‘it’s a long lane that has no turning,’ ‘the weariest day draws to an end,’ &c., seemed false and vain sayings, so long and so weary was the pressure of the terrible times. Deeper and deeper still sank the poor; it showed how much lingering suffering it takes to kill men, that so few (in comparison) died during those times. But remember! we only miss those who do

men's work in their humble sphere ; the aged, the feeble, the children, when they die, are hardly noted by the world ; and yet to many hearts, their deaths make a blank which long years will never fill up. Remember, too, that though it may take much suffering to kill the able-bodied and effective members of society, it does *not* take much to reduce them to worn, listless, diseased creatures, who thenceforward crawl through life with moody hearts and pain-stricken bodies.

"The people had thought the poverty of the preceding years hard to bear, and had found its yoke heavy ; but this year added sorely to its weight. Former times had chastised them with whips, but this chastised them with scorpions." — Vol. 1. pp. 174, 175.

Again, let us listen to John Barton. We should premise, however, that there had been a "strike" in Manchester ; some of the operatives refusing to work for such a rate of wages as their employers decided to pay, whilst another party were willing to take such as they could obtain, rather than starve, — "half a loaf being better than no bread." The latter were designated as "knobstics." Then strife, fearful strife, arises between the two parties ; some of the terrible consequences of which our author describes with a simplicity and pathos rarely equalled. We remember once, in driving through one of the principal streets in Manchester, to have met a large body of men walking in double file and guarded by a strong detachment of the police. With a sorrowful heart we gazed upon them, supposing that they were unfortunate men on their way to prison ; but upon inquiring, we learned they were "knobstics," whom the police were protecting from the violence of the other party, as they passed to and from their work at the mill. John Barton was attending a meeting of deputies from the Trades' Union ; he tells them that "he has seen the evil of attacking the knobstics," "the poor like themselves."

"No !" cries he, "what I would do is this. Have at the masters !" Again he shouted, 'Have at the masters !' He spoke lower ; all listened with hushed breath.

"It's the masters as has wrought this woe ; it's the masters as should pay for it. Him as called me coward just now may try if I am one or not. Set me to serve out the masters, and see if there's aught I'll stick at."

"It would give th' masters a bit on a fright, if one on them were beaten within an inch of his life," said one.

“‘Ay! or beaten till no life were left in him,’ growled another.

“And so with words, or looks that told more than words, they built up a deadly plan. Deeper and darker grew the import of their speeches, as they stood hoarsely muttering their meaning out, and glaring, with eyes that told the terror their own thoughts were to them, upon their neighbours. Their clenched fists, their set teeth, their livid looks, all told the suffering their minds were voluntarily undergoing in the contemplation of crime, and in familiarizing themselves with its details.

“Then came one of those fierce, terrible oaths which bind members of trades’ unions to any given purpose. Then, under the flaring gaslight, they met together to consult further. With the distrust of guilt, each was suspicious of his neighbour; each dreaded the treachery of another. A number of pieces of paper (the identical letter on which the caricature had been drawn that very morning) were torn up, and *one was marked*. Then all were folded up again, looking exactly alike. They were shuffled together in a hat. The gas was extinguished; each drew out a paper. The gas was relighted. Then each went as far as he could from his fellows, and examined the paper he had drawn without saying a word, and with a countenance as stony and immovable as he could make it.

“Then, still rigidly silent, they each took up their hats and went every one his own way.

“He who had drawn the marked paper had drawn the lot of the assassin! and he had sworn to act according to his drawing! But no one save God and his own conscience knew who was the appointed murderer!” — Vol. I. pp. 299, 300.

“Ah! but,” the American will naturally say, “our republican institutions, and vast extent of territory, will save us from such a state of things.” Governments cannot, however, prevent the fluctuations of trade, or the improvidence of the poor; neither can mill-owners be expected to give the usual rate of wages to work-people, when the supply is greater than the demand, and competition presses so hard that they are obliged to sell the manufactured goods for little more than the cost of the raw material. Even now, in this land of promise, wages in the mills have been reduced, in some instances, very materially. If but a shadow of the appalling scenes described as existing abroad should darken our fair and prosperous country in consequence of our becoming a manufacturing people, then would we fervently reiterate the words we have so often heard quoted from Mr. Jefferson, — “While we have land to labor, let our workshops remain in Europe.”

The events of the story which we are noticing, with one exception, are of the most common, every-day character ; but they are painted by a master's hand, and some of the scenes are brought before us with a vivid reality that is fearful ; and yet we feel that by their influence, as by that of real affliction, the heart is purified and softened. We love to linger over the passages which strike us most, to analyze the feelings and motives described. We will join that sorrowing group who are ministering to the last wants of poor Davenport, the weaver, who, worn down by famine, is dying of malignant fever.

"Most probably, as they all felt, he could not speak, for his strength was fast ebbing. They stood round him still and silent ; even the wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep him quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living one, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length he brought (with jerking, convulsive effort) his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps, and not in tones.

"'Oh, Lord God ! I thank thee that the hard struggle of living is over.'

"'Oh, Ben ! Ben !' wailed forth his wife, 'have you no thought for me ? Oh, Ben ! Ben ! do say one word to help me through life.'

"He could not speak again. The trump of the archangel would set his tongue free ; but not a word more would it utter till then. Yet he heard, he understood, and, though sight failed, he moved his hand gropingly over the covering. They knew what he meant, and guided it to her head, bowed and hidden in her hands, when she had sunk in her woe. It rested there, with a feeble pressure of endearment. The face grew beautiful, as the soul neared God. A peace beyond understanding came over it. The hand was a heavy, stiff weight on the wife's head. No more grief or sorrow for him. They reverently laid out the corpse, — Wilson fetching his only spare shirt to array it in. The wife still lay hidden in the clothes, in a stupor of agony." — Vol. I. pp. 107, 108.

How beautifully are the sentiments expressed which we find in the scene where poor Mary is sinking under her heavy trial !

"But, in the desert of misery with which these thoughts surrounded her, the arid depths of whose gloom she dared not ven-

ture to contemplate, a little spring of comfort was gushing up at her feet, unnoticed at first, but soon to give her strength and hope.

"And *that* was the necessity for exertion on her part, which this discovery enforced.

"Oh! I do think that the necessity for exertion, for some kind of action (bodily or mental) in time of distress, is a most infinite blessing, although the first efforts at such seasons are painful. Something to be done implies that there is yet hope of some good thing to be accomplished, or some additional evil that may be avoided; and by degrees the hope absorbs much of the sorrow.

"It is the woes that cannot in any earthly way be escaped that admit least earthly comforting. Of all trite, worn-out, hollow mockeries of comfort that were ever uttered by people who will not take the trouble of sympathizing with others, the one I dislike the most is the exhortation not to grieve over an event, 'for it cannot be helped.' Do you think, if I could help it, I would sit still with folded hands, content to mourn? Do you not believe, that, as long as hope remained, I would be up and doing? I mourn because what has occurred cannot be helped. The reason you give me for not grieving is the very and sole reason of my grief. Give me nobler and higher reasons for enduring meekly what my Father sees fit to send, and I will try earnestly and faithfully to be patient; but mock me not, or any other mourner, with the speech, 'Do not grieve, for it cannot be helped; it is past remedy.'" — Vol. II. pp. 71, 72.

Let us stand by the death-bed of Alice, the pious, kind-hearted old washerwoman.

"They found Alice alive, and without pain. And that was all. A child of a few weeks old would have had more bodily strength; a child of a very few months old, more consciousness of what was passing before her. But, even in this state, she diffused an atmosphere of peace around her. True, Will, at first, wept passionate tears at the sight of her, who had been as a mother to him, so standing on the confines of life. But even now, as always, loud, passionate feeling could not long endure in the calm of her presence. The firm faith which her mind had no longer power to grasp had left its trail of glory; for by no other word can I call the bright, happy look which illuminated the old earth-worn face. Her talk, it is true, bore no more that constant, earnest reference to God and his holy word which it had done in health, and there were no death-bed words of exhortation from the lips of one so habitually pious. For still she imagined herself once again in the happy, happy realms of childhood, and again dwelling in the lovely Northern haunts where

she had so often longed to be. Though earthly sight was gone away, she beheld again the scenes she had loved from long years ago! she saw them without a change to dim the old radiant hues. The long dead were with her, fresh and blooming as in those bygone days. And death came to her as a welcome blessing, like as evening comes to the weary child. Her work here was finished, and faithfully done.

"What better sentence can an emperor wish to have said over his bier? In second childhood (that blessing clouded by a name), she said her "*Nunc Dimittis*," — the sweetest canticle to the holy.

"'Mother, good night! Dear mother, bless me once more! I'm very tired, and would fain go to sleep.' She never spoke again on this side of heaven." — Vol II. pp. 222, 223.

A beautiful little episode is introduced into the story, in which an incident is so naturally and simply related, that we think its pathetic interest must be derived from fact. Job Legh and his dead daughter's father-in-law are returning from London, where they had just laid the bodies of their children, husband and wife, in one lowly grave. The two desolate old men are carrying to their far-off home in Lancashire their infant grandchild, the poor, unconscious orphan, whose little life is still measured by days.

"Th' longest lane will have a turning, and that night came to an end at last; and we were foot-sore and tired enough, and to my mind th' babby were getting weaker and weaker, and it wrung my heart to hear its little wail. I'd ha' given my right hand for one of yesterday's hearty cries. We were wanting our breakfasts, and so were it, too, motherless babby! We could see no public-house; so about six o'clock (only we thought it were later), we stopped at a cottage where a woman were moving about near th' open door. Says I, 'Good woman, may we rest us a bit?' 'Come in,' says she, wiping a chair, as looked bright enough afore, wi' her apron. It were a cheery, clean room; and we were glad to sit down again, though I thought my legs would never bend at th' knees. In a minute she fell a noticing th' babby, and took it in her arms, and kissed it again and again. 'Missis,' says I, 'we're not without money, and if yo'd give us somewhat for breakfast, we'd pay yo honest; and if yo would wash and dress that poor babby, and get some pobbies* down its throat, for it's wellnigh clemmed,† I'd pray

* "Pobbies," or "pobs," child's porridge.

† "Clem," to starve with hunger.

for yo till my dying day.' So she said naught, but give me th' babby back, and afore yo could say Jack Robinson, she'd a pan on th' fire, and bread and cheese on th' table. When she turned round, her face looked red, and her lips were tight pressed together. Well, we were right down glad on our breakfast, and God bless and reward that woman for her kindness that day; she fed th' poor babby as gently and softly, and spoke to it as tenderly, as its own poor mother could ha' done. It seemed as if that stranger and it had known each other afore, may be in heaven, where folk's spirits come from, they say; th' babby looked up so lovingly in her eyes, and made little noises more like a dove than aught else. Then she undressed it (poor darling! it were time), touching it so softly; and washed it from head to foot; and as many on its things were dirty, and what bits o' things its mother had gotten ready for it had been sent by th' carrier fra' London, she put 'em aside; and wrapping little naked babby in her apron, she pulled out a key as were fastened to a black ribbon, and hung down her breast, and unlocked a drawer in th' dresser. I were sorry to be prying, but I could na help seeing in that drawer some little child's clothes, all strewed wi' lavender, and lying by 'em a little whip an' a broken rattle. I began to have an insight into that woman's heart then. She took out a thing or two, and locked the drawer, and went on dressing babby. Just about then come her husband down, a great big fellow as didn't look half awake, though it were getting late; but he'd heard all as had been said downstairs, as were plain to be seen; but he were a gruff chap. We'd finished our breakfast, and Jennings were looking hard at th' woman as were getting the babby to sleep wi' a sort of rocking way. At length says he, 'I ha' learnt th' way now: it's two jiggits and a shake, two jiggits and a shake. I can get that babby asleep now mysel.'

"The man had nodded cross enough to us, and had gone to th' door, and stood there whistling wi' his hands in his breeches pockets, looking abroad; but at last he turns and says, quite sharp, —

"'I say, missis, I'm to have no breakfast to-day, I s'pose.'

"So wi' that she kissed the child, a long, soft kiss; and looking in my face to see if I could take her meaning, gave me th' babby without a word. I were loath to stir, but I saw it were better to go. So giving Jennings a sharp nudge (for he'd fallen asleep), I says, 'Missis, what's to pay?' pulling out my money wi' a jingle, that she might na guess we were at all bare o' cash. So she looks at her husband, who said ne'er a word, but were listening wi' all his ears nevertheless; and when she saw he would na say, she said, hesitating, as if pulled two ways by her

fear o' him, 'Should you think sixpence over much?' It were so different to public-house reckoning, — for we'd eaten a main deal afore the chap came down. So says I, 'And, missis, what should we gie you for the babby's bread and milk?' I had it once in my mind to say, 'and for a' your trouble with it'; but my heart would na let me say it, for I could read in her ways how it had been a work o' love. So says she, quite quick, and stealing a look at her husband's back, as looked all ear, if ever a back did, 'Oh, we could take nothing for the little babby's food, if it had eaten twice as much, bless it!' Wi' that he looked at her, — such a scowling look! She knew what he meant, and stepped softly across the floor to him, and put her hand on his arm. He seemed as though he'd shake it off by a jerk on his elbow, but she said quite low, 'For poor little Johnnie's sake, Richard.' He did not move or speak again, and after looking in his face for a minute, she turned away, swallowing deep in her throat. She kissed the sleeping babby as she passed, when I paid her. To quieten th' gruff husband, and stop him if he rated her, I could na help slipping another sixpence under th' loaf, and then we set off again. Last look I had o' that woman, she were quietly wiping her eyes wi' the corner of her apron, as she went about her husband's breakfast. But I shall know her in heaven." — Vol. I. pp. 166 – 170.

Job Legh is an original character, true to life; and the peculiar direction of his favorite scientific pursuits presents by no means a rare instance in the manufacturing districts, where we are constantly finding that the attention of the operatives is awakened and interested in subjects of a refined and cultivated nature; as one proof of which, we might remark that a course of lectures, "On the History of Religion, its Rise in Man's Nature, and the Various Forms in which it has been and is manifested in Different Ages and Countries," by the Rev. J. J. Tayler, and another course, "On the Geography and Antiquities of Palestine," by the Rev. William Gaskell, have been delivered the past winter, gratuitously, to the poor connected with the Unitarian Sunday School in Manchester. We wish our limits would permit us to give the description of a tea-party at Job Legh's house; but they will not, and we do not choose to spoil its quaint simplicity by curtailing it. This and the racy story of the "scorpion" display, we think, the writer's power in depicting a comic scene, as well as one requiring the aid of the tragic muse. Our fashionable readers will admit the truthful and happy manner in which the young ladies

in Mr. Carson's drawing-room are described, so listless and languid in consequence of "a dancing party the night before," — "Miss Sophy trying to read Emerson's Essays, and falling asleep in the attempt." Poor Esther is drawn with a fidelity and truth really terrible. The midnight visit to her niece offers a picture of an outcast under a new and deeply affecting aspect. We consider this as one of the most admirably drawn scenes in the book. The noble-hearted "Jem" endeavours to persuade the lost one to abandon her wretched life. Hear what she says, in her utter desolation.

"I tell you, I cannot. I could not lead a virtuous life, if I would. I should only disgrace you. If you will know all," said she, as he still seemed inclined to urge her, "I must have drink. Such as live like me could not bear life, if they did not drink. It's the only thing to keep us from suicide. If we did not drink, we could not stand the memory of what we have been, and the thought of what we are, for a day. If I go without food, and without shelter, I must have my dram. O, you don't know the awful nights I have had in prison for want of it!" said she, shuddering, and glaring round with terrified eyes, as if dreading to see some spiritual creature, with dim form, near her.

"It is so frightful to see them," whispering in tones of wildness, although so low spoken. "There they go round and round my bed the whole night through. My mother, carrying little Annie (I wonder how they got together), and Mary, — and all looking at me with their sad, stony eyes; O, Jem! it is so terrible! They don't turn back either, but pass behind the head of the bed, and I feel their eyes on me everywhere. If I creep under the clothes, I still see them; and, what is worse," hissing out her words with fright, "they see me. Don't speak to me of leading a better life, — I must have drink. I cannot pass to-night without a dram; I dare not." — Vol. I. pp. 256, 257.

Of the gentle, sensible Margaret we have space only to express our admiration. Affectionate, "frabbit" Jane Wilson, — the honest sailor, too, — with the rest, would it not be worth a journey to Canada to see them all in "their long, low wooden house, with room enough, and to spare"?

We think the writer has been rather hard upon the medical faculty, — where she describes them as "putting a fence on this side, and a fence on that, for fear they should be caught tripping in their judgment"; and we are moved to say, in the words of the sailor at the trial, "Will some

body with a wig on ask how much can be said for them?" We can speak for the humanity of one, — an eminent physician in the North of England, who used to devote two forenoons in every week to the gratuitous service of the poor, at his own house. One day, there came a poor sailor's wife with a sick baby, whose little pallid face so impressed the doctor, that he went to visit it in its home, — a cellar. Devotedly he attended through a dangerous illness, aiding and comforting the despairing parents. The child recovered. Fifteen years after, a knock was heard at the physician's door, too gentle for a professional summons. A man and woman made themselves known as the parents of that sick child. They brought a present to the "kind doctor's" daughter, — an immense doll, in a glass case, splendidly dressed after the manner of "Our Lady" in her shrine at Loretto, which the sailor had brought from "foreign parts."

We shall doubtless be considered by many readers as wanting in discrimination, not to have referred more particularly to the "fire," and other thrilling scenes; but these are more like what we meet with in other works, whilst in "*Mary Barton*" what we particularly admire is the freshness and vigor of the conception.

It has been said, that the design of this work was to bring the rich and the poor into more friendly contact, and create a feeling of sympathy between them. This is not, however, the conclusion at which we have arrived. From the great power the writer has evinced, we cannot doubt her ability to have carried out such a design, if it had been her object. The rich are never in want of chroniclers. "*Mary Barton*," we should say, is a soul-stirring, powerful plea for the poor. And we are the more convinced that we cannot be very far wrong in our impressions, from the remarks which we have heard made in reference to this book. "Can it be," it is asked, "that human beings in England are left to die of starvation, as little cared for as the wild beasts of the desert? Is it all a delusion, then, that Manchester is a city second to none in her noble public institutions for the amelioration of human suffering, — in her wide-spread private charities? Are the mill-owners, as a class, without feeling for the persons in their employment? We read that Mrs. Hunter was seen by the poor starving weaver purchasing expensive luxuries for a grand party, shortly

after the failure of her husband. We know, also, that, in one single year of those disastrous times, the 'London Gazette' announced the failure of forty-one mill-owners. Does the writer wish her readers to infer that these persons went on, like Mrs. Hunter in the novel, in the indulgence of expensive luxuries, and that they continued to keep up the same costly establishments as in the days of their prosperity? Never, we are assured. Such would not be a correct portraiture of the people of Manchester. There is a notice in the "Manchester Guardian" of the 3d of January, 1849, of a Christmas treat, given by Mr. William Hadfield to his mill-hands, at which they presented to him a card expressing "their gratitude for his having sometimes worked his mill for the sole purpose of affording them employment, without any profit to himself." It is not to be supposed that Mr. Hadfield is a solitary example of a mill-owner who aided and sympathized with his work-people, or that many similar instances did not occur in the disastrous years of 1839, 1840, and 1841. Still we do not think that a poor person, after reading this "Tale of Manchester Life," will feel more kindly towards the rich; but we do think that by reading it the rich may be led to commiserate still more the condition of the poor. It is a melancholy fact, that thousands have been at various times, and for long periods, out of employment, and have consequently been reduced to extreme want. Parliament has interfered, and, at the suggestion of the philanthropic, has enacted laws for the benefit and protection of the operatives; but the more they have interfered, and the more they have legislated, the greater seem to be the troubles and perplexities that have ensued. Recently, the "Ten Hours Bill" was, in the view of its advocates, the all-important point to be gained; whilst equally philanthropic and equally sound political economists opposed the measure, fearing its injurious effects. We regret to learn that many of the readers of this beautiful story have come to the conclusion, that the poor in England are but little cared for, and are left for the most part to struggle for themselves. We are persuaded that it could not have been the intention of the writer to convey this impression. The munificent charities of England, public and private, surpassing those of every other country in the world, require no eulogium at our hands. The Parliamentary re-

turns show, that, since the year 1816, the people have paid £200,000,000, equal to \$1,000,000,000, for the relief of their poor.

We must now take our leave of "*Mary Barton*," hoping, that, like "*Waverley*," it may prepare the way for many volumes from the same pen, and be the first of a series which shall take rank with the works of the "*illustrious unknown*."

J. E. B.

ART. X.—THE UNITARIAN MEETINGS.

SEVERAL meetings have been held in this city on successive Sunday evenings of the present season, which have excited considerable attention, abroad as well as in Boston. They have been, somewhat inaccurately, called Union meetings; for they were not a repetition of an attempt which was made two or three years ago to establish a weekly religious meeting under this name among our churches. They have been styled Conference meetings; but with still less propriety; being more formal in their character, and the speakers having been, in general, invited by a committee who have charge of all the arrangements necessary for a profitable occupation of the evening. They have been spoken of as Revival meetings; and if the epithet be used in its legitimate, and not in a narrow, sectarian sense, it may give a just idea of the character which it has been intended they should bear. The history of their establishment is very brief. The Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, having long desired that a closer relation, mutually beneficial, as they conceived it would be, should exist between the institution which they represent and the congregations in this city that were known to concur with them in their appreciation of the great points of Christian faith, after presenting the subject to the Boston Association of Ministers, appointed a sub-committee of their own number to invite all who were immediately interested to assemble in the Federal Street meeting-house on the evening of the last Sunday of the year, to consider the wants and interests of our churches and the spiritual purposes of religion. The terms of this invitation were happily chosen. It expressed precisely what was meant, and precisely what

was wanted. It was honest, clear, and adequate. The continuance of the meetings was made to depend on their fulfilling the hope which was entertained of their usefulness. Crowded houses, many pertinent, serious, and earnest addresses, (with others, of course, less in accordance with the design of the occasion,) and an interest which, while it grew deeper in the minds of those who were most directly concerned, spread beyond our city and our denomination, not only warranted, but seemed to demand, an adjournment from week to week, through more than two months, and authorize the hope, that they may be attended with profit for some time to come.*

Such is the history of these meetings. We would add a few words to what we have said of their design. It was, to consider the religious condition of our churches, and to promote the spiritual purposes of our religion. Can there be a more important subject on which the thoughts of men shall be turned? Is there any inquiry more worthy of attention than that which is here proposed, — what can be done to advance at once the true prosperity of our churches, and those high purposes for which the religion of Christ, the Redeemer, was given? Those purposes are spiritual; no one denies this, no one doubts it. They are not “seen and temporal,” but “unseen and eternal.” They concern us, and all whom this religion addresses, or to whom it can get access, as moral, religious, immortal, spiritual beings. Its object is not to make them, or any one, prosperous in his worldly affairs. That may follow, as an incidental effect of obedience to the laws of integrity, industry, and piety, which the Christian religion binds upon the conscience; but that is not what it aims at, either first or last. Christianity came from heaven, to lead men into an acquaintance with their own spiritual interests; — to reveal to them God and the universe in which they are embosomed; to explain to them their own being; to inform them of the destiny and worth of their own souls; to establish over their affections and wills the authority of spiritual truth. This is what the Gospel contemplates; this is what Christ lived for, and died for. In harmony with this purpose, as acknowledging and accepting it, the first of the propositions submitted to the several meetings of which we are

* Of the nine meetings, four have been held in the Federal Street meeting-house, three in the Bulfinch Street, and two in the South Congregational church.

speaking declares that "spiritual interests are real and supreme."* A noble text that for any body of men to take as the guide of their meditations ; a "true and faithful saying." Spiritual interests *are* real and supreme. Real are they. Every thing else is but apparent or superficial ; every thing else is perishable, evanescent, illusory. These are substantial and imperishable. Kingdoms and dynasties shall fall, but these shall endure. The solid globe shall pass away, but these shall remain. The "elements shall melt," the stars shall disappear, the works of man be forgotten, and the works of God undergo change, but the soul and its experience are everlasting. Spiritual interests are real ; for they are but another name for truth, and duty, and perfection, and God. They are supreme, too. If real, they must be supreme ; for what can we compare with them, that shall not attest their infinite superiority ? Shall we put a man's worldly success in competition with his moral condition ? Shall we account his economical interests more important ? The

* These propositions were drawn up with so much care, and contain, in clear but concise terms, the expression of so much truth of the highest importance, that we are glad to transfer them to our pages.

"1. To man, and to society, spiritual interests are real and supreme, — the basis of all individual happiness, and of all permanent social prosperity and progress.

"2. At the present day, these interests are peculiarly exposed, — liable to be overlooked, disregarded, neglected, in the multitude of material agencies that are in operation, and in the increased social comforts these agencies supply and diffuse.

"3. While the 'care of this world' has its place, and industry and enterprise in earthly affairs are both obligatory and worthy of praise, the higher uses, the ultimate results, of both should be spiritual, and all that is done on earth should be done to the glory of God, be impregnated and pervaded by a religious motive and end.

"4. Christianity is a religion of the social affections, as well as of the intellect and the conscience. It cultivates the element of sympathy in our nature, and makes it an instrument for the diffusion of truth and the promotion of righteousness.

"5. In the individual heart, and in our churches, there is need of a higher tone of spiritual life ; a quicker, deeper, broader flow of Christian sympathy ; more consecration of time, wealth, talent, influence to spiritual purposes ; and more zealous, earnest, united efforts, in all the ways of a practical wisdom, to advance the cause of the Gospel, and to speed the accomplishment of those great-objects for which Christ came into the world.

"6. Looking with high respect and an enlarged charity upon the zeal of other denominations, and accepting it as an example and a stimulus, we should recognize, and by large contributions and strenuous efforts seek to meet and discharge, the solemn obligation which rests upon us to diffuse Christian truth as we gather it from the Scriptures, — that truth which to us is the life and light of the soul, whose quickening power we would feel more deeply ourselves, and extend widely and freely to others."

veriest drudge in the walks of business and the wealthiest capitalist in the land would alike be ashamed to maintain such a doctrine. Are the interests of science of higher value? Separate the spiritual element from science, and it becomes an unprofitable accumulation of facts, the mere rubbish of the mind. Are the political interests of mankind entitled to more earnest consideration? Nay, what is it that makes man either a proper subject of government or fit to exercise the rights of freedom, but his moral nature? Spiritual interests *are* real and supreme; and therefore men ought to come together and consider them, and inquire how they may promote the purpose for which Jesus poured forth the influences of Divine grace over this dark and barren world; for that purpose was nothing less, and nothing else, than to lead men to the perception and realization of these, their highest, their only true interests.

It is not less clear, that the welfare of our churches is intimately dependent on the recognition and right appreciation of these interests, — that their growth, stability, and prosperity can be secured only as the supremacy of the spiritual over the material is admitted. If we do not want a material civilization, much less do we want a secular piety, — if such a thing be possible. We do not want an external religion, that is not the consequence of an internal life, its natural and inevitable expression. We do not want religious institutions alone. Alone, religious institutions are only what the catacombs of Egypt expose to view, — dry, shrunken, offensive memorials of a departed life. We want life, religious life, in our churches, — the spirit of God, dwelling in the breast of every member of these churches, quickening, controlling, sanctifying him, and causing him, and those with whom he worships, and the churches in their collective capacity, to represent and repeat the life of Christ, whose whole being was instinct with that spirit.

We want; by which we mean that there is need of such a vital energy in the hearts of our people, and in our congregational organizations; and this brings us to speak of the propriety of meetings held for such a purpose as we have now described. They are needed at this present time, — never more than now. We may cite some facts in support of this remark.

When bodies of men, who differ widely in regard to the measures that should be adopted for removing an evil, agree in

affirming the existence of that evil, we may reasonably conclude that on this point their judgment is correct. Now we do not remember a period at which there was so general a confession of the absence of an earnest spiritual life among all denominations of Protestant Christians. Those sects which rely most on a prescribed course of proceeding, while at the same time they regard the influence of the Holy Spirit as the immediate cause of a "revival," have been for months, on the one hand, deploring the scanty supplies of that influence, and, on the other hand, proving how difficult they find it to render their own methods productive of the result they desire. From other quarters a similar confession is extorted by a painful conviction of the truth. "It is a fact which cannot be concealed," said a journal that is not anxious to acknowledge or see the faults of "the Church," a short time ago, "that the standard of personal religion has most sadly declined within a few years past." In our own denomination it would be useless to deny that for the last year or two there has been less *manifestation* of religious interest than there was five or six years since. Some of the causes which have produced this general languor in the religious experience are obvious. We shall confine ourselves to the mention of those which have been till recently, or are still, in active force.

First and chief among all the influences that tend to deaden the religious sensibility, to blind the conscience, and enslave the toil, of our people, is that impetuous and despotic worldliness under which they are living. Never was there a people on earth so environed and pressed by the things of this world. Accumulation and opportunity inflame enterprise, till it brings disaster. Unless we brace ourselves against the tendency of the times, like a man pushing back the crowd that seem eager to crush him, we are borne on in this fearful rush of the community towards the goal at which they hope fortune awaits them. We do not live to think, nor scarcely think how to live. The characteristics of our age are impatience, vehemence, absorption; but in no other country are these qualities of the time exhibited in such fearful development as here. Abundance here has the same effect as want in the Old World; it fastens the attention on the outward and material. Great opportunity with us acts like stringent necessity in Europe; it compels one to think if he may not better his condition; and so his condition, in respect

to the things of this life, becomes the chief object of his thought. Every year is giving a deeper tone to this worldliness of mind, which is the vice of all classes in American society. As the facilities of intercourse and trade increase, as science discovers agencies that can be subordinated to the purposes of man's insatiable desire for wealth, as art tempts industry into new channels, and as the means of personal success grow with the enlargement of the country's resources, enterprise is stimulated, to pause is to be trampled under foot or to be left behind with the laugh of contempt ringing in our ears, and the inevitable consequence of exposure to such influences is a pursuit of worldly advantages which consumes the time, exhausts the energies, and secularizes the heart. The evil, instead of diminishing, is likely to increase, because the circumstances which aggravate it are constantly acquiring augmented force. Unless religion can interpose a barrier stronger than any consideration of present comfort or safety, the land will be given over to an idolatry less open, but not less pernicious, than that of Paganism; a heathen deity will be worshipped in a Christian land, — not with the bloody rites of barbarism, nor with the horrible superstition of India, nor with the voluptuous licentiousness of ancient Corinth, but with sacrifices of sentiment, character, and soul, that are more mournful than any bodily suffering or debasement.

Within the last few months, the condition of the country has been particularly suited to divert men's minds from a consideration of their spiritual interests. The termination of a war, in which remarkable success had attended the course of our arms, brought home a multitude of officers to be rewarded with public speeches, legislative praises, and yet more substantial honors. It would have been against all the experience of mankind, if such rewards had not in some measure corrupted the moral judgment of the people; who, if they despised or pitied the ragged soldiery, would remember much longer the fact, that military achievement opened the way to social distinction. An election of chief magistrate of the nation occupied the tongues and brains of men through the summer and autumn. This was natural, perhaps unavoidable. We notice it now, in connection with the unfavorable circumstances in which the religious life of the country has been placed. At any time such an election might be expected to engross a large part of the thought and

activity of the people ; but in the present instance the worldly character of this influence was made still more apparent by the prominence which was given to questions between the parties of the day affecting the relations of business, the investment of capital, and the recompense of labor. With the whole country agitated on this subject, with political meetings continually held, at which the most eminent men of the nation harangued the assembly, and with a newspaper press, unrivalled throughout the world for the multiplication of its journals, sending forth weekly and daily excitement to feed the prejudices, the passions, or the hopes of millions of readers, how was it possible that the claims of religion should not be thrust aside ?

And when the election was over, what followed in the natural order of that experience through which society must pass ? First, a calm, — the reaction that must always attend on such a wide-spread excitement ; and then, calculation, hope, effort, directed towards the attainment of some personal advantage. Already are the measures of the new administration subjects of eager or anxious curiosity ; and still have the people to learn that the question, “ What shall I do to be saved ? ” is far more important than the inquiry, What will be the policy of the government in regard to this or that matter of financial interest ?

Reverting to the condition of the country a short time ago, and even up to the present moment, we find, at least in this part of the Union, an anxiety pervading the mercantile class, and necessarily extending from them through the community. Of the causes of this pressure upon their resources it is not within our purpose to speak ; but the fact should not be overlooked. Men have felt themselves straitened and perplexed. An unusual demand for money, and an unusual difficulty in procuring it, have reacted on each other to increase the embarrassment of the times. With less available income than they had commanded in previous years, or with the prospect of failure in business, we cannot wonder that men have bestowed much of their attention on their worldly concerns. In a community like ours, where money, or its equivalent, credit, is the sinew of social life, it will at once be seen that any prolonged pressure on the pecuniary resources of those engaged in active business must produce a general concentration of mind upon the ways and means of earthly prosperity, — to the neglect, of course, of higher concerns.

There is now a change in the feeling, if not in the position, of the community, — an expectation of what are called easier and more prosperous times, that is, times when men can get money and make money with more ease than in such a period as that through which they have just passed. How plainly does our familiar speech show the nature of the influences under which our characters are formed! Those better times, will they release men's minds from the thralldom of sense, and turn them to God and eternity? Let us hope they may. But meanwhile, we may not forget that the animation of hope is not less dangerous than the depression of care. When the people are expecting encouragement to enter upon new schemes or to resume suspended labors, and are preparing themselves to seize on the favorable change that may take place, they are apt to become as worldly-minded through the expectation of success as they were just now through the anticipation of disaster. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether spiritual interests will receive any more attention the present year than the last, unless a special effort be made to unfold their importance.

As if to give the more force to those arguments which urge the friends of religion to speak, and meet, and labor in its behalf, a new element has been thrown into our social life, — the lust of gold, not in a metaphorical, but in the literal, import of the terms. A region has been discovered, open to every adventurer, honest or dishonest, needy or thrifty, who chooses to go there, in which gold may be gathered by all who will stoop for it. As surely as there are any laws that control the exercises of the human mind, this discovery must lead away the thoughts of multitudes — not only the many who go to that distant region, but of multitudes who remain at home — from the paramount importance of spiritual things. It has been said that it is useless to preach repentance to a starving man. There is little more prospect of success in discoursing on Christian truth to one whose head is turned with visions of sudden wealth, or whose heart is devoured by desire for its possession. The first effect of this extraordinary annunciation must be to supplant or prevent holy thoughts by dreams of earthly splendor.

If to these temporary causes of a worldly spirit we add those influences which always, in a world like ours, and

with a nature like man's, tend to make him regardless of his higher duty and destiny, can we for a moment doubt that there is need of some attempt to restore the authority of spiritual truth, to reinforce the law of conscience, and to bind men's hearts to their God, their Saviour, and their immortal hope?

The series of meetings to which we have referred grew out of a perception of the need, (and of the opportunity likewise,) which we have briefly described. Their purpose, expressed yet more concisely than in the terms which have been already quoted, is to promote a revival of true religion. This phrase, we know, is regarded by many persons with suspicion, because it has become equivocal in its meaning. So have many of the good words which we have occasion to use in speaking on religious subjects: in this country, *Evangelical*, and in England, *pious*, excellent as they are in their proper signification, have been brought into disrepute by being used as signs of sectarian ideas, instead of representing great Christian truths. So have many of the best words of Scripture been perverted by an appropriation that has curtailed them of half their force, or quite distorted their meaning: such words as "grace," "conversion," "atonement," "Holy Spirit." Shall we give them up to this unjust use? Shall we not rather redeem them from the injustice and the obloquy that have fallen upon them? There is no word more expressive of the thought we wish to convey than the word *revival*. It signifies a renewed interest in religion, — a restoration of the authority that was once allowed to spiritual ideas, — a recovery of the soul from indifference and sloth to a practical regard for the highest relations of our being. It finds but doubtful favor with our body of Christians, especially because it became, some years ago, the name for measures of which they could not but disapprove, or the exponent of doctrines which they reject. There was a manifest impropriety in making it stand for such purposes. We claim it as a word that belongs to the whole Christian Church, — to all who speak the English language; and we use it in its lawful and usual sense, as denoting an increase of thoughtfulness and effort, of personal and social attention, bestowed on the momentous subjects of man's inward condition and final destiny.

Our theory of religion, instead of excluding the idea on which we now insist, is particularly favorable to its inculca-

tion ; since we throw upon the individual just his due share of responsibility, and allow him just the proper degree of ability. The objection to what have been called Orthodox revivals is, that they either deny to the sinner the power of working out his own salvation, even while they call him to repentance, or, on the other extreme, make his conversion the result of a spasmodic subjection to human appliances ; in the one case representing God, and in the other, man, as the cause of the change which takes place in the sinner, but in neither case giving him his own part in the work. By maintaining that the individual must choose the right course, and both intelligently and voluntarily forsake that in which he has walked, we render the application of truth that shall persuade him to such choice and action altogether proper. And we have the great revelations of the Gospel with which to address and convert him. Are they not sufficient ? Are they not the instruments which God has given us for this purpose ? Are they not of Divine workmanship, and of Divine temper ? We are told, that, if we would speak of "renewing grace and atoning blood," we might effect our end ; but not, if we avoid their use. Is there any peculiar virtue in these phrases ? Do not sanctifying truth and reconciling faith sound as well, and mean as much ? It is a pertinacious regard for the dogmatic terms and technical distinctions which rend Christ's body, that prevents its growth. If Christians would come upon the common ground of vital truth, the Church of the Lord Jesus might be built up, a holy temple for the glory of God, and a sanctuary that would gather the children of men within its protection.

Some persons express surprise at hearing the expression, "a revival of religion," drop from Unitarian lips unaccompanied by a sneer. Their surprise only adds another to the proofs which surround us on every side, that they who differ in religious belief are almost sure to misunderstand one another. Unitarians believe in a revival of religion, long for it, pray for it, and many of them, we know, are ready to exert themselves to promote it. They do not agree with some bodies of Christians in regard to the external methods, nor entirely in regard to the internal states, that should distinguish such a revival ; but this is a disagreement about means, or steps, not about the character or importance of the result. Men differ in their judgments upon worldly matters, while they concur in their estimation of an object which

they would reach by different methods. Not far from the city in which we reside is a town, once flourishing, but now in a state of decline. The inhabitants have lately raised the question, whether something should not be done to revive the prosperity of the place. They all seem to agree as to the need of a change, but they differ about the best course to be taken, and do not entertain precisely the same views concerning the signs of a genuine prosperity. Some think that the erection of a manufactory would bring an increase of population; they evidently depend most on what shall come to them from abroad. Others urge the building of a railroad, hoping, that, with the bustle and travel that shall attend its completion, the dulness which has so long brooded over the place will be broken; it is plain that they rely very much on stir and excitement. Yet another portion of the people are more inclined to encourage a greater activity in the usual employments of life, and trust mainly to the spirit of local enterprise and industry that may be aroused. Each of these parties would use effectual means for the end which they all desire to promote; the last, certainly, are not less in earnest, nor will they generally be thought to show less wisdom, than the two former. We hope our illustration conveys its own meaning.

The opinions which Unitarians hold on the subject of revivals are grievously misapprehended, through this common mistake of confounding disapprobation of particular measures, or a dissent from certain statements, with hostility to the purpose in which those measures or statements have their origin. Our views on this whole matter are positive and definite. We have a theory of regeneration. We hold that man is a sinner, — that most men need a change of character, — and that, without such a change, they must be lost. We look over the community in which we live, — a Christian community it is called, — and we see not only gross vice and terrible depravity, which are dragging immortal souls to hell, but worldliness, selfishness, religious unconcern, spiritual insensibility, which will just as surely shut the gates of heaven against multitudes who call themselves disciples of Christ. All these persons, the corrupt and the false, the openly vile and the inwardly wrong, must be brought to see their condition, to repent of their sins, to embrace a Saviour in Jesus Christ, and to lead a new life, in respect at least to the motives and the interior habits. They must be saved,

or rescued from their present condition, and from the consequences which it will induce, through fear and through hope ; through reflection and through prayer ; through the sanctification of the will, yet through its free exercise ; through personal effort, yet through Divine grace ; with others' help, by God's mercy, and in the use of their own ability. This is our theory of regeneration, and this is the groundwork on which we would raise a revival. It is intelligible, rational, scriptural, and sufficient.

With our conception of the nature of religious interest, it is necessary that the attention be withdrawn from an exclusive pursuit of earthly aims, and be turned upon the concerns of the soul. Men must be awakened and instructed. And when their attention has been directed to worthy objects, it must be kept there till thought shall have ripened into conviction, and interest have become self-consecration. To recur to our former language, three things are needed, — a recognition, a contemplation, and a realization of "spiritual interests." The first two are the processes through which the end described in the third is reached. A revival, whether in an individual or in the community, must begin with an admission of the facts which constitute the substance of Christian faith, and it must proceed through earnest meditation on those facts, that it may issue in the redemption of the soul from bondage and ruin. It seems to us that meetings similar in character to those which have suggested these remarks are admirably suited both to awaken and to fasten attention upon Divine things. The great truths of religion, the truths of life and the soul, are set before the people, and, week after week, they are reiterated, till that which at first was heard with little private application is remembered, pondered, used as personal instruction, and the germ appears of a growth which, being sustained by prayer and nourished by God's influence and invigorated by exposure to the temptations of the world, becomes a plant, ready to be transferred to the paradise above.

We therefore look upon this attempt to enkindle a more religious spirit in our churches with great satisfaction. We entertain no extravagant hopes, and do not believe that any wonderful change will be witnessed. Our chief reliance must still be on the ordinary methods of bringing Christian truth into connection with the ways and hearts of men. But the want which exists — the need of more personal and social religion —

has been acknowledged, and something has been done to relieve this want. Some minds have been led to serious thought, and many who were before thoughtful have been made to feel more deeply their spiritual responsibilities. We should rejoice to behold in this the commencement of a more energetic and expansive religious life among our people. Let there be more inquiry, more anxiety, more sympathy, more action. Let each one manifest a concern for his own salvation, and a concern for the salvation of others. There is little danger that Unitarians will mistake excitement for true piety, or make feeling, rather than conduct, the test of character. There is need among us of a readier sympathy with others' religious condition, and a more generous activity in advancing others' highest good. The effect of a genuine revival of religion would be seen in the philanthropic efforts, as well as in the devotional exercises, it would call forth. Not the least decisive manifestation of a divine life in the soul is free-hearted labor for the good of others. We are tempted, in this connection, even if it be a little aside from our main purpose, to repeat a legend of the early Church on which we fell the other day, so happily does it present beneficence as one type of the Christian character. In the days when Paganism and Christianity were struggling for the ascendancy in the Roman empire, a barbarian of unusual size and strength went forth from his home, (so runs the tale,) to offer his services to him whom he should find to be the greatest of monarchs. Having reached the court of one who bore this reputation, he entered into his service, and remained there till he observed, that, at every mention of the Evil Spirit, the king crossed himself, and, on asking the reason, was told that he made that sign to preserve himself from the power of Satan. "Then," said the giant, "I will go and seek this Satan, for he is mightier than thou." Finding after a time the object of his search, he served him till he noticed, that, at the sight of a cross erected by the way-side, the fiend trembled violently, and, upon inquiring the cause, was told that he feared him who died on that cross. "Then," said the barbarian, "this Jesus must be more powerful than thou: I will go and seek him." In his search after this Divine Prince, he came to the cell of a hermit, who gave him instruction concerning Christ; "but," said he, "if thou wouldst serve him, he will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." "I will not fast," cried the

giant ; “ for, surely, if I were to fast, my strength would leave me.” “ And thou must pray,” added the hermit. “ I know nothing of prayers,” replied Christopher, “ and I will not be bound to such a service.” Then said the hermit, “ Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to the river which thou knowest, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swollen by rains, and use thy strength to save those who struggle with the stream and those who are about to perish.” To this the Pagan gladly assented ; and, going to the river, took up his abode there, aiding those who were ready to sink in the waters, and carrying the weak on his shoulders across the stream, — and neither by day nor by night was ever weary of helping those who needed his help. So the thing that he did, says the legend, pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him from heaven, and said within himself, “ Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, *yet hath found the way to serve me !* ” Then, one night, a child came and besought Christopher to carry him over the river ; and he lifted the child upon his shoulders and entered the stream ; but as he advanced, the passage became more and more difficult, and the burden he bore on his shoulders grew heavier and heavier ; and when he laid the child gently upon the opposite bank, he exclaimed in astonishment, “ What art thou, that hast brought me into such peril ? ” And then did the child Jesus discover himself to the amazed heathen ; for it was no other than Christ, who, in sign of accepting the work of charity in which the giant had rendered service to his unknown Master, had come in his own person to call him to the true faith, and to grant him, as the reward of his toil for the comfort and salvation of others, the privilege of embracing the Redeemer of the world.* So do men come to know Christ, and secure his favor, by disinterested and laborious beneficence. One of the fruits of a true revival would be a generous endeavour to rescue those who, from lack of knowledge or lack of strength, are ready to perish, and, as it were, to bear them through difficulty and peril to the pleasant shore beyond.

The ultimate result of these meetings, however, we must leave with the Spirit that overrules all the plans and efforts of

* We have borrowed this legend from Mrs. Jameson's recent work on “ Sacred and Legendary Art,” and have to a considerable degree adopted her language.

man. Their immediate effect cannot but be, to quicken and invigorate the religious life. We see this effect already ; we hope to see it in still larger exhibition. We believe, that, if they should be continued with the same success that has attended them thus far, our churches and the community will acknowledge their influence. Personal religion will be increased, and a deeper tone of spirituality be given to the character of believers. Our houses of worship will be filled, and our public religious services will become more earnest and efficient. The principles and habits which mark our social life will be less worldly ; why may they not become thoroughly Christian ? Let but the Christian element pervade every class, and every employment, of the people, — let religion obtain its proper control over affairs, — and a change in which every one ought to rejoice would come over the whole land. Truth and love would assert their right to be regarded as the conservators of public and private prosperity. And then, when piety should have united men to God, and faith have united them to Christ, and philanthropy have united them to one another, in this blessed fulfilment of the Saviour's prayer for union would be realized the consummation of every hope of the patriot or the Christian.

Every one must feel that a great responsibility is entrusted to our hands, — a responsibility for ourselves, our children, and our land, — for the present and the future. That present, how soon will it leave us ! — that future, how soon will it be here ! Whatever is to be done by us must be done now. In the eloquent words of one who has argued with equal force and beauty in favor of the religious education of the young, " We have a futurity rapidly hastening upon us, — a futurity now fluid, — ready, as clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded into every form of beauty and excellence ; but, so soon as it reaches our hands, so soon as it receives the impress of our plastic touch, whether this touch be for good or evil, it is to be struck into the adamant of the unchanging and unchangeable past. Into whose form and likeness shall we fashion this flowing futurity ? Of Mammon ? of Moloch ? or of Jesus ? " *

* We take this passage from the Twelfth and last Annual Report of the late Secretary of the [Massachusetts] Board of Education, which we commend to the diligent perusal of every citizen of the Commonwealth. After discussing some other important topics, Mr. Mann devotes several pages to a consideration of the great subject of religious education. He could not

It is possible that we are moved to overpass the line of propriety, but we cannot refrain from suggesting to our brethren in the ministry that they may now combine their sympathies and efforts to a most happy result. Such an opportunity of acting together for the advancement of the great ends, which in their several spheres of influence they are seeking to promote, may not often arise. The members of our congregations have shown a desire for more religious communion, more religious activity. They invite their ministers to help and guide them in the acquisition of a deeper religious spirit. Respond to that invitation, — may we not say to our clerical friends? — encourage the desire for a holier experience. Lift up the standard of Christian character in clearer view than ever before, and let the symbol of the cross inflame the hearts of the people. Merge all differences of dogmatic exposition or ecclesiastical method in one harmonious movement for the spiritual elevation of our churches. Now is the time for union, energy, fidelity. Oh! we wish we could give the feeblest utterance to our conviction, that, if the Unitarian clergy would take hold of this opportunity of advancing the real interests of religion, as with one heart and one strength, they might accomplish a work that would render their names fragrant through ages, — would win for the truth which they value the admiration of thousands who now regard it as empty and false, — and would raise the Church of the Lord, “which he has purchased with his own blood,” above that dull and heavy atmosphere of worldliness by which its energies are almost paralyzed. God give them — give us all — understanding to discern the wants and the privileges of the time!

E. S. G.

have closed his labors, in the place from which he has just retired, more appropriately or more usefully. We thank him for all his noble and unwearied exertions in the cause to which he has given twelve of the best years of his life, but for no part of those labors does he deserve heartier thanks than for this Report.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts: with an Explanation and Application. In Two Parts. Part I. The Number and Names. By DAVID THOM, PH. D., A. M., Heidelberg, Minister of Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. London. 1848. 8vo. pp. 398.

Popular Readings in the Revelations. By a MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Edinburgh. 1848. 12mo. pp. 139.

Reflections on Revelations. By PETER CLARKIN. Boston: Published for the Author; by George C. Rand & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 260.

HE must be an able Biblical scholar who can shed new and clear light upon the Apocalypse, and he a bold adventurer who undertakes to guide us by a surer path than genius and research have yet opened through the difficulties and intricacies of that remarkable book. No portion of the Bible has furnished greater provocation to curiosity, or been the subject of more studious investigation. None has offered a severer test of erudition, soundness of judgment, and critical acuteness. None has called into existence more learned commentaries. And none has been so encumbered by absurd expositions, distorted by crude and vague speculations, and darkened by words without knowledge. But notwithstanding all this, every year brings forth some fresh attempts to unfold its secrets, illustrate its prophecies, and enforce its morals. And yet, whilst the catalogue of theological publications is thus continually lengthened, how little is added to the stock of our knowledge of the Revelation, how little contributed to the practical efficiency of the book!

We have placed at the head of this notice the titles of three works on the Apocalypse recently published, which have simultaneously come into our hands. The first alone has claims to any thing like a review, if we had space or disposition for it. We can, however, give our readers only some notion of its character. But first we will whet their curiosity and raise their expectation by informing them, that, in an elaborate dedicatory inscription, "Augustissimo et Potentissimo, Principi ac Domino, Domino Leopoldo, Magno Duci Badarum," and to all the Doctors, Professors, and Regents "in Literarum Universitate Ruperto-Carola," the author gives notice that he has been "nuper in Tabulas Doctorum Philosophiæ Heidelberganorum conscriptus," and that he is moved to confer upon the above-named distinguished persons

the honor of this dedication, "*Observantiæ gratiâ, et cum summa testificatione illorum in seipsum officiorum.*" For the same purpose we will mention that in the Preface Dr. Thom has recorded, with grateful acknowledgments, the names of nearly one hundred gentlemen who have given his works their favorable testimony. After such announcements of Heidelberg distinctions and European encomiums, any labored panegyric on our part might seem superfluous, if not arrogant. Without presuming, therefore, to send back to the author, who cannot stand in need of it, our feeble echo to the Transatlantic eulogy in which he rejoices, we will proceed to the more humble work which alone we have proposed to ourselves.

The volume, which is beautifully printed, consists of an Introduction and two Books. In the Preface we are furnished with an account of the origin and history of the work, around which an air of mystery, and even a drapery slightly supernatural, seem to be thrown by such language as the following:—

"The spring of the year 1837 was the æra of my discovery of the name of the Second Beast. On Monday, the 12th day of December, 1846, I unexpectedly stumbled on the knowledge of the first-mentioned of the two symbolic monsters. Somewhat extraordinary were the circumstances connected with the former event. To a few private friends they have long been familiar. But in so far as the public is concerned, they are suppressed. The wholesome checks imposed on the disposition to obtrude wonderful and unaccountable narratives on public notice dictate this reserve. Certainly, the whole of the way in which my mind has been turned towards the subject of the Apocalyptic Beasts, and in which discovery after discovery has been the result, involves it in something very much out of the common run."—pp. xiii., xiv.

The author's view of the importance of his discovery, and his anticipation of the wonderful effects which it will produce, cannot be expressed in words so forcible as his own. "Its practical influence upon my mind and conduct was instantaneous. It modified all my religious views. It modified, also, my procedure." "Such was the light shed by it on the context, and on the Scriptures in general,—and so decided, and, in a religious sense, so revolutionary were the consequences to which, among the followers of the glorified Jesus, it was evident that it must ultimately give rise,—that I was not slow in adopting the resolution to make it public. Indeed, I felt bound in conscience to do so." Again, he says that his investigations have resulted in "a grand, and what is more, a truthful novelty." And once more,—

"The solution given at the end of this volume shuns no investigation. So far from deprecating, it courts inquiry. Its language is not, with mock modesty,

'Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.'

On the contrary, it quietly and calmly, but firmly, unhesitatingly, and certainly proposes itself as excluding the possibility of finding a better. It challenges acceptance. Instead of coming in the attitude of a probable conjecture, — instead of supplicating, on bended knees, and in the guise of an humble suitor, that the shafts of criticism may be spared, — it sets all opposition from whatever quarter at defiance. It is true; and it claims to be acquiesced in as what it is." — p. 56.

We have not been able to withstand the temptation of giving to our American readers these few, out of many, interesting specimens of Dr. Thom's appreciation of the value of his discovery. It is but fair to let the author speak for himself and be the introducer of his own book. Moreover, we should be guilty of withholding from the public most remarkable and valuable information, if we did not allow Dr. Thom to tell them through our pages that the mystery of the Revelation is at length clearly and certainly solved, and that henceforth Biblical scholars need give themselves no further trouble to investigate it, but have only to "acquiesce" in his solution as the truth.

It was our intention to give a sketch of the contents of the Introduction and the two Books; but they are, in fact, merely preparatory to the announcement made at the end of the volume, — all "commentary, exposition, or justification" of which is reserved for a future publication that shall constitute the Second Part of the work. The present volume is principally occupied with an examination of previous theories; and by any attempt at an analysis of its contents we should only detain our readers, who must be already impatient to be put in possession of the "discovery" itself, — the solution of "the problem of problems." Here it is: —

"THE TRUE SOLUTIONS.

"Only observing, that, in this thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse, we have set before us the two grand principles of human nature which have a reference to religion, the Sadducean, and the Pharisaical, — the former asserting the supremacy of the human mind, and the latter substituting the external, the ceremonial, and the shadowy, for the internal, the heartfelt, and the true, — I proceed to the statement of the solutions themselves.

"THE FIRST BEAST. — Rev. xiii. 1. 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads, and ten horns, and upon his horns, ten crowns, and upon his heads, the name of blasphemy.' By sea, we understand, 1. 'Peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.' Rev. xvii. 15. That is, more limitedly, the Gentile world, as distinguished from the Jewish nation; and, in a more enlarged sense, human beings in general. 2. The internal. 3. The principle of the *indefinite*, or the *creaturely internal*, as distinguished, on the one hand, from the *finite*, or *definite*, that is, the *creaturely external*, and, on the other, from the *infinite*, or the *divinely internal*.

" Bearing in mind what I have said, we discover the first Beast in

'H ΦΡΗΝ, THE MIND.

" That is, not the mind of man with reference to any of its faculties separately considered, or viewed as a mere abstraction; but that mind considered as a whole, or as comprehensive of all its faculties of sensation, intellect, and volition, and as at once the shadow of spirit, and dependent upon flesh for its nature and manifestations.

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" THE SECOND BEAST. — Verse 11th. ' And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon.' By earth, or land, we understand, 1. The people of Israel, or the Old Testament Church, or Dispensation. 2. The external. 3. The principle of the *finite*, or *definite*.

" The Second Beast is

ΕΚΚΛΗΣΙΑΙ ΣΑΡΚΙΚΑΙ, FLESHLY CHURCHES.

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I	10	K	20
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I	10	I	10
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" Thus is the number of both beasts the same : a circumstance which serves to account for the ambiguity of the language of Rev. xiii. 18 ; and which has materially added to the difficulty of finding out the true solution.

" " Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast : for it is the number of a man ; and his number is Six hundred three score and six. " — pp. 396 - 398.

" Popular Readings " comprises twelve brief Lectures, which appear to have been written with the best intentions. They show no erudition and no originality, nor do they pretend to either. The author merely attempts to give, in a condensed and cheap form, the leading views of the commentators whose opinions he favors, such as Mede, Daubuz, Bishop Newton, Fleming, and Elliot. Each Lecture contains an exposition, interspersed with

practical remarks, — to which there is no objection so far as they go, but they are quite too brief, and lack both the richness which ought to characterize the gleanings from such a field and the pithiness which is needed to give them interest and efficacy. The author follows his guides with implicit reverence, and retails their views with unbounded confidence.

Mr. Clarkin's book, so far as its practical character is concerned, is better than the preceding. The author's personal history, as given in the preface, is in some respects a recommendation of his work. Brought up under the influence of Popery and early imbued with its doctrines, he has succeeded, by the study of the Scriptures and after a long and hard struggle, in breaking a bondage which he says was so strong that he almost wonders it was not as enduring as his life. He "opposes and detests the Athanasian creed." His interpretations and applications of the prophetic symbols, — in which he follows the generality of English commentators who refer the greater part of the book to the Papal Church, — we have no room to notice, and do not care to criticize. As a commentary, the style is easy. The Reflections have an air of unaffected seriousness, and indicate a mind thoughtful of religious themes, and a heart warm with Christian fervor.

R.

Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum Neuen Testament.
 Von DR. W. M. L. DE WETTE. Dritten Bandes erster Theil, 1847; zweiter Theil, 1848. Leipzig. [Short Exegetical Manual on the New Testament. Third Volume; first and second Parts.] 8vo. pp. vi. 156; viii. 207.

THESE two Parts complete this elaborate work of De Wette, the former volumes of which were noticed in our March number for 1844. The first Part comprises the Epistles of Peter, Jude, and James; the second treats of the Apocalypse. Nowhere in the same compass, within our knowledge, can so much exegetical instruction be obtained as in these three volumes. The author has set an example very rare among commentators, and is as remarkable for condensation as most of them are for expansion. He has packed the materials for many old-fashioned folios in these three snug octavos. The art of condensing is shown marvellously in the treatise on the Apocalypse, — that mystical book, which has given so many scholars at once the garrulity and the folly of madness. All the literature of the subject is carefully collated, the various theories are tersely stated, their merits canvassed, and the critic's own opinions distinctly given. It would be hard to show a more marked contrast than that between this little brochure and Stuart's two huge volumes.

De Wette follows in the path of Ewald rather than of Eichhorn, yet takes very independent ground in his own exposition. He sees no sure proof that the Apostle John was the author of the Apocalypse, and is less disposed than most critics, even of the liberal school, to find minute references to historical events, the destruction of Jerusalem not excepted. He regards the book as aimed especially at the wants of the seven churches of Asia Minor, whilst, in reference to the condition and prospects of the Church at large, he considers it as written under the influence of the persecutions by Nero, and as denouncing the Roman Empire and priesthood as the chief foe of Christianity. He finds some reference to the hostility of the Jews, although their enmity seems to him, comparatively, of small account, and the hope is expressed that most of this race will be warned and reclaimed by the hard ordeal of adversity.

We intend simply to call attention to this valuable contribution to sacred learning, and cannot now enter into further particulars. We are sorry to see such a vein of sadness in the author's preface to the closing Part. He states that he began it amidst the preparations for civil war in Switzerland, pursued it undisturbed when the throne of France fell and the thrones of Germany tottered, and completed it while anarchy waxed more fearful and spread its dark clouds over nations and kingdoms. He thanked God for the peace of mind granted him, but anxiety for the fate of the Church haunted his pen at every stroke, and the Antichrist of the Apocalypse stood before him in the new garb of the infidelity of the nineteenth century. The atheistic self-will of a reckless radicalism seems to him worse than the self-deification of the old Romish Antichrist, and bodily persecution by fire and sword appears less dangerous than the false and destructive freedom which is utter slavery. He laments the discords among Christians themselves. He claims no power and professes no desire to play the part of the seer in our time, yet hesitates not to say that in no other name than that of Jesus Christ the Crucified can salvation be found, and that for mankind there is nothing higher than the Divine humanity realized in him and the kingdom of God planted by him. "Christianity must become life and deed. How long will it be before we find our way to it out of the barren, narrow circle of abstract criticism and sickly sentiment? More than seven, and seven times seven, plagues may be needed to teach us where true salvation is to be sought." Such is the last word of the greatest Biblical scholar of our age to his readers. A brighter day dawn on him, and may his evening be full of outward beauty as of interior peace! The date of this preface is "Basel, June 20, 1848." Already the horizon is somewhat brightened, and frigid winter is in its moral aspects far more

genial than the past summer of discontent. Hope is always strength, and generally wisdom. Who would utterly despair in view of that closing book of the Bible, which presents the prospects of Christianity in the imagery of the ancient prophets, and in the darkest of ages hopes and strives for the light ? o.

The Works of THOMAS REID, D. D., now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations, by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Text collated and revised; Useful Distinctions inserted; Leading Words and Propositions marked out; Allusions indicated; Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid; with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined. Edinburgh. 1846. 8vo. pp. 914.

By common consent among the historians of philosophy, Dr. Reid is regarded as the head and chief of the Scotch School; and as the present French or Eclectic School is but an extension of the Scotch, he must be allowed to have exerted a wide and controlling influence over the progress of modern thought. We have before us an elaborate edition of his entire works, which, when completed, will have this peculiar recommendation, — that it will contain the writings of one of the most eminent among the dead metaphysicians, revised, commented on, and brought down to the present day, by one of the most eminent among the living.

Among the new contributions supplied by the editor, we may mention, in the first place, a collection of hitherto unpublished letters of Dr. Reid, which are interesting in themselves, and also throw considerable light on the writer's studies and personal character. Then we have a multitude of brief marginal notes scattered throughout the volume, sometimes several on the same page, the purpose of which is to correct every inaccuracy of statement or expression in the text, or to point to later developments. But it is for the Supplementary Dissertations that we are under the greatest obligations to Professor Hamilton. In the first, we have a thorough and very learned discussion of "the Philosophy of Common Sense; or our Primary Beliefs considered as the Ultimate Criterion of Truth." The second, third, fourth, and fifth, are upon Sensation and Perception, and the Primary and Secondary Qualities of Matter. In these he states, and maintains with great ability and confidence, his own theory of perception, or of presentative and immediate knowledge, in opposition to that of representative and mediate knowledge, which generally prevails. The doctrine is the same at bottom with that contained in an arti-

cle on the Philosophy of Perception, from the same pen, which appeared some years ago in the Edinburgh Review. One thing, however, is changed; the writer no longer claims Reid as being certainly and consistently on his side. The sixth Dissertation is an erudite and very successful vindication of Aristotle's claims to be considered as the discoverer of the laws of association, which is followed by another, giving an outline of the editor's own views on the same subject. Of the last, however, we have at present but a few pages, the whole volume being broken off abruptly in the midst of a sentence, leaving more than three quarters of the Dissertations referred to in the body of the work to be published hereafter. In the Advertisement, it is said of these Dissertations, the General Preface, and the Indices, that all of them are either prepared, or their materials collected. Accordingly, readers on this side the water, as well as on the other, will be impatient, and have a right to be impatient, for the completion of the work. Of what has already appeared it is enough, and not too much, to say, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to refer to the same number of pages from any other writer; containing an equal amount of searching, but generous and dignified, criticism, of subtle and thorough analysis, and of solid and almost unbounded learning; — the whole pervaded and distinguished by a quality not very common among English and Scotch metaphysicians; we mean, courage to grapple with the hardest and in all respects most perilous problems.

After using such strong terms of general eulogy, we feel bound to enter a *caveat* as regards the style. The Dissertations are as far removed as they well could be from what is commonly understood by light reading. All those who pine for metaphysics "made easy," — all those who are impatient of close, scientific, and technical expressions in the treatment of philosophical subjects, thinking that the popular and almost conversational manner of Locke and Reid is to be preferred, or the florid style of Brown, or the more dignified and stately diction of Stewart, — all those, in short, who would be troubled and utterly scandalized in coming upon such sentences as the following: "In the apprehension of the primary qualities, there is no subject-object determined by the object-object; in the secundo-primary, there is a subject-object determined by the object-object; in the secondary, a subject-object is the only object of immediate cognition," — (p. 860,) — all such persons would better have nothing to do with Sir William Hamilton.

One thing more. The reader of the Notes and Dissertations must not expect to be confirmed in the prejudice, that Locke is the greatest of philosophers, or that Cousin is a charlatan and a pretender. The volume is dedicated to the latter, whose writings

are said to be "the best result of Scottish speculation," and whose criticism on Locke, especially as regards time, space, and personal identity, is referred to as "*instar omnium*." w.

Mirror of Nature : a Book of Instruction and Entertainment.

Translated from the German of G. H. SCHUBERT by WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1849. 12mo.

DR. FURNESS has long since made full proof of his competency as a translator from the German, and established a reputation in that kind by earlier efforts, particularly by his translation of Zschokke's admirable "Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire," which first appeared in the Philadelphia "Gift" for 1844, and has since been republished in various forms at home and in England. The present undertaking is one of greater difficulty, partly from the nature of the subject, which necessarily involves many technicalities, and partly from the style of the original, which, if less faulty in that regard than some other productions of the same land, is still marked by the heavy movement and clumsy construction too common with German writers, who, whatever their value as thinkers, certainly do not add to their other merits the graces of rhetoric. It is giving Dr. Furness high praise to say, that he has shown himself fully equal to the task of turning into smooth and popular English a work of this sort, without any material sacrifice of the literal sense. The faults of translation may be classed — and we believe they have been so classed by somebody — under the two heads of too much and too little. A work is too little translated, when the foreign idiom is retained at the expense of the native syntax. It is too much translated, when the individuality of the original is lost in a loose and characterless diction. Furness's translation steers easily and felicitously between these vices. It is pure English, yet not un-German, not *un-Schubertian*, if the Germanism may be allowed. And this is a kind of Germanism, by the way, which constitutes a capital difficulty in translating from that tongue. A single word has to be rendered by several words, which, though they exhaust the logical import of the original, by no means convey its rhetorical impression. For example, Furness renders "*Wandertrieb*" "Impulse to wander forth." Correctly enough. We do not know that it could be rendered better, that is, more concisely, without violence to the English idiom. And yet the English words are not an adequate translation of the German, they do not reproduce its impression. Under the head of this "*Wandertrieb des Geistes*," or "Impulse of the mind to wander forth," we have

an account of Laura Bridgman, who is happily called in to exemplify that impulse, and whom we are delighted to find one of Schubert's acquaintance.

Our first feeling, on seeing this book advertised, was that of regret, that the translator should have given to a work of this description the time and talent which, it seemed to us, might have been more profitably employed. A nearer acquaintance has corrected this impression. We think Dr. Furness could not have done better than to translate precisely this book. It is not what we had supposed, — a mere presentation, in a popular form, of certain facts in natural history. It is far more than that; it is rich in all kinds of interest, and we heartily recommend it to all kinds of readers, assured that they will find in it what the title promises, — “instruction and entertainment.” We recommend it, were it only for the beautiful sketch of Duval in the first Part. The work cannot fail to be popular as fast as it is known. It introduces a writer worth knowing. Gotthilf Heinrich von Schubert (Mr. Furness improperly omits the *von* in his title) was a pupil of Herder, and worthy of his master, — a beautiful spirit, in whom profound learning is matched with profound piety, and in whom the broadest culture illustrates the most enthusiastic devotion to the specialties of his profession. In philosophy, he is associated, on one side, with Oken as naturalist; on the other, with Eschenmayer, Kerner, Meyer, and others, as thaumatologist. A large part of his life has been employed in investigating the arcana of nature, and the direction of his inquiries may be inferred from the titles of some of his works, — as, “The Symbolique of Dreams,” “Views of the Night-side of Natural Science,” “Old and New from the Domain of Interior Psychology,” “History of the Soul,” etc. He has also written novels and travels, and, among other miscellaneous works, a biography of Oberlin.

H.

Remarks on the Science of History; followed by an A Priori Autobiography. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1849. 12mo. pp. 164.

THIS book could not have been written by every man, nor can it be read by every man, though some will read it with both pleasure and profit. It professes to be an illustration of the historical theory of Buchez; a theory upon which all history, whether individual or general, can be constructed, — consisting invariably of three epochs, any two of which being given, the other can be found. According to this theory, the author relates the history of his own spiritual life through two epochs, modestly leaving us to

infer that his development is not yet complete, and possibly that he has not discovered, with sufficient certainty, the third and last term of his proposition.

But aside from the theory upon which this biography is framed, it has an intrinsic value as the record of individual being through all the stages of religious growth. In the face of a prefatory disclaimer, we consider that the writer has here given his own experience and reasoning, by which he became a Christian. The value of the Autobiography, which fills much the greater part of the volume, arises almost wholly from the strong marks of individuality it contains, showing it to be the faithful transcript of an actual conflict between the soul and God. A skeptic's various positions, in the different stages of his progress to faith, are among the deepest problems ever presented to the philosopher or the Christian. The passage is here made from God, a distant, inexorable Power, simply moving the worlds and man along by the force of his own will, to God, a living Being, full of wisdom and affection, between whom and man is established a holy fellowship through providences and prayer. The close of the biography represents the true Christian attitude, that of self-surrender, — unconditional submission to God, — in which state that communion of the finite with the Infinite is realized which is the aim and end of all sincere religious desire. Of course, here are introduced no common themes, or such as can be explained in a word. We wish the argument were less condensed, for the book itself is little more than a sketch of the doctrines it professes to unfold. The chief value of the biography lies not at all in any completeness, but in its original and suggestive character. The book is eminently metaphysical, sometimes hard, and often apparently strange, but the candid and patient reader will find it to contain much plain and practical truth. c.

Letters of John Quincy Adams to his Son, on the Bible and its Teachings. Auburn, N. Y. 1848. 24mo. pp. 128.

THE name and fame of their author, the subject of which they treat, and the domestic relation under which they were written, give to these Letters a threefold interest. Letters from a father to a son upon the great theme, — the Bible and its teachings, — were there no more than ordinary cultivation and capacity in the father, would naturally excite attention and awaken interest in every mind. But when, as in the present case, the father was one of the most extraordinary men of his age, a man of rare endowments and high moral culture, distinguished alike for his talents, his learning, and his public station and services, great addi-

tional interest is given to the work. These Letters were written at St. Petersburg, nearly forty years ago, when Mr. Adams was Minister of the United States to Russia, and were addressed to his eldest son, then a youth residing with his relatives in this country. So far as they have any plan, they treat of the Bible under four different aspects, — as containing a Divine revelation, as embodying historical records, as presenting a system of morals, and as literary compositions. Their object is, to inculcate a love and reverence for the Scriptures, and to recommend a habit of daily reading them and reflecting upon their contents and teachings. They breathe a candid and reverent spirit, an enlarged and comprehensive charity, and, in a clear and familiar style, present many just views and much important information and remark upon the great subject of which they treat. No young man could read them without benefit. They add another proof to the fact, that Christianity receives the faith and allegiance of the greatest minds of every age.

L—p.

The Life of Charles Fourier. By C. H. PELLARIN, M. D. Second Edition. With an Appendix. Translated by FRANCIS GEO. SHAW. New York: W. H. Graham. 1848. 12mo. pp. 236.

MR. SHAW's name gives assurance of the correctness of this translation. A Life of Fourier that should exhibit the vicissitudes of his personal fortunes, and the gradual progress and development of his theory of social organization, would be deeply interesting. M. Pellarin's book seems to us better suited to the meridian of Paris and the study of those who already know something of Fourier and his system, than for those in America who are seeking light upon both these points. There is a want of arrangement, and much of the material of a voluminous Appendix might have been introduced into the body of the work with advantage to its clearness and method. The inscription upon Fourier's tomb is as follows, —

“Here are deposited the remains of Charles Fourier.

The series distributes the harmonies.

Attractions are proportional to destinies.”

What a nut to crack will these lines be to some future decipherer of epitaphs.

L—p.

Essays and Sketches. By CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL. Boston: Samuel G. Simpkins. 1849. 16mo. pp. 116.

MRS. DALL has collected into this little volume some of the
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pieces which she has at different times contributed to our religious journals, and, we believe, added some which have never before been given to the public. The titles indicate their character, — "The Sabbath," — "Truth," — "Personal Influence," — "Faith," — "The Vision of God," — "Insult to the Host," — "Thoughts on Expediency," — "The Sister," — "Reforms," — "Thoughts on War," — "A Lesson on Hope for Man from Nature," — "A Sketch from Real Life." Mrs. Dall writes with ease, if not with grace, and the subjects which she has here treated, and the incidents which she describes, are suited to attract readers; who will find the hour they may give to her book pleasantly and usefully spent.

G.

History of the Greek Alphabet, with Remarks on Greek Orthography and Pronunciation. By E. A. SOPHOCLES, A. M. Cambridge: G. Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 136.

MR. SOPHOCLES'S deservedly high reputation as a classical scholar will be maintained and advanced by the publication of this elegant volume, the typographical execution of which, it is but justice to the publisher to say, fully equals that of English works of a similar character. It is not a mere compilation from previous writers, to whom, when quoted, the author is particular in every instance to give credit, but bears the marks of profound and accurate scholarship. The reader will not be perplexed by an uninteresting mass of philological facts, but will meet with philosophical views of language which cannot fail to interest and instruct.

H—d.

* * We have received from the London publishers, Chapman & Hall, *The Jesuit Conspiracy: The Secret Plan of the Order Detected and Revealed*, by the ABBATE LEONE, with a Preface by M. VICTOR CONSIDERANT, Member of the National Assembly of France, etc., translated, with the author's sanction, from the authentic French edition (12mo. pp. 261), — a work which has perplexed us not a little, since the claims it sets forth to authenticity appear very strong, and yet, if it be authentic, it presents facts which are certainly "stranger than fiction." Still, with the apothegm of Dante before his eyes, recurring, as he says, "many a time to his mind," — "A man should always beware of uttering a truth which has all the aspect of a lie," — the writer publishes, and M. Victor Considerant argues strenuously for the reality of the "Jesuit Conference," the proceedings of which he professes to give, along with the extraordinary circumstances under which he became a listener.

The *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Baronet, with Selections from his Correspondence*, by his Son, CHARLES BUXTON, Esq., republished in Philadelphia by Henry Longstreth (8vo. pp. 510), will receive a cordial welcome from those who take an interest in the history of Christian philanthropy in Great Britain for the last few years, particularly the efforts which resulted in West India Emancipation, which Sir Thomas largely promoted, not only by his writings and parliamentary efforts, but by his great personal merit.

We are indebted to Messrs. J. Munroe & Co. for the *Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer: translated from the German of LEOPOLD SCHEFER*, by Mrs. J. R. STODART, reprint-ed from the London edition (16mo. pp. 257), — a fictitious work, that, along with other merits, possesses the charm of simplicity and deep knowledge of the workings of the human heart, which will render it a special favorite with thoughtful readers, though the reflections it awakens are of a somewhat melancholy character.

Proverbs for the People; or Illustrations of Practical Godliness drawn from the Book of Wisdom, by E. L. MAGOON (12mo. pp. 272), is the title of a book recently issued by Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, containing a good deal of miscellaneous matter of a useful moral tendency, though the special appropriateness of the title may not appear very obvious.

Ingenious, lively, and epigrammatic, the author of *Acton; or the Circle of Life: a Collection of Thoughts and Observations designed to delineate Life, Man, and the World*, a volume recently issued by Messrs. Appleton & Co. (12mo. pp. 384), not unfrequently reminds us of La Bruyère. He is evidently a man of reading, reflection, and wide observation of the world; he thinks clearly, and his style has great point and finish. They who have once dipped into the book, we think, will be often tempted to return to it.

The Vision of Sir Launfal, from the pen of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (18mo. pp. 27), published by George Nichols of Cambridge, will commend itself to the reader alike by the moral which it teaches and the poetic expression in which the sentiment is clothed.

J. Munroe & Co. of Boston, have issued in a small volume (16mo. pp. 92), *The Woodman, and other Poems*, by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Mr. Channing, we believe, has his admirers, but, without denying all poetical merit to his productions, we must confess that much of what he has written would, we think, have been better withheld from the public.

A Tour of Duty in California; including a Description of the Gold Region: and an Account of the Voyage around Cape

Horn, by JOSEPH W. REVERE, Lieut. U. S. Navy (12mo. pp. 305), is the title of a volume just published by Francis & Co. of New York, that will find many readers, and, by its authentic statements and graphic descriptions, will abundantly repay them for the time they shall bestow on its perusal.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have recently published (large 8vo. pp. 849 and 522), *A Dictionary of the German and English Languages, etc., compiled from the Works of Hilpert, Flügel, Grieb, Heyse, and others*, by G. J. ADLER, Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of the city of New York, the purpose of the compiler having been "to offer to the American student of the German a work which would embody all the valuable results of the most recent investigations in German lexicography." The work, we believe, will prove a good manual for the learner, and is furnished at a moderate price.

The Glorious Stranger, and other Pieces: A Gift for the Young (18mo. pp. 92), published by Crosby & Nichols, though it includes two or three pieces that are not agreeable to our taste, contains nothing decidedly objectionable, while the greater part of the compilation (consisting chiefly of original articles) is admirably suited to its purpose as a book of juvenile instruction.

The Story of Little John, by M. CHARLES JEANNEL, Professor at Poitiers, translated from the French by F. G. SKINNER, and published here by Appleton & Co. of New York (24mo. pp. 204), is another, very good, book for children, presenting a variety of information, with many excellent moral lessons.

Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have published a set of seventeen cards, entitled *Puzzles to teach Geometry*, prepared by Rev. Mr. HILL of Waltham, whose mathematical studies combine with his interest in education to justify the belief that the device which he has here proposed for "cultivating a geometrical taste and ability" will be found useful.

We notice with much satisfaction the improved appearance of school-books, especially those which are meant to introduce the pupil to an acquaintance with the ancient classics. Messrs. J. Munroe & Co. have sent us a copy of their stereotype edition (1849) of BOWEN'S *Virgil, with English Notes* (8vo. pp. 600), printed with a clear and handsome type on a page whose fair surface must almost provoke the youth to a study of its contents. — Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, in *The Histories of Tacitus; with Notes*, by W. S. TYLER, Professor of Languages in Amherst College (12mo. pp. 453), which they have just published, have also given a specimen of excellent typography, and besides the text, have furnished, in the preliminary matter, the Notes and Indexes, an ample apparatus for the use of the student.

- The Memory of the Just is Blessed. A Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on the Sunday after the Interment of William Lawrence, Esq., October 22, 1848.* By S. K. LOTHROP, Pastor of the Church. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 21.
- The Stay and the Staff taken away. A Sermon preached at the Church in Brattle Square, on the Death of the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, November 5, 1848.* By S. K. LOTHROP, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 25.
- God with the Aged. A Sermon preached to the First Church, Jan. 7, 1849, the Sunday after the Death of Hon. Peter C. Brooks.* By N. L. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 8vo. pp. 15.
- The Christian Merchant. A Discourse, delivered in the Church of the Divine Unity, on occasion of the Death of Jonathan Goodhue.* By HENRY W. BELLOWES, Pastor of the Church. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 27.
- A Sermon touching the Application of Religion to Politics: with a Plea for the Freedom of the Pulpit and the Ministry. Delivered on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1848.* By JAMES RICHARDSON, Jr., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Haverhill, Mass. 1848. 8vo. pp. 32.
- Man shall not live by Bread alone. A Thanksgiving Sermon: preached in Newburyport, Nov. 30, 1848.* By T. W. HIGGINSON, Pastor of the First Religious Society. Second edition. Newburyport: C. Whipple. 1848. 12mo. pp. 12.
- Gold. A Sermon preached to the First Church, on Sunday, Dec. 17, 1848.* By N. L. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Church. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 14.
- Requisites to our Country's Glory. A Discourse before his Excellency George N. Briggs, Governor, his Honor John Reed, Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, Wednesday, 3 Jan., 1849.* By JOHN PIERCE, D. D., Senior Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Brookline. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 62.
- A Sermon delivered in the New North Church, in Boston, Jan. 28, 1849, on resigning his Pastoral Charge.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston. 1849. 8vo. pp. 28.
- An Introductory Lecture. Delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, November 1, 1848.* By JOHN B. S. JACKSON, M. D., Professor of Pathological Anatomy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 30.
- Franklin — His Genius, Life, and Character. An Oration delivered before the N. Y. Typographical Society, on the Occasion of the Birthday of Franklin, at the Printers' Festival,*

held January 17, 1849. By JOHN L. JEWETT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 37.

An Address, delivered to the Companies of California Adventurers, of Taunton, on Sunday, February 4th, 1849. By Rev. CHARLES H. BRIGHAM. 8vo. pp. 8.

A Letter to the President of Harvard College. By a MEMBER OF THE CORPORATION. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 53.

MR. LOTHROP'S two Sermons, — one on the death of an eminent merchant, uniting in his character "integrity, benevolence, and piety," in the best sense of the terms, the other commemorative of the life and services of one of our most distinguished civilians, in the words forming part of his text, "the ancient, the honorable man, the counsellor and the eloquent orator," — are marked by just and appropriate thought, expressed, as is usual with him, in a perspicuous and flowing style. — Dr. Frothingham's is a just and delicate tribute to a much respected man, who went through life with stainless integrity, unostentatiously performing his duties in the various social relations, and enjoying to "old age" the friendship, the confidence, and the serenity of mind attendant on a well-poised character, industry, usefulness, and a quick sense of right, united with religious trust and hope. — Men like Jonathan Goodhue are worthy of commemoration, and a Discourse such as that of Mr. Bellows, embodying the instructions afforded by their life, cannot fail of producing a salutary effect. The extracts from the paper of Mr. Goodhue himself, written a short time before his death, furnish striking testimony to the value of religious principles and hopes, and add much to the worth and interest of the Discourse. — Mr. Richardson's is a free, thorough, plain-dealing Discourse, such as we are accustomed to expect from the author, and such as must, one would think, wake up the sleepers, and set men to thinking on the subject of their moral and religious duties in their domestic and social relations, in business and politics. — Mr. Higginson maintains, that "protection" or the "bread alone" principle, was the means of General Taylor's election, of the history of which he briefly speaks with a more direct reference to party politics and party measures than has been usual with preachers of late years. He uses great freedom and plainness, but as to the justice of some of his positions and remarks, and the proprieties of time and place, there is room for an honest difference of opinion. — There is solid and compact thought, bright and sparkling, too, in Dr. Frothingham's Sermon on "Gold," which is a graceful performance struck off in a happy hour. — Dr. Pierce's Discourse connects with its exhibition of the methods we must adopt that "glory may dwell in our land," no inconsiderable amount of historical matter of a

miscellaneous character, and an Appendix is added, containing a "condensed account of Election Sermons," which they who are curious on subjects of this kind will know how to value, and which as a historical document may in various ways prove useful. — Dr. Parkman's Farewell Sermon, which we cannot notice without the expression of our regret for the occasion on which it was delivered, adverts in brief, but pregnant paragraphs, to the history of the last thirty-five years, as exhibited in the changes which have taken place in the world, but more particularly in this city and in the New North church; and after some notices of his own ministry, closes with affectionate wishes and judicious counsels, to which his people must have listened with deep emotion.

A very sensible Lecture did Dr. Jackson deliver to the class who enjoy the benefit of his instruction and that of the other Professors in the Medical College, — abounding with good advice in regard to "the study and practice of their profession," and written in a spirit directly opposite to that supercilious dogmatism which sometimes mars the productions of professional men. — Mr. Jewett's Oration well fulfils the promise of its title, — presenting, in an easy, clear, and forcible style, with due reference to practical uses, and with just discrimination, a sketch of the "genius, life, and character" of Franklin, in commemoration of whose birthday it was delivered. — Mr. Brigham's Address contains excellent practical counsels for the use of those who are leaving their New England homes to seek their fortunes in the golden land acquired by our late Mexican conquests. Nothing better of the kind could be put into the hands of the multitude of adventurers, who are exposing themselves to temptations and perils, through which he will be fortunate who passes unscathed. — The purpose of the writer of the "Letter to the President of Harvard College" is to examine and refute the charges brought against the College in an article contained in the January number of the *North American Review*. A portion of these charges are shown to be entirely without foundation, though we regret that some of the statements of the reviewer, or some questions suggested by his article, did not receive a more extended notice.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — We record with pain the death of Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Marblehead, one of the kindest of men and most faithful of pastors, whose indefatigable exertions for the comfort and benefit of the people among whom he lived as a personal friend, as well as Christian teacher, for more than thirty-seven years, may have laid the foundation of the disease which has terminated his life. We hope to give a more worthy notice of him in our next number. — Rev. Mr. Moseley, formerly of South Scituate, has been preaching at Marblehead for some time past, and will continue his engagement through the spring. — Rev. Mr. Loring of Andover, we regret to learn, in consequence of a feeble state of health, against which he has been struggling for months, has resigned the pastoral charge which he has held for thirty-eight years. We can but wish for his successor an equally long and happy ministry. — A successor having been ordained over the New North Church in this city, Rev. Dr. Parkman's resignation of his relation to that church will take effect on the 1st of April. We feel a sincere grief that one who for nearly thirty-five years has been a diligent and true-hearted minister of Christ in our city, connected with its religious interests in numberless ways, should by any circumstances have been led to retire from the pastoral office. The Council convened for the ordination of Mr. Young, by a unanimous vote, adopted a resolution conveying to Dr. Parkman the assurance of their respect, attachment, and sympathy. — Rev. Mr. Burton, late a minister at large in Boston, has accepted a proposal to undertake the same service at Worcester, in connection with the duties of chaplain to the county jail. — Mr. Solon W. Bush, a recent graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, has entered on his duties as minister of the congregation at Burlington, Vt., but will not receive ordination till the next summer. — Rev. Mr. Fisher, late pastor of the Irish Protestant Society in this city, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of the Congregational society at Cannelton, Ind. — Rev. Dr. Dewey is fulfilling an engagement to preach for three months to the Unitarian society in Albany, N. Y. — Rev. Mr. Angier continues his engagement with the Broadway society at South Boston. — Rev. J. N. Bellows has been preaching through the winter to the First Congregational society in Barnstable. — The Church at Watertown will soon receive a pastor; and the society at Concord, N. H., have made prospective arrangements for a permanent ministry.

The Unitarian society at Galena, Ill., have purchased a small church, formerly occupied by Episcopalians. — The congregation recently gathered at Winchendon have taken the necessary steps for building a meetinghouse. Rev. Mr. McIntire is now preaching to them. — We regret to hear that, in consequence of Mr. Perkins's resignation of his care of the pulpit, the Unitarian meetinghouse in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been closed, and the continuance of the society is doubtful.

The "Christian World," established in this city as a weekly journal six years ago, by Mr. George G. Channing, has been discontinued. It has been an earnest advocate for a higher tone of spirituality, a more social religious action, and a more direct participation in the reformatory movements of the day, than have prevailed in our churches. — The "Christian Rationalist," also a weekly paper, of which a few numbers were published here the last autumn, and the design of which was indicated in its title, was some time ago united with the "Univercœlum," published in New York. — The "Inquirer," of London, formerly edited by Rev. Mr. Hincks, has passed under the charge of Mr. John Lalor, lately one of the editors of the "Morning Chronicle." — Rev. Mr. Harris of Newcastle, in England, who, when in Scotland, established, and for many years conducted, the "Christian Pioneer," has projected a work of similar character, under the name of the "Christian Pilot and Gospel Moralist," of which the first number has just appeared.

We have spoken, in our previous pages, of the Sunday evening meetings held in this city for the promotion of a higher and deeper religious life. They will be continued, we learn, according to the attendance and the character of the discussions, for several weeks longer.

The Society for the Promotion of Theological Education have come into possession of the bequest made by the late John D. Williams, Esq., consisting of valuable property in Boston, the present income of which is between sixteen and seventeen hundred dollars. By the terms of the bequest, the income, after deducting the necessary expenses of insurance, repairs, etc., must be spent in giving assistance to young men pursuing their preparatory studies for the ministry at Cambridge. — The allusion made in a late number of the *Christian Examiner* to a similar legacy left by Mr. R. W. Bayley, we understand, was founded in mistake.

Harvard College. — The election of JARED SPARKS, LL. D., to the Presidency of the institution which, with its various departments of Academical, Theological, Medical, Legal, and Scientific instruction, may properly claim the title of "The University at Cambridge," will be acceptable to its friends both near and at a distance. Mr. Sparks enters upon his office under circumstances favorable to a happy administration of its affairs. The internal state of the College is good; its finances are in a safe and prosperous condition; the means of education, which the University offers to its various students, were never larger or more efficient; and a strong desire is felt, by all who are in any way connected with its interests, that it should sustain the first place among the literary institutions of the land. There is one great want at Cambridge, in the present deficiency of religious instruction. The vacancy that has existed for some time in the Hollis Professorship of Divinity should be filled, or provision be made in some other way for the discharge of the duties which in former years fell to the incumbent of that office, and for a more direct pastoral intercourse, and the exercise of a more immediately Christian influence, than are now enjoyed there. The subject has been brought before the Board of Overseers, and we hope they will express an opinion that shall incite the Corporation to an early supply of this want. The Divinity School, also, as we have once and again had occasion to remark, stands in need of a larger provision for the instruction of the young men who resort thither to qualify themselves for the minis-

try of our churches. We are glad to know that the Society for the Promotion of Theological Education have turned their attention to this subject, and we hope that, by their aid, a plan similar to that which was proposed a year ago by members of our Ministerial Associations, or a better plan, if such they can devise, may be carried into effect.

Church and State. — A great sensation has been produced in England by the secession of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel from the Established Church. Mr. Noel's prominence and popularity as a preacher in London, (where we remember seeing the aisles of his chapel filled to hear one of his usual sermons, on one of the stormiest days of the winter,) his unquestionable simplicity of character and deeply religious spirit, and his connection with a noble family, have drawn to the step which he has taken a degree of attention that would have been bestowed on the movements of few other men. He has been influenced solely by a conscientious belief, to which his mind has been brought after a long consideration of the subject, that the union which now exists between the Church and the State is injurious and wrong. The volume which he has published in vindication of this belief met with an immediate sale, but we have not yet heard of any copy having reached our country. It will doubtless strengthen the party who contend for "the voluntary principle."

A similar step has been voluntarily taken by one of the most conspicuous of the Protestant clergy in France. M. Frederic Monod, a minister of the National Reformed Church, has withdrawn from that body, and proposes, in connexion with M. Agenor de Gasparin and others, to form an "Evangelical Free Church." M. Monod's secession was the consequence in part, perhaps principally, of a difference between him and his associates in regard to matters of faith. In the course of the last summer a very important measure was adopted by the friends of Protestantism in France, viz. the convocation of a General Synod, which assembled in Paris on the 9th of September, and consisted of ninety delegates, of whom fifty-two were pastors, and thirty-eight laymen. Such a Synod had not met for eighty-five years. The object of the meeting was, to settle or ascertain the position of the Church in the new political condition of the country. A question, however, immediately arose in regard to the dogmatic basis on which the Church should, or should not, claim to hold its existence. A portion of the self-styled Orthodox party, with Messrs. A. de Gasparin and F. Monod as their leaders, insisted on a declaration of faith embracing articles of controversial divinity; the liberal members of the assembly, and some of the Orthodox party, — Messrs. Grand-Pierre, Adolphe Monod, and others, — opposed the attempt to frame such a Confession, and prevailed by a large majority. Messrs. F. Monod and De Gasparin have, therefore, severed their connexion with the body represented in the Synod, and have published a "Profession of Faith and Articles of Discipline," preliminary to the organization of a new religious Communion. The question of the dependence of the Church upon the civil government for support has, for some time, been agitated very warmly among the French Protestants. Their religious journals are enlisted on different sides, and the discussion, if it lead to no other result, will make the principles involved in the controversy familiar to the people.

Peace Congress. — A meeting of some importance, under this title, was held in Brussels, the capital of Belgium, on the 20th and 21st of September, 1848. The plan of such a meeting originated with Elihu Burritt, of this country, who has spent the last two or three years in England, but was carried into effect principally through the coöperation of the London Peace Society. The number of those present amounted to nearly three hundred, one half of whom came from England. Most of the other members were from France and Belgium. Several distinguished men took part in the discussions. The Belgian government afforded every facility to the provisional committee who took charge of the arrangements for the meeting. M. Visschers, a member of the government, was chosen President of the Congress. Resolutions were introduced and passed, speeches were made, and dissertations which had been prepared for the occasion were read; all bearing on the three objects particularly contemplated by those who called the meeting, viz. the "insertion of an Arbitration clause in all international treaties, by which questions of dispute shall be settled by mediation," the "establishment of a Congress of Nations to form an international code," and "a general disarmament of the several governments of Europe." We are told that "the proceedings obviously made a strong and very favorable impression, both in England and on the Continent." A deputation afterwards called on Lord John Russell, in London, to present to his consideration the measures which had passed under the judgment of the Congress, and were very courteously received by the English minister.

Ordinations. — Rev. NATHANIEL O. CHAFFEE, of Grafton, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as an Evangelist at MONTAGUE, Mass., January 10, 1849. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Ellis of Northampton, from James i. 4; the Prayer of Ordination was offered, and the Charge was given, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; the Right Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. Mr. Moors of Deerfield; and the other services were performed by Rev. Messrs. Clarke of Warwick, and Bridge of Bernardston.

Rev. JOSHUA YOUNG, of Bangor, Me., who graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School the last year, was ordained as Pastor of the New North Church and Society in Boston, Mass., February 1, 1849. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hedge of Bangor, from Matt. xiii. 33; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; the Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; and the other services were performed by Rev. Messrs. Fox, King, and Cruft, of Boston.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE SAMUEL EMERSON died in Boston, December 19, 1848, aged 24 years.

In this death the community has suffered a great loss. When a young man dies, feelings of deep sorrow must always be awakened that the anticipations and hopes which cluster about the opening of active life should be disappointed; but the death of such a person as Emerson excites more than ordinary sorrow. The assurance which his charac-

ter and principles gave of excellence and usefulness in his intercourse with the world, was such as to make all who knew him regard him as one of those rare persons whom God sends to be an example and support for others. His early life was distinguished for its purity, and its freedom from all faults which could occasion serious uneasiness to those who were most interested in him. Having entered college at an early age, he won the regard of all who knew him by the high qualities which he displayed in his intercourse with others and in the pursuit of his studies. The nearer circle of his intimate friends was every day more and more closely bound to him by the ties of mutual affection and respect. No one was ever loved more sincerely by his friends, or more deserved their love. They can say of him with truth, in the words of an old poet after his friend's death, —

“He had an infant's innocence and truth,
The wisdom of gray hairs, the wit of youth,
Not a young rashness, nor an aged despair,
The courage of the one, the other's care;
And both might wonder in him to discern
His skill to teach, his readiness to learn.”

His religious and moral principles pervaded his life, without giving to it any austerity. While he preserved the largest and most sympathetic charity for the faults of others, he shrank with instinctive delicacy from contact with any thing base and untrue. He was always bold in supporting what he believed to be right, and never hesitated to assume the responsibility which his opinions brought upon him.

Having left college with the highest honors, he determined, after devoting a year to the improvement of his health, to enter upon the study of theology. For some months he pursued this study, with his classmate Greenwood as his companion. The death of this dear friend affected him so deeply, that, for the sake of change of scene, and in the hope of still further strengthening his health, he visited Europe. After an absence of somewhat more than a year, he returned the last October. The experiment had not brought the desired result. After his return, he was exposed, in the providence of God, to great suffering. A dark cloud, through which no ray of light could pierce, settled on his mind, his fine faculties became all jangled and out of tune, until by a sudden death he was removed, as we trust, from this world of darkness and disappointment and sorrow, to an infinitely better and happier state of existence.

To his friends his memory will always be a source of unfailing pleasure. They can remember nothing but what was excellent in him, and they can never cease to regard their having known him as a blessing over which time and change can have no power. The death of one who had the brightest prospects and the highest aspirations, and who gave the surest promise of fulfilling all his own hopes and all the expectations of his friends, speaks to others with terrible power of the uncertainty and worthlessness of all that is founded upon merely human calculations, and teaches us to feel the unspeakable blessings and consolations which are to be found in our faith in God and our knowledge of his mercies, as revealed to us by Christ.

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* * We have, in the present instance, added twenty-four pages to our usual number, by no means intending, however, to make this a precedent.

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